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THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

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on 18 July, 2018

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Punch.
Vol. 2.
Jan-June.
1842.

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PUNCH'S EPILOGUE TO HIS SECOND VOLUME.

WELL, have you seen "PUNCH?"
What do you think of "PUNCH?"
Was there ever anything like "PUNCH?"
Such a quantity of capital stuff, too, in "PUNCH!"
But "PUNCH" can never stand!
Oh, impossible; "PUNCH" is too clever to live!
Undoubtedly: "PUNCH" has put all his fun into his first number.
I'll give "PUNCH" a month—just a month.
Hang it! I'll give "PUNCH" six weeks.
Will you? I'll give "PUNCH" three; not a day more than three!—

(Whereupon, bets were laid; and much money lost upon "PUNCH.")

How many thousands of our readers will bear testimony to the truth of the above quotations! How many thousands must remember the surprise and admiration on the part of the town—tempered with a gentle pity, that such a glory could not last—when

"PUNCH—No. II."

rose, like another morning star, upon it! How good folks, fond of a joke, paused in their chuckle, and, "beating their pensive bosoms," cried—"Delicious! but too—too good to go on." Ignorant of the limits of the powers of human wit as applicable to *this* world, they believed that "PUNCH" could only "be continued in the next." To proceed as "PUNCH" started, was a superhuman ambition—a presumptuous endeavour, to be henceforth classed with the building of Babel, and the perseverance of the boy Jones.

Well, surprise was deepened into love—admiration has ripened into faith. This day, we write—

"PUNCH—No. L."

and a grateful generation take off their hats, and with gratitude oozing, like honey-dew, through every pore of their hearts, confess that this world has yet another grace worth living for!

We protest that what we are now about to indite we put not down with a swagger of triumph—No: we have no such caterpillar crawling about our heart. But what we pen, we pen as a mild rebuke—a gentle, benevolent warning to all men of all future generations, born—like helpless porcupines—to a heritage of quills.

"No, no; impossible. 'PUNCH' will be vulgar."

"'PUNCH' is and must be, very low."

"'PUNCH' will, doubtless, be personal."

"Of course, 'PUNCH,' from his very name, will poke his nose into all the dirty alleys of life; and carry his three pennyworth of dirty slander—of foul innuendos, into the dirty market supported by dirty people."

"Very much obliged to you for the offer; but would rather have nothing to do with 'PUNCH.'"

Such were the disheartening opinions—such the rebuffs that in sundry places were expressed and dealt out upon "PUNCH," when, feeling that he had some truth, some philosophy in him, some results of long and curious observation upon shifting life,—he sought for various pens whereby to give his various yearnings utterance.

How proudly does "PUNCH" at this moment stand! He vaunts not—he swaggers not. He writes with a dove's-quill, and his ink, he verily believes, has the scent of roses in it. But he feels an honest pride to know that his truths have smitten the national heart—that his philosophy has been acknowledged—that his views and tales of life have been relished for their sweet and wholesome fidelity—that, while he has been most merry, he has been most wise; ever bearing in mind the great truth of one of earth's greatest spirits, that—"indecency is sacrilege to the majesty of human nature."

A twelvemonth since, and "PUNCH" looked anxiously around him for supporting quills. He breathes no names; but he cannot refuse himself the satisfaction of turning to his book—this glorious, balmy, "leafy month of June," wherein are inscribed the dignities of men, at present clamouring to become contributors. "PUNCH" has said he sinks the names, and will merely give a few of the dignities:—

"ONE BISHOP." His Grace solicits the political articles. But "PUNCH" prefers the honey of the Church to the locusts.

"ONE EX-CHANCELLOR." His Lordship will do anything: and has certainly sent several capital beginnings on several subjects. Unhappily, however, his Lordship is more famous for his beginnings than his terminations.

"ONE FIELD-MARSHAL." Offers a series of articles on popular drunkenness and idleness; showing how, with due sobriety, every weaver may keep a dog-cart.

"ONE MARQUESS." Journal of a voyage to Ostend; with voyages to any other parts of the World "PUNCH" may wish to send him to.

"EIGHT EDINBURGH REVIEWERS." Anything.

"FOURTEEN QUARTERLY DITTO." Ditto.

"ONE EX-CHANCELLOR OF EXCHEQUER." For Money Markets.

"ONE EX-PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE." Commercial Reports.

"ONE PATENT MANAGER." For Theatrical Criticisms.

"SIX ROYAL ACADEMICIANS." For Fine Arts.

These are only a few of the Aspirants—about a tithe of the number entered. But now, "PUNCH" is successful: and oh! what a fine thing is Success!

TIME INTRODUCING THE FIRST OF JANUARY TO THE THIRTY-FIRST OF DECEMBER.

TIME *loq.*—"Will you allow me—First of January—Thirty-first December."

1	S	"The compliments of the season," (General bill delivery) "the same to you, and many of 'em."
2	S	**2 Sunday after Christmas.**
3	M	LAVATER DIED 1801. Ugly mug jubilee. CICERO BORN B.C. 107. Sibthorp illuminates 1842.
4	Tu	WEST INDIES DISCOVERED 1492. Found to be a Jim Crow's nest. General introduction of blacks, blacking, Jamaica rum & lollipops.
5	W	Grand review of the Standing Accounts—Mem. To put down *that* footboy.
6	Th	ALL CAKES DAY. General surfeit of Children—Queer characters abroad.
7	F	APERIENT FRIDAY. "O that blessed cake—The King must have been red lead and chalk."
8	S	FIRE INSURANCE DUE—The Lord Mayor as conservator of the river pays up the policy of the Thames.
9	S	**1 Sunday after Epiphany.**
10	M	PLOUGH MONDAY—*Shares* down and a great turn up by the holders.
11	Tu	HILARY TERM BEGINS. Barristers become alarmingly faint, and are in want of *refreshers*.
12	W	Commercial distress very prevalent—Great knocker agitation and union of duns.
13	Th	CAMBRIDGE LENT TERM BEGINS. Fresh tenders received for the *Pons Asinorum*.
14	F	OXFORD LENT TERM BEGINS. Resuscitation of Proctors and bull-dogs.
15	S	Jinks, the coal-merchant, admits you to his confidence—He has a large bill to take up which your small account will enable him to [meet.
16	S	**2 Sunday after Epiphany.**
17	M	VENUS to be called at 7, as she rises at 24 minutes afterwards.
18	Tu	OLD CAKES DAY. Grand civic banquet. Several turtles *boiled* to death.
19	W	SEIDLITZ WEDNESDAY. Hock and headaches. Soda and sobriety. "Curse that *Salmon!* it's a very intoxicating *fish*."
20	Th	AUSTRALIA COLONISED 1788. Qualifications ascertained, and settlements granted, by the Judges at the Old Bailey.
21	F	Indignant letters from astonished creditors. Jinks the coal-merchant calls again, and looks as black as Wallsends.
22	S	BYRON AND BACON BORN. The former esteemed as a great poet; the latter as a great relish.
23	S	**Septuagesima Sunday.**
24	M	Jinks the coal-merchant calls again, and gets the sack on account —of his conduct.
25	Tu	You are made acquainted with the residence, and favoured with the autograph, of Jinks's legal adviser.
26	W	BRAZILS DISCOVERED 1496. "Great *nuts*" for the discoverers.
27	Th	DUKE OF SUSSEX BORN 1773. Remarkable phenomenon; according to F. Moore and J. Hume, the illustrious personage becomes 79.
28	F	TRIPLE ALLIANCE 1668. Pawnbrokers issue duplicate tickets for their balls.
29	S	GEORGE THE THIRD DIED 1820. General mourning, except among the tailors.
30	S	**Sexagesima Sunday.**
31	M	HILARY TERM ENDS. Macbeth is played at Drury Lane for the last time with the sittings in Banco.

If the glass be very low, Look for tempests, wind, and snow; If it rises, don't despair, For then perhaps it may be fair.

REMARKS.

LEGAL.—Articled clerks are examined within the last ten days of the term. An immense number of moustachios are shaved off about this time, and there is a sensible diminution in the consumption of cigars in Chancery-lane and its neighbourhood.

Directions to Young Practitioners.—Now rake up tailors, bakers, butchers, &c. &c., graft strong suits on their Christmas bills; and finish up the month by laying down beds for debtors in Whitecross-street.

PLEADING A SET-OFF.

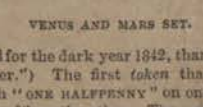
SPORTING.—About this time the jolly dogs meet in *Jermyn-street*. Bell-wires may be drawn, and knockers bagged. Policemen only good for a short burst, as, owing to the slipperiness of the pavement, they are soon run down. Cats should now be coursed on the ice in walnut-shells. Snow-ball practice may be resorted to by young beginners. *Snips* with long bills may be expected about your door-steps, and may be brought down with horse-whips and boot-jacks.

SAY SETTLED AT BOTTOM.

DOMESTIC.—Parents now engage an extra servant, to blow the nursery fires and the children's noses. Fathers, looking out for squalls, provide themselves with list slippers and flannel dressing-gowns for night patrole. Drawing-rooms are converted into *rocket*-grounds. Children of an inquiring mind dissect your best chronometer to see what is inside of it. Indolent bachelors now lengthen the bell-ropes and tuck the ends under the pillow. Housemaids never hear the clock strike seven till nine in the morning. And strange cats devour plum-pudding and mince-pies,—"things which your servants can't *a-bear*."

SON AFTER THE CLOCK.

ASTRONOMICAL.—The "voice of the stars" may now be heard outside several of the Minor Metropolitan Theatres—Hicks in the ascendant—Charles Kean in opposition to the Wizard of the North, and total eclipse of Shakespeare by the Pantomimes. The planet Cooper appears in conjunction with George Barnwell. Macready and his satellites will now be visible from seven to twelve in the Drury Lane hemisphere. Adelaide Kemble will be an evening star till the commencement of the concerts, when she will appear as a morning one.



VENUS AND MARS SET.

PROPHETIC.—No better motto can be found for the dark year 1842, than "*est omnis ambulator*." ("it's all Walker.") The first *token* that Punch observes is a Brummagem one, with "ONE HALFPENNY" on one side, and "DON'T YOU WISH YOU MAY GET IT?" on the other. The new Hilary Term on the 11th has this singular collection of Roe-and-Doe bodies—Sloman, Levy, and Thompson—who point with unerring precision to Cursitor Street, Newman Street, and Chancery Lane. Vast and mighty changes cross Clapham Common! A star threatens anonymous shirts! and the trembling denizens appear in *dickies*. Sir Peter quails before the indignant Hobler!

MORE PLAGUE THAN PROFIT.

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE WINTER QUARTER, OR THE BRUMAL INGRESS.

PARENTS and heads of families should bear in mind that little boys cannot eat too much at the festive period of this quarter; and the more incongruous the articles are, so much the better. Large and repeated doses of the icing from twelfth cakes have been found serviceable in inducing indigestion and sickness, when a mixture of beef, pudding, blanc mange, and underdone chesnuts, has failed. It is advisable to *bleed* the governors on returning to school. As the cold goes away, and the thaws approach, exercise should be taken, on wet days, with a hole in the boot if practicable, or a very thin sole and no change. People with delicate lungs will find an unflinching exposure to the cold winds of infinite service in rapidly bringing about the termination of the complaint; and the more the chest is exposed, the sooner will the invalid see the effect.

VALENTINE'S DAY—CUPID'S HOLIDAY.

1	Tu	Partridge and Ph. shooting ends. With distressed sportsmen three-ball practice begins, and guns are "pop'd"—at their *uncles.*	If
2	W	Candlemas-day. Offerings of kitchen-stuff by maid-servants to the Black-doll. N.B. The best price given.	it
3	Th	Saint Blaise. Weather extremely cold. Hayricks lighted to warm the country.	be
4	F	You meet Jinks, and adjourn him and his bill to Pandemonium—*sine die.*	intense-
5	S	You are inquired for by a Mr. Jones, who presents you with an oblong document, by which you discover that her gracious Majesty, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, John Doe, Richard Roe, and Jinks, are in a conspiracy against you.	ly
6	S	**Quinquagesima Sunday.**	cold,
7	M	Jupiter rises at 45 min. past 5, which is likely to be 15 min. and 5 hours before yourself.	Then
8	Tu	Shrove Tuesday. Pancakes taken as a panacea for Παν-κακον, and Shy-cocks fight shy of Cock-shies.	I
9	W	Ash-Wednesday. Aldermen do penance on salt-cod and egg-sauce. Lent begins (with borrowing).	think
10	Th	General Thirst followed by immoderate drinking, supposed to proceed from piscatorial inoculation. Royal Exchange destroyed, 1838—from the scarcity of water.	the
11	F	The Five Shilling Tax collected at all the Police Offices. Long hair taken as a set-off at the Mansion House.	frost
12	S	26 minutes past 8 P.M., Mars sets—to with himself, and gets the best of it.	will
13	S	**Quadragesima Sunday.**	hold.
14	M	General skewering of hearts. The Toxopholite Society give a public breakfast in honour of the Archer Boy. And Penny Postmen "*Cuss* the heathen zoology."	'Twill
15	Tu	Tweed Fishing begins. *Salmonem et carpy diem.* Inauguration of Fish-fags.	be
16	W	Jinks again! You make your first appearance in a Court of Law by proxy: *sec. stat.* Jinks be *briled!*	warmer
17	Th	Michael Angelo died 1564. His mantle purchased in Holywell Street by Punch, 1841. (*vide* Pencillings.)	if
18	F	Valentines used as waste paper, and found to contain love and butter—hearts and sausages—constancy and cheese.	it
19	S	Copernicus born 1473. Ptolemy flummux'd.	don't;
20	S	**2 Sunday in Lent.**	Per-
21	M	"Early to bed and early to rise Makes a *star* healthy, and wealthy, and wise." Jupiter rises at 5.	chance
22	Tu	Barry died 1806. "Life let go his *painter!*"	'twill
23	W	Ember Week ends, supposed to be burnt out! Insured in the office which rises from its own ashes.	rain,
24	Th	Jinks *declares* on for coals sold and delivered. N.B. Subpœna the slates.	per-
25	F	Emperor Paul murdered 1801. Sorry for him.	chance
26	S	J. P. Kemble and Eclipse died—the greatest of their *race.*	it
27	S	**3 Sunday in Lent.**	won't.
28	M	Hare-hunting ends, and Hares run mad for joy.	

REMARKS.

Directions to Lawyers.—Gather in your crops from the harvest of Hilary, and sow litigation for Easter use. Cultivate connexions, laying on a thick coating of blarney whenever an opportunity presents itself. Tie up chancery suits, and costs may be got in where the situation is favourable.

A HABEAS CORPUS.

Directions to Medical Students.—In the last month, and the present, should the frost appear likely to continue, when you leave the dissecting-room at night, turn the cock of the boiler, and sweep away the sawdust, that a slide may be provided against the morning. Find out where the new men hang their Macintoshes, and fill the pockets with snow, during the lectures on *Materia Medica*, which new men generally attend. If you are sure he will not see you, it is allowable this month to pelt the Demonstrator with snow balls.

DEMONSTRATION OF ANATOMY.

Sporting.—This month the success of angling for heiresses is much increased, especially about the 14th. We, ourselves, once had a bite from a small 500*l.*, whose brother *Jack*, after being struck, afforded us a fine run. Old maids rise greedily at Valentines—we have seen one at 50 taken by a pair of wings, on an otherwise naked boy, substituting a bow and arrow for a pair of trowsers.

The 21st of February is the last day of heart-shooting. The dove-quills and tinted-paper may then be put aside, being too delicate for the base uses of debtors and creditors. After this time the dear *ducks* become very wild and are more difficult to decoy.

A DECOY DUCK.

Domestic. *'Recipe for cooking (up) a Valentine for a nice young man.*—Take two hearts and spit 'em; set them over a slow fire on small altar. Be careful not to smoke them. Throw in two doves and a true-lover's knot; add gentleman in blue coat and lady with feather; let them both be well-dressed; season with church, and serve up on embossed paper; garnish with four lines of poetry.

For a disagreeable young man.—Take a pair of knock-knees,—add splay feet,—roll in yellow batter pantaloons. Pour in a bottled nose,—*cast in* eyes, and garnish with carrots, small hat, quizzing glass, and ass's ears. Do him till all is blue, dish him out of twopence, and cut up with couplet.

VALENTINE AND THE WILD MAN.

Prophetic.—The aspects of this month are of a remarkable character. On the 14th the planet Postman enters the receiving house. Little Britain is agitated! The conjunction of the right limb of the Postman, with the head of Leo, threatens 14, Percy-street, with a double rap. Let the inhabitant be prepared with the "tuppence" lest he be taken by surprise! Venus influences Hobler, who receives a pair of ass's ears. The planet Cook wears a fiery aspect, and appears in the ascendant, whilst the constellations Baker and Butcher appear in opposition to each other, as well as to the star Jones in the milky way.

IN THE MILKY WAY.

CAB FARES AND THEIR FLUCTUATIONS.

To a gentleman in black with a blue or crimson moreen bag, containing papers tied with red tape, 6*d.* per mile according to Act of Parliament.—To a young gentleman with half a cigar and a pea coat, taken up at the cyder cellars, and "driven like bricks," 2*s.* 6*d.* per mile, and "summut to keep the cold out."—To a foreigner who is taken the *nearest* road from Temple Bar to St. Paul's—*id est—vid*—Tottenham Court Road, King's Cross, the Bank and Cheapside, 1*s.* 6*d.* per mile, and two shocking bad shillings given as change for half a sovereign.—To two sailors, with three young ladies and a fiddler on the roof, conveyed from the "Rose and Crown" to the "Six Bells," and from the "Six Bells" to the "Rose and Crown," and so on for three days, 2*s.* per mile per head, 3*s.* per head per hour, and 25*s.* for broken windows.—To *anybody* with a trunk and carpet bag, *just* in time for the Boulogne, Antwerp, or Hamburgh Steamer, *only* 7*s.* 6*d.* per mile or detention of luggage.

[N. B. If referred to the arbitration of the waterman, 1*s.* extra.

MANIAC MARCH HARES.

1	Tu	St. David's Day. Grand ferreting for *Welsh rabbits*—The Joneses in a state of Taffy's Elixir. "Eat your leek. I bid you."—Shak.
2	W	Jones appears in inferior conjunction with the magistrate at 15m. past 10 A.M. Roe refuses to bate the *half*—Jones goes the 5 Ages, and is discharged.
3	Th	Wind blows off the tiles—Send bricklayer to Jinks for a chaldron of *his* slates to repair roof. Jinks kicks bricklayer. Thank heaven!
4	F	The Bricklayer calls to say "he can't sit it, and won't stand it." Recommend summons as salve to sore.
5	S	Battle of Barossa, 1811, and Summons granted 1842. Triumph of the British and the Bricklayer.
6	S	4 **Sunday in Lent.**
7	M	The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals proposes to erect a Lunatic Asylum for insane hares.
8	Tu	Earthquake in London, 1750. No great shakes compared with the one in Lisbon.
9	W	Sir Peter Laurie installed as "Shaver of heads of hares" to the Leperine Lunatic Asylum.
10	Th	Mercury rises 49 min. after 5 A.M., but whether in the heavens or the barometer this deponent sayeth not.
11	F	Royal Institution opened 1800, for the encouragement of science and the discovery of mares' nests.
12	S	Gregory. Martyr (qy. to the Tooth-ache), and inventor of the paste to cure the same.
13	S	5 **Sunday in Lent.**
14	M	Herschel's Planet discovered yesterday, 1781.
15	Tu	Julius Cæsar murdered 44 B.C. The crime frequently repeated at the Theatres Royal.
16	W	Great gathering of Shamrocks and Shillelahs; extensive orders for bane and antidote, viz., "Whisky and Soda-water."
17	Th	St. Patrick's day. Strange optical illusions among the Irish—gutters occupied as feather-beds—and curb-stones as pillows. Shillelahs, like magnets, attracted by the *poll*. Skulls cracked at the shortest notice—the George Robins' Epidemic prevails—every man employed knocking down a *Lot*.
18	F	Ditto, ditto, with splitting head-ache, and berth in Station House.
19	S	Ditto, ditto, with fines, imprisonments, and water-gruel.
20	S	**Palm S. Ox. L. T. ends.**
21	M	St. Benedict, matrimonial Agent and Traveller for Hymen and Company. The reputed assassin of Cupid.
22	Tu	General alarm of Householders, and awful preparations for meeting the Right Hon. Lady Day.
23	W	Universal disposition for Lunatic Sporting, *i.e.* "shooting the Moon."
24	Th	Goods carefully removed in town and country—bringing up the van for those who are in a-rear!
25	F	Good Friday and Lady-day.
26	S	The Sheriff holds a *levy* in various quarters of the metropolis.
27	S	**Easter Sunday.**
28	M	Several desirable but unfurnished tenements to let—now in the possession of Messrs. Sloman, Thompson, Levy, & Co.—Easter Monday. Greenwich Railway Shareholders in ecstasies at the chance of a Fare—the Spirit at Richardson's over; owered by the spirit from the Crown and Anchor. A Greenwich pensioner washed off his legs by 3 pints of rum. A few festivities—8 P.M. a few quadrilling—2 A.M. everybody reeling. Planet Vesta discovered, 1807—rolling down Greenwich Hill.
29	Tu	
30	W	Marmont evacuates Paris, and Scowton Greenwich.
31	Th	The Allies enter Paris—with one Wellington and a Blucher.

When the tiles begin to fly,
Then make sure the wind is high;
But if there be no wind at all,
I hardly think the tiles will fall.

REMARKS.

Sporting.—The Parks should now be resorted to for angling, as the season commences for fishing for compliments and dinners.—A green cab, with a blue and yellow tiger, is a bait which will be eagerly taken by city chub.—Old soldiers are not to be caught by four-wheeled and common horse-flies, though a drysalter will occasionally rise at them. Fashionable Sportsmen must be careful to avoid the *early dark dunz* that will be found clustering round the area rails. Late risers may now beat up the Coal Hole, Cyder Cellars, and Evans's for jolly cocks and Welsh rabbits.

OH, EVANS!

Directions for Lawyers.—Appearances may now be freely put in, and pits should be dug for clients to tumble into. Transplant indictments by *certiorari*, and renew writs where early crops have failed. Earth up Chancery suits to go through the winter, and throw dust lightly over the eyes of suitors.

OH, LAW!

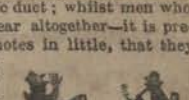
Domestic. Fashions for March.—During this month chimney-pots are frequently worn on the head, and gossamer hats occasionally give way to pantiles.—About this time umbrellas are generally carried inside out; and ladies' dresses are worn higher up than at any other period of the year. The hair appears very generally powdered with dust, and hats and bonnets are frequently detached from the head and carried several yards in advance of the owners. Wigs should be tied under the chin, and ladies' fronts carefully secured with diachylon.

OH, DEAR!

Prophetic.—This month the fore-quarters of the lamb enter the house of a great civic dignitary, where they may be seen—with a good glass—on the table after sunset. The influences of the moon will seriously affect the sanity of hares.—Let leverets prepare their st'ait waistcoats! The aspects on the 17th are very violent, whilst the conjunction of whisky and shillelahs bodes broken heads to the denizens of the Holy Land.—On or about the 27th buns lose their usual benignity, and are made hot and cross. The fiery Macready still flames in Drury, whilst the planet Tomkins appears in his zenith, and gives a glitter to the scenes.

[OH, CRI!

Directions to Medical Students.—Pupils anticipating their examination at the end of the course get deuced funky, and rush wildly about from the hospital to the grinders, and *vice versâ*, inquiring of every one they meet, the equivalent of protoxide of nitrogen, the botanical name of chickweed, and the course of the lymphatic duct; whilst men who mean to have a cut in for the prizes disappear altogether—it is presumed for the purpose of copying out their notes in little, that they may smug from them, when locked up in the examination-room. Sovereigns are now spoken of as legendary coins: half-crowns appear at rare intervals; and it takes three students, on an average, to raise a pot of half-and-half, which one manages to drink.



OH, YES!

DIRECTIONS FOR METROPOLITAN GARDENERS.

Now plant your flower-pots in window sills, and lay down your bottles in flannel as hotbeds for mustard and cress. Now dig your mignionette boxes with table-knife, and rake with three-prong fork. Weed out your cats with horse-pistols, and manure the soil with coffee grouts and tea leaves. Water with old tea-pot or broken milk-jug. Transplant your wall-flowers from costermongers' carts, and *hoe* for the same. Graft tenpenny nails in brick wall, and trellis second-floor windows with string for French beans, which plant and dig up daily to ascertain if they have taken root. If the nights are frosty, take flower and kitchen-garden into back parlour. Cut early crop of cress with scissors for breakfast. Now set hyacinths in gallipots, plant your lilies in blacking bottles, and evergreens in butter tubs. Towards the end of the month, remember to sow pickled onions for your winter crop.

This was intended for the FASHIONS FOR APRIL, but the Artist entering into the spirit of the Month, has made a fool of PUNCH.

1	F	SAINT LAURIE. Sibthorp in immense season. Great Entry for the *Hoax*. Ribs of Beef hinted at in Poor-law Unions. Capital joke!	Should
2	S	Roebuck returns from Kensington Gravel Pits, whither the Garter King-at-Arms sent him, on the 1st, to look for the root of his family tree.	your
3	S	**Low Sunday.**	corns
4	M	LOW MONDAY. The M. of Waterford takes the chair at Stunning Joe Banks's, in the Holy Land, as President of the Cadgers' jubilee.	begin
5	Tu	You plead the general issue to that scoundrel Jinks' declaration, wherein you state that you never saw Jinks, you don't know Jinks, that Jinks don't sell *coals*, and if Jinks does you never bought *coals* of Jinks.	to
6	W	OLD (*alias*) DOWAGER LADY DAY. OX. AND CAM. TERMS BEGIN with wine parties and theology—mail-coaching and mathematics.	pain,
7	Th	Whig Hurricane 1835. A great *blow* for the Tories.	You
8	F	SIR ROBERT PEEL RESIGNED 1835. Brushing up of old Whigs. Ex-Conservatives on the Whiggle-waggle.	may
9	S	FIRE INSURANCE expires, and the Whigs effect a new policy.	calcu-
10	S	**2 Sunday after Easter.**	late
11	M	WHIG MONDAY. General alms given by the Whigs. Loaves and fishes distributed in Downing Street, 1835.	on
12	Tu	Venus puts out her rushlight at 41 m. aft. 7.	rain;
13	W	MERCURY RISES (2*d.* a pound in the market) at 45 m. aft. 4.	But
14	Th	OTWAY DIED 1685. HANDEL DIED 1759. King Death, the grim and certain, Robb'd life of two rare fellows; | He let down Otway's curtain, And stopp'd poor Handel's bellows.	yet
15	F	EASTER TERM BEGINS. The Attorney-General applies for a mandamus. Judge Williams refuses a man-damus as too strong, but offers a boy-damus, if that will answer.	I
16	S	BATTLE OF (EAU DE) COLOGNE, 1746. Jean Maria Farina whops the allied forces of Price and Gosnell.	cannot
17	S	**3 Sunday after Easter.**	now
18	M	ABERNETHY DIED 1831, celebrated for his book, blue-pills, and biscuits; he bequeathed the receipt for the latter to Simpson, Strand.	divine,
19	T	You summon Jinks for particulars, as you are anxious to ascertain if he has impudence and perjury enough to call his trash *coals*.	If
20	W	NEWMARKET CRAVEN MEETING. A new edition of Scott's works with cuts. John Day a day in advance. E. O. and I.O.U. Plats sewn up with three thimbles. Several Legs with their hands full.	April
21	Th	General emigration of losers who don't mean to be *settlers*.	will
22	F	BEDFORD FAIR. Departure of Scowton's caravan, and Wombwell's Bengal Tiger, booked for Bedford.	be
23	S	ST. GEORGE'S DAY. Shakespeare died 1616. The Cavalry Saint and the Swan of Avon succeeded by A. Ducrow and G. Stephens.	foul
24	S	**4 Sunday after Easter.**	or
25	M	NEWMARKET SPRING MEETING. Preparing the weights and plates for the 2000*l.* of *stakes*.	fine.
26	Tu	BATTLE OF CULLODEN 1746. The Scotch hop at the English balls.	
27	W	Gibbon and the History of Rome born 1737. O Gemini!	
28	Th	Jinks will swear anything. He *does* say they are the best Kennel! He will find himself a *lier* there.	
29	F	LONDON UNIVERSITY COM. 1827. This Cockney College was founded for the friendly interchange of v's and w's.	
30	S	The prophecy of the 28th realized. Return Jinks' Kennel with a roll in the gutter.	

REMARKS.

DIRECTIONS FOR LAWYERS.—Sow and plant as in the former month for a later crop. Towards the middle of the month, a few letters for payment of debt may be thrown in, to come up about Easter, and to ensure successive crops of costs through the approaching season.

ENTERING ON THE ROLLS AND SUR-RE(Y) BUTTER.

DIRECTIONS TO MEDICAL STUDENTS.—Literal *breaking up* for the first session of the stools and trestles in the dissecting-room. Now take out your watches, and put up your scalpels and abdominal hooks against the winter. Register your past attendance upon lectures at the Hall; and if any one of the professors has been obstinately insane enough to refuse signing your schedule, do it yourself. In cases of extreme pecuniary distress, recollect that Alexandre, of Great Russell Street, gives the best price for bones and preparations. New men occasionally make such things, and you should keep your eye upon wherever they hang them up to dry.

ANATOMICAL PREPARATION.

SPORTING.—This month turbot bids adieu to its watering places, and may be taken with lobster-sauce and a silver slice, either at the top or bottom of the table. Aldermen will rise eagerly at '*sparrowgrass* and roast lamb, and rarely refuse red wine. Earl Stanhope and Temperance washerwomen may be taken with tea-*caddis*. Landing and tide waiters are now free-biters at French produce in docks and tide-ways, &c. The sporting year may be said to expire on the 5th of April, though obstinate corns still continue to shoot on wet days.

TAKING A PIKE.

PROPHETIC.—On the 20th, Taurus enters the house of Spode and Copeland, which is a china-shop. Mischief reigns in Portugal Street. Blue mugs are agitated. Let footpans beware, and ewers tremble in their basins. The tail of Taurus, from its aspect, points prophetically to a soup-plate. The conjunction of Taurus and Spode bodes great confusion among the "Trifles for Susan" and "Presents for Tommy"—hapless Susan!—luckless Tommy! Several elderly ladies will rise rapidly above their sphere, as Taurus proceeds in his course; but owing to the peculiar position of the earth at this moment, we venture to predict that they will as rapidly come down again.

OX-TAIL SO UP.

DOMESTIC.—About the first of this month be sure you milk your pigeons, collect your oil of strap 'em, and pickle your eels' feet. Avoid defrauding the post-office by the gratuitous delivery of letters, as you may run your head against the post in so doing. Now send to a circulating fishmonger for "Crabbe's Tales," and inquire at the Heralds' Office whether Ben Nevis is any relation to Ben Lomond. Dress your hair with oil and vinegar, and procure whisker-seed from cats' tails. Be punctual in your attendance on new customers of the name of Bunkem. Believe that Mr. Joseph Ady knows of something to your advantage, and forward him a guinea to procure the particulars.

HEARING OF SOMETHING TO HIS ADVANTAGE.

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE VERNAL OR SPRING QUARTER.

RESPIRATORS are strongly recommended to be worn at this season in-doors, and left off upon going out, by which process the organs of respiration will experience a pleasing variety of temperament. Young ladies who wear low dresses at evening parties, should be careful in selecting thorough draughts to flirt in, after a long waltz: the staircase outside the drawing-room door, an open window, or a conservatory, are eligible situations. Every invitation should be accepted, as a rapid succession of hot rooms, cold morning air, and late hours, tend to dissipate superfluous fluids, and endow the complexion with a delicacy of texture and colour only to be acquired in its perfect state by such measures. Recollect the adage of "Early to bed, and early to rise," &c.; and follow its advice by going to bed at six—in the morning, and rising at four—in the afternoon.

EMIGRATION OF THE SWEEPS—SEEKING OTHER *CLIMES.*

1	S	**Rogation Sunday.**
2	M	MAY DAY. Several balls for the destitute Poles. The sweeps' May "has fallen into the sear and yellow leaf" The bottle Jack-in-the-Green wound up. Migration of blacks to Vite Condick 'Us. Awful consumption of sweep-stakes.
3	Tu	The clean sweeps return to the element which *soots* them. Grand procession of mail trains with new boilers. The old night mails converted into mourning coaches.
4	W	BOLIVAR RETIRES—to Clapham Common 1830. A thing like a pot-hook (according to Moore) rises at 14 in the morning.
5	Th	ASCENSION DAY. HOLY THURSDAY.
6	F	The footboy John *does* Jinks—he takes the shilling but not the subpœna. John is a good boy, and shall *not* have a warning.
7	S	The Hammersmith Suspension-bridge born. Hung in chains over the river as a warning to its compeers Putney and Battersea.
8	S	**6 Sunday after Easter.**
9	M	EASTER TERM ENDS, and with it expires the time for which briefless barristers have been asking indulgence of their creditors.
10	Tu	Jupiter turns out at 0h. 22 m.
11	W	Mars turns in at 8h. 48m. aft.
12	Th	NEW CHARLES TOWN TAKEN, 1780, (qy.) by old Tom Towns-end.
13	F	OLD MAY DAY. Fandangos danced by the Senior Chummies, who, through pots of heavy, go up to the police-offices.
14	S	THE VACCINE VIRUS INTRODUCED—first used 1796—a matter which concerns the cows.
15	S	**Pentecost—WHIT SUNDAY.**
16	M	WHIT MONDAY. 1st Edition of Joe Miller 1741. 2nd Edition of *Grinnage* Fair 1842.
17	Tu	DR. JENNER (who repealed the small-pox) born 1749.
18	W	OXFORD TERM BEGINS. The molars or grinders take *in-sizers.*
19	Th	ST. DUNSTAN—the original inventor of grilling a devil on hot tongs.
20	F	YORK CATHEDRAL BURNT 1840. The fire greatly augmented by the *ile* which was in it, (Oh! oh!! oh!!!)
21	S	IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS. Lodgings dear, provisions *high*, and company low.
22	S	**Trinity Sunday.**
23	M	TRINITY TERM BEGINS. The Judges *fee'd* at the expense of the Lord Chancellor.
24	Tu	QUEEN VICTORIA BORN—to a very good berth under Government.
25	W	Jinks serves the subpœna on John, who is overcome by gin and two-and-sixpence.
26	Th	Jinks is a pitiful scoundrel! John discovers that the half-crown is as false as himself. Give five shillings to John, who now takes a proper view of the case, and swears the coals are dyed paving stones. Poor Jinks!
27	F	VENERABLE BEDE, but why he *be'd* venerable nobody knows.
28	S	W. PITT BORN 1759. The deepest pit as ever was.
29	S	**1 Sunday after Trinity.**
30	M	CHARLES THE SECOND RESTORED yesterday. He entered in the *oaks*, and won a crown from Mr. Richard Cromwell.
31	Tu	Retributive Justice—Jinks meets with an accident. Descending your area steps for the purpose of tampering with your domestics, a flower-pot falls upon his head. Could John have been looking out of the window?

Kind readers I make bold to say, That the weather during May Will be fine on every day, If 'tis not the other way.

REMARKS.

DIRECTIONS FOR LAWYERS.—Writs served last month will now have run up and ripened into declarations. In some cases where there has been judgment it will be possible to follow up with runners. Levy's short-fats are considered the best for forcing.

RUNNING THROUGH HIS PROPERTY.

SPORTING.—This is a great *pawning* month with gudgeons, who are easily attracted by the glitter of three balls, and may be found depositing their *larvæ*, or Eggs and Mantons, in dark boxes up retired courts. They are generally off their feed and in such low condition that they offer but little temptation as live bait to Jack, unless that fish of prey be so ravenous that he will take anything. The corn shooter should now lay in a stock of German plaister with a rasp, and slit his shoes that they may be worn with ease during the shooting months.

LIVE BAIT FOR JACK.

MEDICAL, &c.—The exceedingly facetious Apothecaries' Company recommend "such branches of study as may improve the student's general education" during the summer courses, which commence as follows. Lectures on Intoxication by Professor Hall, at Bow Street, daily, 10 till 2; single lecture 5*s*. On Hot Negus and the Caledonians, by Professor Blake, at the Lowther Rooms; Mon. Wed. Fri. evenings, 11 till an indefinite period; single lecture 1*s*. On Harmony and Practical Dissection, by Professors Evans and Rhodes; midnight till 3 A.M.; single lecture, average 2*s*. 4*d*. On Subterraneous Phenomena and Natural Philosophy, by various professors nightly, at the Adelphi Shades

ADELPHI SHADES.

DOMESTIC.—Philanthropists now select geese to supersede climbing boys. Goslings strong on the wing highly recommended for crooked flues, as combining kindness, economy, and cleanliness; for you first rear, then use, and finally eat your own sweep. *N.B.* The feathers require washing for clean ticks. Now prepare for coach-roof dinner parties on Derby Day. Lay in effervescing gooseberry, or best Epsom champaign. Make pasty of giblets of defunct sweep. Forge pigeon-pies with young rooks' bodies and blue rocks' toes. Avoid friends without hampers, and provide sour Cape for promiscuous acquaintances.

STOUT AND CAPE.

PROPHETIC.—We view not the aspects of this month with any degree of pleasure. The planet Mercury is in the ascendant, and the conjunction of the swell mob and thimble-riggers bodes no good towards the cash, watches, and handkerchiefs of the congregated greenhorns who are not *up* to the *downs*. Lucky bags will prove ruinous to speculators. Be not enticed by "a good heart and resolution," as the blanks will be in all the houses. A malignant star threatens the hen-roosts of Banstead, and neither age nor sex will be spared by the depredators. The most eminent astrologers predict that by the conjunction of legs and owners the winner of the Derby will be ridden by the jockey who comes in first.

CELEBRATED WINNER OF TWO DARBIES.

METEOROLOGICAL REMARKS.

WEATHER houses, containing a little man and woman, are particularly valuable, from the certainty with which they indicate a change of weather, some six or eight hours after it has occurred. It is a popular error to imagine that fine weather can be secured by pinning the little man inside, or turning the barometer topsy turvy, to make the mercury rise in the dial-plate. The breaking up of a frost may always be ensured by the purchase of a new pair of skaits. You may safely calculate on rain, if you plan a pic-nic party, or a visit to a Vauxhall Gala. Fine weather may be obtained by leaving home with a macintosh, clogs, and a shabby gingham umbrella. To nautical gentlemen, who are in the habit of whistling for a wind, the air of "Cease rude Boreas" will be found particularly efficacious: while gentlemen in second floors, unable to raise the wind, will be certain to get up a breeze, by requesting their landlady to whistle for her rent.

JUNE

UMMER SKAITING—COOL EXERCISE FOR WARM WEATHER.

1	W	The Man-in-the Moon pays up his last quarter.
2	Th	Saturn rises at 12 m. after 10 a.m., and takes a canter round his inner ring.
3	F	*Yourself, at the suit of Jinks*, set down for hearing.—Now you will see whether *they* are coals—"one *trial* will prove the fact."
4	S	Bait'sh Institut.on founded, 1805, for the collection of shillings, and dissemination of catalogues. N.B. The Artists connected with the establishment can draw anything—but checks.
5	ℌ	**2 Sunday after Trinity.**
6	M	Mr. Aldis dubbed Sir Charles by mistake and George the Fourth, "No real *night*."
7	Tu	Ascot Heath Races—does it? Rather a large field against the favourite.
8	W	Grand Procession of 18,000 Teetotallers through the Metropolis—the largest water-party on record.
9	Th	Battle of Monte Bello, 1800—several gentlemen *returned* killed.
10	F	Lorestan died, 1828. Who was he?
11	S	St. Barnabas—*Tattersall loquitur*: "What shall we say for the Saint, Gentleman?"
12	ℌ	**3 Sunday after Trinity.**
13	M	Trinity Term ends. Clock fast 7 min. Shoved on by the usher, who is impatient to get away.
14	Tu	Battle of Marengo, 1800.—W(*h*)apping taken by the Austrians from the French.
15	W	First stone of London Bridge *LAID* by the Lord Mayor (1834)—the largest egg on record.
16	Th	Battle of Quatre Bras. Balls and routs supplied by the French and English.
17	F	Addison died, 1719. The Spectator finished by death.
18	S	Battle of Waterloo. Heavy charge of the English against the French, who had only one Napoleon to meet it.
19	ℌ	**4 Sunday after Trinity.**
20	M	Queen Victoria's accession to "The Crown." A good *sign* for the people.
21	Tu	Queen Victoria proclaimed—by an advertisement from "The Herald."
22	W	Full Moon—Grand Carnival at Bedlam, and Hanwell Gala. Tickets of admission to be had of the Lord Chancellor, and at the Gray's inn Coffee-house. Dr. Phillimore, master of the ceremonies.
23	Th	Dr. Akenside writes the Pleasures of Imagination, and the Marquis of Waterford creates many Akensides (*aching sides*) by indulging in the delights of the Fancy.
24	F	Midsummer Day. No brads to pay the tacks. The collector cries for quarter and gets none.
25	S	Battle of Bannockburn—Edward defeated by Bruce. The origin of the song "If I had a neddy vot vouldn't go."
26	ℌ	**5 Sunday after Trinity.**
27	M	Jinks, the coal-merchant, has been consulting *Coke*—you know that he is conversant with *Little-ton*. He offers to compromise the action upon receipt of debt and costs—you wish he may get it.
28	Tu	Victoria crowned—anointed Queen by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who pours oil upon the "*Wick*."
29	W	St. Peter. The Canal Companies give a holiday to their keepers of the Locks and Keys.
30	Th	Sibthorp moves, for the benefit of the agricultural interest, that his friend Sir Peter Laurie be ordered to supply the cavalry with saddles—of mutton.

Each day will now much warmer be Than it was on Epiphany; However, should there be no change, It will be very odd and strange.

REMARKS.

Directions for Lawyers.—Writs may now be sown broadcast, for they may afterwards be planted out in the courts where they are intended to take root and bear the usual produce. The soil of Westminster Hall is favourable to extensive production, though rather slow; but where the fruit is wanted for use, the rich manure of the Sheriffs' Court soon brings to maturity whatever is planted there.

Hoe up apathetic clients, and dig and trench new connexions, so that they may spread.

IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Sporting.—Pedagogues with short rods may now be found whipping at the bottom for flounders; occasionally a large *whale* will rise. Small fry are caught with pothooks; but skilful angling is required to tempt them with Mavor, Dilworth, or Vyse. Fly-fishing with flappers very general in academies and butchers' shops. The pupil looks forward to the *end of* the month to commence his *Alley-campaign* against the dabs and bullheads at ring-taw. About the end of the month pop-gun and pea-shooting commences. Tough old cock tutors only brought down by a shot in the eye.

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Directions to Medical Students.—Botanical excursions in full vigour for the first two Saturdays, after which the students are never known to get beyond Jack Straw's Castle or the Red House. Towards the end of the month the professor's class is generally composed of two new men and the skeleton overhead; who presents a curious anatomical paradox, having his legs articulated to the glenoid cavity of his shoulder blades, and his arms attached to the hip-joint; with his skull turned hind side before and biting a piece of dried bone.

SHOWING A TASTE FOR BOT ANY

Domestic.—Now prepare for lunar shooting, and hunt out Huntley's van. Convert your intimate friends after dark into light porters of household furniture. Carpet-bags may now be used as clock-cases and plate-racks: cloaks very good to conceal tureens and chimney glasses: return empty hampers filled with stewpans, blankets, and hearth-rugs. Order the sweeps and Huntley at three, and whilst chummy is clean sweeping the chimney take advantage of the noise and sweep the apartments clean of your effects. Unscrew your door plate, as it can be of no use to any one but the owner. Write a friendly note to the landlord, beg him to stand upon no ceremony, and put in a broker as soon as convenient.

PUTTING IN A BROKER.

Prophetic.—The stars shine brightly over Nankeen. The masculine sign (summer trousers) now leaves the house of the three balls. Russia ducks will now perambulate the streets of London. Let Nicholas look to it. Gamesters beware! for during the whole of this month *crabs* will be in the ascendant. The proximity of the thermometer to fever-heat in the shady hemisphere of Regent-street, bodes mischief to confectioners. Let Verrey insure his ices against the adverse influences of solar fire. Blue-bottles will be in full blow; and butchers who have large steaks in the country will do well to keep their eyes upon their rumps and sirloins.

IN FULL BLOW.

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE ÆSTIVAL OR SUMMER QUARTER.

Cold bathing is now universally recommended. To enjoy it properly, you should run a small distance in the sun, and when in a perspiration, plunge into the water head over ears. *Al fresco* picnics may be attended occasionally, which should always be prolonged until the night-dews come on; and recollect, that whenever overheated by rowing, walking, or any other exercise, a tumbler of cold spring water is the most grateful and refreshing beverage that can be swallowed. Spasms of the stomach are serviceable in stimulating its coats, and these may be produced by a liberal exhibition of ice-creams. Quantities of Cayenne pepper and hot pickles are also highly beneficial in exciting the gastric reactions, and promoting appetite. The liver may be kept wide awake by the same means.

FATHER MATHEW INDUCING THE CANINE RACE TO TAKE WATER DURING THE DOG-DAYS.

1	F	Sibthorp tries the mutton saddle with his own groom, who finds it to be extremely economical, by cutting it into *bits* as well.
2	S	Laurie sends in his estimate for the saddles, the price of which, he says, will be regulated by the quality of the *trimmings*.
3	S	6 Sunday after Trinity.
4	M	Dog-days began yesterday. Mr. Gompertz proposes to muzzle the *barkers* in Holywell-street. Jolly dogs evince a strong aversion to water.
5	Tu	Game Certificate ends. Grand Jubilee of the domestic poultry in the vicinity of London.
6	W	Old Mid-summer Day. Sibthorp proposes that the old *Mid* shall be raised to a Lieutenancy.
7	Th	Thomas à Becket kicked the bucket in the *pale* of Canterbury.
8	F	Fire Insurances expire—and eclipse of the Sun, who refuses to flare up till his policy is renewed.
9	S	Oxford Term ends—and the gudgeoning of Governors begins.
10	S	7 Sunday after Trinity.
11	M	*Yourself* at the suit of *Jinks*. Cause comes on for trial. Jinks calls three gentlemen in fantails, who severally swear they are as sober as a Judge, but are proved to be each too drunk for a witness. Jinks in an agony.
12	Tu	Newmarket July Meeting. Hot contest for the *Stakes*, which are nearly broiled; *legs* done to a cinder, on *course*.
13	W	Newmarket Meeting continued.—To make the race attractive, Sir Peter Laurie generously offers to add a knife and fork to the plate; and Sibthorp, in the same spirit, proposes to contribute a saucer and spoon for the cup.
14	Th	The Old Bastille destroyed, 1789. Several branches of the family came to England as refugees, and settled in the Poor Law Unions.
15	F	St. Swithin—old style. St. Macintosh—new style; the greatest of the *reigning powers*—Jubilee of the Jarveys.
16	S	Sir Joshua Reynolds born—the *Bourreau* of the brush, having taken off as many heads as the guillotine.
17	S	8 Sunday after Trinity.
18	M	Petrarch died, after having sonnetized Laura—Jinks revived, after having soda-watered the fantails.
19	Tu	Henry Home, Lord Kaimes, died, 1796, an eminent Scotch judge, and has *a niche* (*an itch*) in the Temple of Fame.
20	W	*Yourself* agst *Jinks*. Jinks having stopt the beer, the fantails turn tail, and swear they know that he contracts for the Charity School, but it is only—for slates. John goes in like a brick, and declares he played tit-tat-toe on the knubbley ones. Being 6 o'clock, the jury are satisfied, and return a verdict for the defendant—Jinks is grilled.
21	Th	The author of Tam O'Shanter died—the doctor of the district not knowing any *cure for Burns*.
22	F	England and Scotland united, 1707. The bridal bouquets composed the flower of England and the flower of brimstone.
23	S	1st English Newspaper, 1588; the father of a large family having anticipated the *Times* by becoming the progenitor of his *Grandmother*.
24	S	9 Sunday after Trinity.
25	M	Jinks goes out of his mind—becomes vindictive against the coals, and threatens to shoot them himself.
26	Tu	Jinks in his malicious and murderous attempt to shoot the coals, shoots himself—down the cellar.
27	W	Three Days' Revolution in Paris. The very paving-stones rise up agst the Government. The dirty streets of Paris swept by the Artillery.
28	Th	Second round of the Revolution—Charley Dix cut his sticks, like bricks.
29	F	Wilberforce died, 1833. To show their respect, the niggers stript themselves and went into mourning.
30	S	Dog-shooting begins. Colonel Rowan and the A division go out for a day's sport and return, having bagged a leash of Newfoundlands, a brace of Bull-dogs, and a Pug.
31	S	10 Sunday after Trinity.

Prythee reader do not wonder, If the heat turns off to thunder: Moore says we shall have some rain, But soon the air will clear again.

REMARKS.

Sporting.—This month affords a rich treat to the Cockney sportsmen, as dog shooting is now at its height. Old women and little boys the best finders of this sort of game.—Confined and populous blind alleys are the most eligible covers for pursuing this sport, as if you miss the object you may safely calculate upon bagging the heir of some family at least. To those who are not addicted to the pleasures of the trigger, the animal when in a fine state of hydrophobia yields great amusement, as coursing it is very pleasant sport when you hunt the dog, but considerably more t'other when he begins to hunt you.

PLEASURES OF THE TRIGGER.

Directions for Lawyers.—Pick out Greens, and have your eye upon them for next term. Dig vacant ground by stirring up old schoolfellows, and scatter the seeds of litigation where opportunity offers. This must be done carefully, and a screen would perhaps be useful.

SCREENING HER FAULTS.

Prophetic.—The conjunction of Sirius and the moon denotes canine aberration. The position of kettles pointing adversely to the extreme disk of dogs' tails predict that the whole *biling* of them will be disordered. A slip noose threatens Pompey! Let "Towser" beware of the conjunction of powder and shot! Several police-staffs point to "Pincher!" From the propinquity of brickbats and the Thames, "Neptune" is in danger of being drowned. The fiery Sirius warns single ladies to ice their pugs and poodles, and nervous gentlemen who object to promiscuous bites from hydrophobic subjects, to fill their Wellingtons with water.

CÆSER AND POMPEY.

Medical Stud.—Dissecting-rooms lighted from the ceiling become anatomical hothouses. The botanical lecturer at the end of the season offers a prize, for which there is only one candidate, who gets it. The *porter* of the school inclines to that of Barclay's brewery, and constructs a rustic seat out of an old coffin, upon the leads; where, in the full enjoyment of a sinecure period, he indulges in short pipes all day long.

GAME RATHER HIGH.

Domestic.—Now rub your bright bars and fire-irons with suet, previously to the exhibition of Anna Maria's silver paper arabesque. Cover bilious gold frames with lemon-coloured Leno. Suspend fly-temples from centre of ceiling, and carefully bag your chandeliers. Clean bed furniture, and consult Tiffin on his principles for promoting a general emigration of the bugs. Complain to turncock that you object to the last month's tepid water, and prefer it with the chill *on*. Good housewives furnish the sideboard with strong poison for flies and children. Pass malt liquors and milk through cullenders, to strain off blue-bottles. Chivey wasps with aprons and long brooms, and never mind the windows.

CLEANING A BUGGY.

HINTS FROM THE TAVERN-WAITER'S "READY RECKONER."

"Waiter!"—"Yes, sir." "What have I to pay?"—"Pay, sir; what have you had, sir?" "Chops."—"Yes, sir—chops one shilling, sir,—anything else, sir?" Potatoes."—"Taters 2d—that's fourteen pence, sir—and fourteen pence is one and four, sir; any bread, sir?" "Yes."—"Bread a penny, sir; and one-and-four is sixteen pence, and one is seventeen, and seventeen pence is one and sevenpence, sir: how many goes of brandy, sir?" "Two."—"Two, sir, that's fourteen pence. One and four, sir, and one and seven—one and one is two, four and seven is eleven—that's two, and one is three, and one is three and a penny—anything else, sir?" "No, there are four shillings."—"Four shillings, sir. Thank you, sir. Coming directly, sir." *Waiter retires up.*

AUGUST

LONDON GOING OUT OF TOWN; OR, THE STATUES AT LARGE.

1	M	LAMMAS DAY. General Sheep Infanticide—Bah!
2	Tu	FIRST MAIL 1784. Christened "the Flying Adam."
3	W	Atropos cut Sir Richard Arkwright's thread, and, failing in spinning another, the Baronet took to *dyeing* 1792.
4	Th	GOODWOOD CUP DAY—the cupping generally attended by severe bleeding.
5	F	The Police supersede Jullien, and beat time on the heads of the promenaders at the Concerts d'Eté, Drury-lane, 1841.
6	S	LOUIS NAPOLEON AND HIS FRIENDS LAND AT BOULOGNE, and instead of getting into power, get into quod.
7	S	**11 Sunday after Trinity.**
8	M	Jinks receives your Bill of Costs, and speaks irreverently of *Nisi Prius* proceedings.
9	Tu	Grab and Swallow, your attorneys, acquaint Jinks that punctuality is the main-spring of business—and that the 100*l.* 9*s.* 7*d.* must be paid on or before the 6th of Sept.
10	W	Last day of delivering declarations. People who have not been seen by daylight since November last are to be met everywhere, talking of their recent tour.
11	Th	THE DOG DAYS END. "Every dog has his day," saith the proverb; qu. "after this time?" saith Punch's dog Toby.
12	F	GROUSE SHOOTING BEGINS, AND SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN CEYLON, 1816. Young black cocks bagged in the Highlands, and old black cocks liberated in the East Indies.
13	S	Grab and Swallow serve Jinks with a copy—and serve him right.
14	S	**12 Sunday after Trinity.**
15	M	ASSUMPTION (Gross). Sir Peter Laurie sends a pun to Punch.
16	Tu	RIOTS AT MANCHESTER 1819. The Yeomanry were called out and did not give satisfaction.
17	W	John, the footboy, writes to Jenks not to insure his coals, as they cannot be destroyed by fire.
18	Th	PAISLEY RACES. Charity presents a plate, and waits for subscribers.
19	F	THE ROYAL GEORGE WENT DOWN 1782, and has been repeatedly blown up for it since.
20	S	BLOOMFIELD DIED—having entailed his immortality upon the "Farmer's boy."
21	S	**13 Sunday after Trinity.**
22	M	THE MOON'S IN APOGEE—we don't know where it is, but we wish her well out of it.
23	Tu	Day breaks at 2. 44.—and appears in the *Gazette* on the following Friday.
24	W	ST. BARTHOLOMEW—the great patron of Richardson, the learned Pig, Gyngell and gingerbread nuts.
25	Th	HERSCHELL DIED 1822, and all the Evening Stars went into *Mourning*.
26	F	PRINCE ALBERT BORN 1819. You declare that Jinks's conduct cannot be borne.
27	S	THOMSON DIED—he was celebrated for his lays and his laziness—refused to get up in 1748, and was buried accordingly.
28	S	**14 Sunday after Trinity.**
29	M	Jinks hermitizes in the back kitchen, and announces that he has gone down to Newcastle.
30	Tu	JERUSALEM DESTROYED, and Duke's Place colonized.
31	W	ST. SEBASTIAN taken, after being well shaken, 1813.

I really cannot plainly see, What sort of weather this will be; But we may draw an inference clear, From what it was this time last year.

REMARKS.

DOMESTIC.—Now Tooley Street removes to Ramsgate, and Belgrave-square retires to Brighton. The Chambers at Lincoln's-Inn occupy the second floors at Worthing; and the Boro' visits Herne Bay for the benefit of bathing. Now Pall-Mall emigrates to Paris—and Bond-street bolts to Boulogne. Now the Marsh-gate and the officers of Somerset-House take their day out to Greenwich. Now Little Britain wends its way to Wapping Old Stairs; and the Albany packs up its portmanteau for the Cheltenham waters. Now Mile-end rusticates at Gravesend, and the Shambles of White-Chapel seek the Shingles of Margate; while the London crossings absquatulate to the Isle of Dogs.

A SECOND FLOORER.

SPORTING.—Good sport may now be had with the Steam-boats, which throw off daily at Hungerford and Tower Stairs; and generally run down their two or three wherries before they get to Gravesend, unless drawn off by a coal-barge, one of which is usually considered a good day's sport. The gentle craft of shrimping is pursued with much vigour at Gravesend. The best tackle for taking this delicate fish is a white calico bag and a Victoria sixpence—though we have known them captured by a brown paper cover or yellow silk handkerchief—each baited with a *Joey*. Towards the latter end of this month large quantities of Oysters may be taken with pepper and vinegar.

MILTONS—PARADISE REGAINED.

PROPHETIC.—This is the climacterical month for Margate, Gravesend, and Hastings.—Hockley-in-the-hole becomes a desert—"Apartments to let" fill the windows of all the houses. The conjunction of steam, shrimps, and shilling ordinaries point with benign aspect to Gravesend; whilst the conflicting influences of sixpence and the railway foretell fearful rivalry from Greenwich. An adverse star and a Scotch thistle under the tail of Asinus bespeak the downfall of Mrs. Figgins. There shall be wailing in Tooley Street!

ASSES LET AT A SHILLING AN HOUR.

DIRECTIONS FOR LAWYERS.—This being the last month for Declarations, they should be thrown in promiscuously in the early part, and pleas of all descriptions may be indiscriminately used up to the 10th, which is the last day for serving.

MY SERVICE TO YOU.

MEDICAL, &c.—General vacation. Persons inhabiting the vicinities of hospitals venture to put forth their knockers once more; and publicans perceive a very sensible diminution in their draught of half-and-half. The students, who have still part of their apprenticeship to serve, go back to the country, and exchange their anatomical labours for pauper ones at five shillings a case; and after sitting up for two nights and a day, at an unthatched cottage on a common, become as anxious for a presentation as a candidate for Christ's Hospital.

GENERAL VACATION.

HINTS FOR METROPOLITAN SPORTSMEN.

THE best angling for Cockney Sportsmen is to be found on the marble slab at Grove's in Bond-street. Cod can be secured any day in the vicinity of Billingsgate, and Turbot may be taken readily with 30s. Lively gold and silver fish in glass globes may be caught by the introduction of an active cat, or by letting off the water from the vitreous receiver. Splendid covies of Dorking chicks may be found in the noted preserves at the foot of Holborn-hill; and two or three couple of rabbits may be knocked off the hooks with a half-crown piece at this celebrated warren. There is also another Warren at 30 in the Strand.

LUNAR SPORTING—*VULGO*, SHOOTING THE MOON.

1	Th	St. Giles emigrated from Ireland, and colonized the Seven Dials.
2	F	Great Fire of London, 1666—which completely roasted Mutton-hill, and did the Poultry to a cinder.
3	S	Sloman ascertains that Jinks has fitted up a bed in his empty cistern, and being up to trap, bribes Timkins the turncock to turn on the New River.
4	S	15 Sunday after Trinity.
5	M	Old Bartlemy. Massacred by the New Police, 1841.
6	Tu	Shakspeare's Jubilee, 1769. Perpetuated by a new set of Jullien's quadrilles and promenade concerts at Drury Lane—1840-41.
7	W	Dr. Johnson born 1709; or, literally speaking, he obliged Mr. Boswell with the first incident in his biography.
8	Th	About this time green geese make their wills.
9	F	Municipal Corpo. Act passed 1835. Aldermen are deprived of their loaves and fishes, but receive as compensation, a plentiful supply of "Burgess's Sauce."
10	S	Curaçoa surrendered—after a spirited resistance, to a British corkscrew.
11	S	16 Sunday after Trinity.
12	M	Green Goose shooting commences on Wimbledon Common; and Dan the Miller bags the Earl of Cardigan and Capt. H. Tuckett.
13	Tu	Westminster Bridge begun, 1748. The masons still at work upon it, 1842.
14	W	Moscow burnt. Buonaparte and his army retreated, having received a large quantity of the "best Russia Towelling."
15	Th	Ember Week commences—a natural consequence to the Burning of Moscow.
16	F	Foundling Hospital built 1742. A great many people's faults have been laid at the door of this establishment.
17	S	Timkins the turncock turns on the New River and turns out Jinks; who is half drowned, and tapp'd by Sloman.
18	S	17 Sunday after Trinity.
19	M	Full Moon. Recollect Quarter-day falls on the 29th. The present favourable aspect of the Heavens should not be neglected for taking stock—out of the landlord's way.
20	Tu	Money becomes scarce in town, and people go to the country for *a little change*.
21	W	Battle of Preston Pans, fought by the Scotch in 1745. Do. of Prague, fought by Miss Jemima Jones on the piano, 1842.
22	Th	The Sun enters the Scales, and is found to be not quite so *light* as he was in summer.
23	F	Autumn Quarter commences. So does reaping. Hobler cuts his own corn with a razor.
24	S	Day and night go halves in the twenty-four hours.
25	S	18 Sunday after Trinity.
26	M	Several Geese are sacrificed to the Moloch of Michaelmas—a vast number of ganders are left disconsolate widowers, and Sibthorp goes into mourning for his defunct relations.
27	Tu	Sidon Captured by Napier. "After battering for 5 hours outside the fortress, the troops at length get in-Side-un." *Vide Napier's log.*
28	W	Colchester Riots. The annual rising of "the natives" takes place, unless kept down by brandy.
29	Th	Michaelmas Day. Goose in perfection. Four farces and one comedy damned the same night. Sir Peter Laurie comes to the Mansion-house stuffed with sage, and makes some wise observations.
30	F	New River completed, 1613. Brought to a head, and has been subject to water on the brain ever since.

Throughout this month I do divine, That some days will be very fine; I much regret I cannot see, Quite clearly which those days will be.

REMARKS.

Directions for Lawyers.—Defendants should be kept earthed up in *quod* all through the vacation. Chancery proceedings should be choked up with manure of old parchment, to prevent a too rapid development.

CHANCERY SUITS—CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Sporting.—True Sportsmen now retire to Gravesend, Greenwich, Margate, and Ramsgate. At either of these places good runs may be had with the donkeys, who frequently throw off when least expected. Daring *asses* resort to a stocking-needle inserted in a ginger-beer cork when their donkeys are at fault. It is advisable to keep your animal close to the whipper-in, as whenever he takes *a fence* he usually rises with his hind legs first, and over you go, and no mistake. These animals also afford certain amusement to the skilful angler, as they are capable of being taken with a fly at two shillings per hour. This is slow sport, the more impatient sportsman therefore should use strong bottom rods.

ENGAGING ONE-HORSE FLY.

Medical.—Now pupils, who are preparing to commence their first winter course in London, begin to learn the bones of the head from an old edition of Cheselden's Anatomy; and grind up the preparation of calomel from the Pharmacopœia. In very rabid cases they buy two sheep's eyes and discover the crystalline lens, which they speak of as "a beautiful provision of nature." Lecturers return from fishing in the lakes to fish for pupils, and to advertise their courses. The tops of the preparations in the museums are fresh painted, as well as the black diagram board, to entice new men. About this time house-surgeons get very bilious and dissatisfied with the hospital dinners.

HOUSE-SURGEON.

Domestic.—Now you take lodgings at some watering place, and discover "the quietest apartments in the world!" are bounded on the north by a key-bugle, on the south by a trunk-maker, on the east by a poultry-yard, and on the west by the railway terminus. Your landlady has certainly no children of her own, but she has five of her daughter's—two with the hooping-cough and three with a piano. You also discover that a pound avoirdupois of London consists of ten ounces at the sea side. The landlord has taken the temperance pledge, but the landlady has not: consequently the one takes your wine and brandy, and the other your sugar and tea. If you wish to ascertain the *wholesale* price of crockery or glass, break a plate or tumbler, and you are certain to be charged for the whole set.

SPOILING A SET.

Prophetic.—The first of this month denotes wounds and bloodshed to domestic poultry. Let Brixton beware! for a shooting star and a hired gun point to the vitals of its proudest pig. The conjunction of Jemmy Green and Manton foretell that dust-shot will enter the hot-house and the horticulturist, and stars will appear in the glass. The market-gardener is warlike and quarrelsome; and demands compensation from the sportsmen who transit his cucumber-frames. Let him look out for a vagabond in velveteen, whose pockets will be penniless. The passage of a stray ramrod through *Aries* scatters death and mutton on the Heath of Hampstead!

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

MEDICAL HINTS FOR THE AUTUMN QUARTER.

The Cholera Morbus is a disease of infinite service as regards the alimentary canal, and should be encouraged by large and frequent doses of cheap pickled salmon and undressed cucumber. Plums, green-gages, and damson cheese, should also be eaten with avidity to produce the same results; and children who are naturally dull and heavy, may be rendered remarkably active and energetic, and all torpidity of the viscera removed, by green apples and immature grapes, which must be eaten with the husks on. In the early part of the month, *imperial*, made with cream of tartar, is a pleasant and wholesome drink, provided it be taken in excess; and, *apropos de bottes*, vegetable and mineral acids of all kinds have the effect of producing teeth of unrivalled brilliancy and whiteness, and cannot be too frequently used.

THE LONDON BREWERY— NEAT AS IMPORTED.

1	S	Pheasant shooting and ale brewing commences; Manton's and Goding's barrels are primed and loaded.
2	S	19 Sunday after Trinity.
3	M	Prince Louis Napoleon is sent to Ham for life—to *Ham*, Punch supposes, for the benefit of the common *weal*.
4	Tu	Pea-shooting commences at Eton. Ingenious pupils illustrate the Round-hand copy—"Aim only at great and noble ends," by shooting at the tip of the Master's nose.
5	W	Old Parr died—from having taken an overdose of his own Life Pills.
6	Th	Faith—the patron Saint of confiding Tailors.
7	F	Jinks is surprised that the balance at his banker's is all on the wrong side. Having eaten out his last coal-waggon, and being a Newcastle trader, he is pressed into the Fleet.
8	S	Great Meeting of the Highland Society at Aberdeen—"There was sich a-gittin up stairs, and a playing on the Scotch fiddle."
9	S	20 Sunday after Trinity.
10	M	Oxf. and Camb. Michaelmas Terms begin. College geese crammed previous to their being plucked for their "Little-goes."
11	Tu	Old Michaelmas day. Knowing old ganders congratulate themselves upon escaping the fate of the defunct green geese.
12	W	The Manchester and Leeds Railway opened—so were several surgeons' shops in the vicinity of the line.
13	Th	Translation of K. Ed. the Confessor—said to have been done by the Dramatic Authors' Society.
14	F	China Trade opened. Tea's no longer *sloe*, but *sure*.
15	S	Prince Joinville applies for the remains of Napoleon, and the Governor of St. Helena returns the Bouey-part.
16	S	21 Sunday after Trinity.
17	M	Jupiter puts on his belt and goes out for a day's sport accompanied by a few shooting stars.
18	Tu	Highflier died, 1793, without completing his engagements, as he left a long *race* behind him.
19	W	Mercury makes a late night of it, and lets himself in with a latch key, at 19 m. after 5.
20	Th	The Great Political Fog of 1830, in which Lord Brougham lost himself.
21	F	Battle of Trafalgar. Great Sale of French and Spanish Fleet. Lots of which were knocked down by the British.
22	S	St. Domingo, becoming too hot to hold, was given up after some very warm work.
23	S	22 Sunday after Trinity.
24	M	Declarations Filed or Delivered. A few days before the Continental steam-boats (outwardsbound) are very much crowded with passengers, but the amount of luggage is by no means commensurate.
25	Tu	St. Crispin. Cobblers' wax merry; and their stalls illuminate.
26	W	Dissolution of the Junta of Madrid—verdict, "Couldn't help it."
27	Th	A Court Martial Commences Sitting on John Henty for Firing the Camperdown, and strange to say, after sitting on him for several days, the indictment is squashed, and not Mr. John Henty.
28	F	Montefiscar is Admitted to an Audience with the Sultan, and finds that celebrated Damascus blade to be one of the very finest temper.
29	S	Sir Walter Ralegh died. He was the father of baked-taters, and the progenitor of pipes and 'bacca.
30	S	23 Sunday after Trinity.
31	M	Tower of London burnt 1841, and Swifte (the ambitious and careful keeper) seizes the crown of these realms.

It would be most absurd to say, That Sol this month will shine each day, With heat enough the cold to stay; I can but add, I wish he may.

REMARKS.

Directions for Lawyers.—Work in the legal garden now becomes brisk. Levy's runners (the tall marrows) may be freely planted in the vicinity of St. Katharine's Wharf and the Custom House. These will of course follow the crop of writs sown during the preceding month, if our directions have been properly attended to.

A SHERIFF'S LEVY.

Sporting.—The sun of the cockney sportsman's joys is now fast fading. Boarding-houses in Brighton still afford matrimonial anglers some chance of success. Shy widows may be dibbed for after dinner from behind a large pair of whiskers; a well-dressed major—*with a hook*—will be found to be very killing. Artificial captains with real mustachios are excellent bait for young ladies, who are almost sure to be taken if angled for by moonlight. Should there be any disposition to run when struck, the best tackle is a post-chaise and four, with which they may be easily landed at Gretna Green. Experienced hands in difficult waters generally try *bobs* for servants.

A RUN-AWAY MATCH.

Prophetic.—During this month in the palaces of Geneva mischief and bad beer are brewing! The conjunction of quassia and salt-and-water deal out with ruthless hand belly-aches to the fantails of the Adelphi. Thunder and lightning prevail, and vinegar is in the ascendant. A barrel of Barclay's enters the "Rising Sun;" but by the malignant influence of Aquarius, the brown offspring of the burly Barleycorn grows thin and weak. The fiery vitriol threatens the fine Old Tom. Let washer-women beware, for the transit of the dram-glass bodes trouble and sickness to the tottering tattlers of the tubs, whilst the planet Lushington points with unerring finger to Correction's-house.

THE GLASS POINTS TO VERY DRY.

Domestic.—Now commence correspondence with tried country-cousins and friends, who are so delighted with your delicate attentions, that they invariably express their gratitude through a large hamper of game, poultry, &c. Card-racks are good for a brace of hares and a pheasant. A (very small) trifle from Ramsgate, bearing the Christian name of a spoiled child, may be set down for a turkey and chine at least. An ornamented pen, sent to a rustic relation who cannot write, will be taken as a compliment, and the quill will be generally acknowledged by a goose. A quarter's yesterday's Times at half-price to a village politician, may be safely estimated at a sucking-pig, a hundred of apples, two large pots of raspberry jam, and half a dozen bottles of mushroom catsup.

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS

Medical.—Opening of the schools. Hospital surgeons hunt up the lame and halt, to make a grand operating field-day for the commencement of the season. New men are afraid to wash their hands down stairs by themselves, especially if there is a subject there; and whistle about the passage until some one goes down. Pawnbrokers rub up their windows, and display tempting dissecting-cases at seven and sixpence. Watches may now be seen at intervals amongst the pupils, as well as silver lancet-cases—these phenomena all visible for a space of time, varying from one month to six weeks, and then disappear.

A DIFFICULT DISSECTION.

NEW REGULATIONS TO BE OBSERVED BY STUDENTS QUALIFYING FOR MEDICAL PRACTITIONERS.

Every candidate must produce testimonials of having attended at least one ball per week at the Lowther rooms; and the same number of concerts at the Garrick's Head, Eagle Tavern, or Bower Saloon; and the examination will consist of the following heads:—Physiology, from the first volume of Punch; Anatomy and Muscular Development, from the sparring at the Coach and Horses in Frith Street; Botany and Zoology, from the lettuces and lobsters at Knight's and Quin's Oyster Rooms; Chemistry and Materia Medica, from soda water, short pipes, birds'-eye, and returns; Practical dissection from the Rupert Street dining-rooms and Bertholini's. He must also be conversant with the contents of every song-book sold in London, and translate the flash ones into dog Latin, before the Court of Examiners. The subject for the Jacksonian Prize this year at the College of Sugeons, is the inquiry "In which is the greatest portion of animal fat consumed—In the candles used by the medical students to study from, or in the rush-lights left up for them at night in the passage; and what inverse ratio do they bear to each other?"

MEDICAL STUDENTS AT GUY'S.

1	Tu	All-Saints'-Day. Sir Andrew Agnew, Plumtree, and Perceval, engage the London and Freemasons' Taverns for a general fast.	Damp
2	W	Michaelmas Term begins. A terrible fog, which darkens the Metropolis.	and
3	Th	St. Jean d'Acre attacked by Sir Robert Stopford, 1840. The English contribute a war article to the "*Magazine of St. Jean d'Acre*," which has the effect of *raising* an army of 1700 Egyptians.	drear,
4	F	Jean d'Acre is abandoned. Naughty Jane!	with
5	S	Gunpowder Plot. Sir Peter Laurie applies to insure himself against fire.	rain
6	S	**24 Sunday after Trinity.**	and
7	M	Jinks affects the habits and manners of the Fleet, and indulges in dressing-gown, slippers, moustachios, and rackets.	fog,
8	Tu	Louis-Philippe takes up the *National* newspaper; and having read it, *takes up* the editor.	Cold
9	W	Lord Mayor's Day. The 291st anniversary of the Civic Tee-total Association—this being the day on which the Lord Mayor and Corporation condescend to take water.	
10	Th	The Lord Mayor complains to Hobler of the dreadful swimming in his head. Hobler suggests that it must be "the turtle or the turbot."	enough
11	F	St. Martin—the patron Saint of "My eye and the fair Elizabeth."	to
12	S	Jinks finds that a leg of mutton will not *keep* for one night outside his window, but has a tendency to get so *high*, that it must be eaten on the next story.	freeze
13	S	**25 Sunday after Trinity.**	a
14	M	Bryant died, 180. For further particulars apply to the publisher of Punch.	frog.
15	Tu	Attorneys' Certificates expire. Some who cannot muster the cash are unable to bring them to life again.	Within
16	W	Fergusson died, 1776. Great rejoicings among lodging-house keepers.	his
17	Th	Hugh. Who are Hugh?	house
18	F	Lyons inundated by the Rhone and the Saone, 1840. The Tower legend no longer apocryphal. If the Rhone and Saone can wash lions, why can't the Thames?	each
19	S	Peter Boyle born. This Boyle came to a head and burst into life in 1746. He afterwards sat for his portrait, and was drawn by Diachylon.	person
20	S	**26 Sunday after Trinity.**	keeps,
21	M	Princess Royal born, 1840. Liston, the surgeon, called in to perform the Taliacotian operation Nov. 9, 1841, on which day Her Royal Highness's nose was put out of joint by the Prince of Wales.	Except
22	Tu	St. Cecilia. Sold her piano to Catnach, of the Seven Dials, bought a mangle, and retired.	the
23	W	St. Clements, whose bells are celebrated, in nursery song, for crying "oranges and lements."	doctors
24	Th	Peace with America, 1814. The first of the Jonathanisms.	and
25	F	Michaelmas Term ends, and with it the hopes of Horace Twiss to obtain a motion.	the
26	S	Jinks having had his own goose cooked, sets up as a candidate for the public-kitchen in order that he may cook that of everybody else.	sweeps.
27	S	**1 Sunday in Advent.**	
28	M	Cardinal Wolsey died, 1530. Macready attempts his resuscitation, 1842.	
29	Tu	The "Times" first printed by Steam, 1814, and has kept the country in hot water ever since.	
30	W	St. Andrew. The most disinterested Saint in the Calendar, since he consented to preside over Scotland.	

REMARKS.

Prophetic.—Darkness will pervade the Square of Russell. The Crescent of Burton will be eclipsed, whilst murky fogs shall engloom the Street of Skinner. The pole of the planet Jarvey will enter the house of the constellations Swan and Edgar, scattering dismay and window-panes among the counter-jumpers. The conjunction of Hansom's safety and a coal-waggon tells of the downfall of a shilling fare. Fiery links gleam through the unfiltered air, and in their transit sputter hot pitch on the fog-bound traveller! Let Snodgrass beware! An adverse torch threatens his dexter ogle!

LYNX-EYED.

Domestic.—Be certain to lock up all spare male clothing from children before the 5th, or you may find your Taglioni, buckskin breeches, and second-best Wellingtons, adorning the person of some vagabond Faux. Put away China ornaments, and remove glass shade from French clock, as cats are liable to become excited when their tails are brought into intimate connexion with squibs and crackers. Now be sure to fill gunpowder flask with charcoal tooth-powder, so that when your "very clever child" purloins the same for the construction of flower-pots and manufacture of devils, the pot will not shoot, and the demon will not phizz!

A TALE OF HORROR.

Sporting.—In this month Guys may be seen in abundance, and afford great amusement to the lovers of this sport. They may generally be found playing about the streets seated upon a very decayed chair. This is a particularly rich fish, and should be roasted in the open air; the best stuffing is decidedly squibs and hay-bands, which have a very peculiar flavour.—The race for City dinners begins on the 9th, and the favourite Mayor is always entered for the plates and stakes, which are generally carried off after a well-contested *cat*.—Guildhall ball practice now commences. Several hearts and dears are struck if the sportsman's eye be good. You may sometimes have the good fortune to knock down an old buck.

MAYOR AND FILLY.

Directions to Medical Students.—Put up your watches, and purchase fireworks for a grand pyrotechnic fête in the dissecting-room during the lecture upon the Practice of Physic. Crackers may be contrived to explode at any period of a clinical lecture, by attaching graduated pieces of touchstring to them. If you owe a new man a grudge, who chances to be dissecting the lungs and mediastina of a recent subject, place a six-penny maroon in the cavity of the thorax, light it, and walk off—A singular effect will be produced.

WALKING THE HOSPITAL.

Directions for Lawyers.—Prune luxuriant actions, and nail up backward clients in a good situation for sprouting. Make up hotbeds by raking out old slander and all sorts of manure that are available.

A MAN WHO PREFERS ACTIONS TO WORDS.

HINTS TO STREET EPICURES.

Gentlemen engaged in coal, dust and vegetable speculations are earnestly recommended to try a breakfast of that delicious extract of coarse brown paper and mahogany shavings, known to *gourmands* as saloop, and dispensed at the corners of the most popular thoroughfares about five in the morning. The Heliogabali in fish may select their dinners from a choice variety of pickled wilks, which delightful marine dainties, we are credibly informed, are gathered every morning from the hedges in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis; or should they prefer stewed eels, they may rely upon the freshness of the luxury, as sufficient puppies are docked each day to meet the demand for this *bona bush*. The Apicii in pâtés may banquet upon "mutting, weal, beef, and kidney pison puddens," and derive a heartfelt satisfaction from the certainty that the animals of which they are composed have departed this life without the cruel interference of the butcher. As a further incentive, it is but just to add, that in order to ensure a constant supply of clean plates, a hungry Scotch terrier is kept under the stand to superintend the scullery.

A CHRISTMAS BOX.

1	Th	Sir James Duke elected Alderman of Farringdon Without—Qy. *without* Harmer.
2	F	Stopford refuses to ratify Napier's Convention with Mehemet Ali. Sir Peter Laurie sends Hobler to take the sense of Cranbourn *Alley* on the probable results.
3	S	Twilight and the swell-mob begin work at 5h. 43m.
4	S	**2 Sunday in Advent.**
5	M	Jinks commences his canvass by promising civility and hot-water at 8, to gentlemen who have been accustomed to both all their lives.
6	Tu	St. Nicholas. No connexion with Old Do., the sole holder of lawyers' *post obits*.
7	W	Arrival of the remains of Napoleon Bonaparte at Havre, 1840—consisting of a grey great-coat, a cocked hat, and a pair of demi-jackboots, out at the toes—which are buried with great pomp at Paris.
8	Th	The Moon, unless enabled to meet her next quarter, which comes due to-morrow, determines upon "shooting herself."
9	F	The Moon takes advantage of a fog and bilks Mrs. Night out of her first quarter.
10	S	Mehemet Ali knocks under to the Four Powers, but the impregnable Cranbourn bonnets Hobler, and several other old women.
11	S	**3 Sunday in Advent.**
12	M	Jinks demands a poll and gets two plumpers—from his proposer and seconder, but which unfortunately do not outweigh the seventy-eight votes against him.
13	Tu	Dr. Johnson ended his life, 1784, which a man of the name of Boswell had made frequent attempts upon.
14	W	Execution done on one Habeas Corpus, who was suspended in Portugal 1840.
15	Th	Isaac Walton died, 1683. Death wandered by the Sea, Broke Isaac's line of life, And struck by Walton's looks, And took him off the hooks.
16	F	Cambridge Term ends. O sapientia!—a decided non-sequitur.
17	S	Sir H. Davy born, 1778. Inventor of the safety lamp, by which he became Lord Chancellor of Coal-pits, & Grand Guardian of Miners.
18	S	**4 Sunday in Advent.**
19	M	The Ministers of Belgium propose to raise Five Millions of Francs, 1840. Silsthorp, as Member for Lincoln, undertakes the contract at the rate of six *francs* per diem.
20	Tu	Fort Niagara taken, 1759, but the Falls escape, from the rapidity with which they run.
21	W	St. Thomas' day. Nearly as short, but not half so *light* as the celebrated jockey of that name.
22	Th	You see Jinks with a three days' beard—you rub out the slates—forget his action, and ——
23	F	Winter begins—and requests the company of Master John Frost and friends to his Snow-Balls and Cold Collations.
24	S	End of Sittings after Term. Lord Denman will neither stand it nor sit it any longer, on account of the absence of counsel, 1841.
25	S	**Christmas Day and Sunday.**
26	M	Boxing Day; Grand levee of Christmas Boxers, attended by General Postman, the Beadle and his staff—Dustmen and their Belles—Earl-y-Sweeps, and Count-y-Scavengers.
27	Tu	The annual dividend of 25 per cent., upon Christmas Boxes is paid into the fine boxes at the Police-offices.
28	W	Innocents' Day. Herauld and his Syncretic Cohort slaughter Common sense.
29	Th	Day breaks 4 m. earlier. What becomes of Martin?
30	F	——What a pleasant fellow Jinks can be at the dinner-table!
31	S	Punch publishes his New Almanack, and effects a repeal of the Union by splitting the sides of the United Kingdom with laughter.

The mornings will be very white; And fires will burn both clear and bright. We may have rain and wind as well, But really this I cannot tell.

REMARKS.

Sporting.—About the middle of this month the Humane Society generally commence trolling for skaits, of which they not unfrequently capture a brace at a time. This is a safe description of angling, as if you miss your skait you are sure of a flounder, which is mostly caught at the bottom. Dabs may be seen sporting on the surface, but rarely afford encouragement to the hook. Beavers are also taken in the waters of the Serpentine and St. James's, where *ducks* may be had without much trouble. Brandy-ball practice is now carried on with much vigour; the Bull's-eyes being generally placed in the centre of little boys' mouths. So varied and prolific is the sporting of this month, that hundreds of young ladies may be seen upon the banks of the rivers catching colds without the slightest exertion.

BALL PRACTICE.

Medical.—First-session pupils receive turkeys from their friends in the country, which getting known, twenty students call at their lodgings the same day, to know when they (the turkeys) will be cooked. Barrels of oyster-shells are now forwarded to the resident apothecary at the hospital; and two *gastrocnemii* muscles, with the *tendo Achillis* cut short, are packed in small fish baskets and sent to the house-surgeon as a pair of soles; accompanied by a *jejunum* stuffed with dirty sawdust, and tied round at certain intervals with a ligature of silk to resemble sausages.

THE HEAD CARPENTER.

Prophetic.—The aspects of this month are evidently bad for beeves, whilst a spit sheds its adverse influence over the poultry-yard, and the despotic sausages seek to enchain Turkey—hapless Turkey! Carving knives point to capons. Hungary sends forth its hordes and threatens destruction to the dried fruits of Portugal. Let Sir Robert Peel look to his foreign policy, for Turkey unites with Chine-y. From the propinquity of a cocked-hat and a copy of verses the revolving beadle will seek to enter the house of everybody, whilst a benign star sheds shillings and summut short upon the "original dustmen."

THE "ORIGINAL" DUSTMAN.

Domestic.—Towards the latter end of this month single ladies of five-and-thirty lay in large stocks of lipsalve to prepare for the chances of the mistletoe bough. Whole families embark in a three-ha'penny speculation, and spooney young men do not know how to spell "opportunity" with K.I.S.S. and a young lady outside the drawing-room door Lawyers send barrels of oysters to their flat-fish in the country. On the 26th raps at the door and pulls at the bell average one shilling per "knock and ring." Gallantee showmen delight the children and elope with the silver spoons.

THE MISSLETOE BOUGH.

Directions for Lawyers.—In this month the directions for the legal quarter are much the same as those for November, but at the close costs may be freely gathered, and unproductive clients cut or allowed to remain with a view to pickling.

A GENTLEMAN IN A PICKLE.

HINTS UPON DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Heads of families will experience no economy in allowing servants to find their own tea and sugar, as in such cases they generally *do* find it—in their misusses' teacaddy. "A family where a footman is only *half* kept," should always start with a new livery and a fat man, so that when he gives warning (which he is certain to do at the end of the quarter) you may engage a John a size smaller, which will admit of the livery being taken in with the new flunky, and thus enable the second comer to fill his situation and small-clothes with corpus and credit. "No followers allowed!" should be the motto of every well-regulated family, as housemaids, &c., have invariably a multitude of cousins with strong affections and appetites to match, who pay equal attentions to their Mary and your cold mutton, and frequently take the liberty of walking off with *your* legs.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE extraordinary success of our ALMANACK has induced us to put a new face upon your old friend PUNCH. Our sheet will be found to contain the same amount of matter, though slightly abridged in form, viz.—two pages of advertisements have been discarded; which has been done in order to admit of an improvement not only in the quality of its material, but also in the character and execution of its Illustrations.

Notices to Correspondents.

FOR the third and last time we beg to inform the literary world in general, and Mr. Benjamin Byron Brown in particular, that we dare not undertake to return any rejected articles, as Messrs. Johnson and Bryce, the contractors for our rubbish, are inexorable.

Several letters have been received at our office containing sixpenny-pieces, post stamps, and orders for single numbers. As we are merchants in mirth, and not mere chandlers in comicalities, for the future the addresses of such correspondents will be forgotten, their orders not attended to, and their money "*boned*."

TO LITERARY LARCENISTS.

Many of our contemporaries have been copying our jokes without affixing the patronymic which properly belongs to them.

The *Oxford Herald* has increased rapidly in circulation since the *Times* quoted one of our jests (and that far from our best) as an emanation from that paper.

The *Sheffield Mercury* has proved its connexion with the God of Thieves by pilfering our very popular *Fashions*, and picking PUNCH's name out of the corner.

The *Age* (which we are rejoiced to see has lately become "THE LEADING CONSERVATIVE JOURNAL") has converted two of our conundrums into a political Leader, without acknowledging the text-book. We always looked on Toryism as a riddle, and this confirms our opinion.

The *Comic Almanack* gives a new and inferior version of our immortal epigram in celebration of the birth of the Prince of Wales.

We beg to assure all our contemporaries that they are heartily welcome to any of our passports to fame, provided they are honest enough to acknowledge our assistance, otherwise it is particularly unfair, as they never allow us an opportunity of *retaliation*.

With this preamble we proceed to the IMMOLATION OF THE INCAPABLES.

No. 1, *A Reader of Punch*, obliges us with his opinions in the following strain:—

Sir,—I think it would be as well if *you was* to drop politics in your Work, or if you must have these politics, divide your slaps at the different factions equally; for one knock you give to the Whigs three you give to the Conservatives; if you take my advice and not mention politics, you will get your Work double as well known as it is now, for the Conservatives will not take your Work in. If you follow my advice you will sell double as much as you do now.

I am, your obedient servant,
A READER OF PUNCH.

If WE *was* the "Reader of PUNCH," we should forego PUNCH and take to Dilworth. The gentleman appears to be as great in grammar as he is in gumption. If the Conservatives will not take our Work in, it is the only thing they will *not take in* whenever they get the chance.

No. 2, who signs his "favour" "L. M. N. R.," invokes, or rather *provokes*, the muses as follows:—

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.

Ah! frail one, when we parted last,
You thought me very weak;
But now I throw aside the mask,
And bid you—*Stow your cheek*.

We take up the burthen of "L. M. N. R.'s" song, and in full chorus earnestly intreat him to practise what he preaches—"Stow your cheek."

No. 3 is a conundrum, and *such* a conundrum. *Ecce!*

PUNCH, PUNCHING, PUNCHED.

Sitting after dinner, enjoying the mixture *Punch*, with a worthy *M. D.*, and his lady conceiving we were devoting too much time to the exciting fluid, now and again sent her little daughter to say "Coffee is ready," "Coffee will be cold," &c. At length, as if wearied out of patience, the little one comes in, exclaiming, "Mamma says, you will be *punching* it all night." If so, says I to myself, it will be well *Punched* in the morning.

What, in the name of the Sphinx, does this nonsense mean! We give it up; and we hope that our correspondent will do the same for the future.

No. 4, alias "X. X.," makes the following interesting and commercial inquiry:—

Dear PUNCH,—In conversation with my friend on Sunday last, he stated that the Dispatch notice of your excellent publication would give it a lift of 10,000, and a permanent increase of 1000 weekly. Now I am a publisher, and have forwarded a weekly publication to the Dispatch office for more than a twelvemonth, and no notice has been taken of the numbers. Pray give me a hint in your publication, how I am to proceed to obtain a notice in that journal?

Yours truly, X. X.

We can only inform "X. X." how we did it. We produced a very clever work, and it was noticed accordingly. The same cause, say the philosophers, will produce the same effect. Will our friend in his next communication "draw it mild," and adopt the signature of "Swipes," for we are afraid in dubbing himself "X. X." he is pitching it rather too *strong*.

No. 5, who represents himself by * * *, sends the following, entitled—

IS IT RATHER SMART? (DECIDEDLY NOT, SAYS PUNCH.)

Quoth Tom to Ned, some days ago,
Now truly answer as a friend,
Whene'er one finds one's spirits low,
What cordial would you recommend?
Ned readily enough replied,
As they sat chatting o'er their lunch,
The remedy I've lately tried
Has been inspiring draughts of PUNCH.

We don't believe him. We fear from the *ponderous* nature of his contribution that his drink has been "*Heavy*."

No. 6 is from a *Lawyer's Clerk*, whose modest proposition we subjoin.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LONDON CHARIVARI.

SIR,—It being the Christmas vacation, I have a short time to spare and think that I cannot employ it more to your advantage than by giving you a few hints. I may perhaps tell you that as I am in a solicitor's office my advice may be of some weight, and I trust that the trouble which I am now taking will be properly appreciated by you and those who employ you, and of course whose interest it is to get legal advice as cheaply as possible.

Should you wish to have the numbers perused by a professional man before they are published, so as to avoid danger, I should be glad to do so for you at a very reasonable fee, as I can peruse them after office hours. I think I could also furnish you with some *original articles on Law subjects*, which might either be in your own light and witty style or *really solid Law*, which might season *our* fun with real, sound, useful learning, I should expect only a trifling remuneration for them at first till we saw *how they took*, though I have no doubt of their success.

I am, Sir, A LAWYER'S CLERK.

If this gentleman can convert *solid law* into a joke, he is a much cleverer man than Mr. Sloman, of Cursitor-street, who *serves* us with all our legal articles, and we generally find them very *taking* in his hands. Were this "Lawyer's Clerk" able to furnish us with a comic Coke or jocular Blackstone, we should be happy to hear from him. Could he conveniently convert "Fearn on Remainders" into Hudibrastic verse, or give us a few epigrams from "Littleton's Tenures!"

No. 7.—We considerately comply with Pat-Riot's request, which we subjoin.

TO THE EDITORS OF PUNCH.

Gentlemen, the following trifle was written in hopes that it might find a place in your new but talented periodical, of which I have been a constant reader since its birth. A simple "Yes" or "No" in answer to correspondents will be more agreeable than a *lengthened* reply.

ODE TO A USEFUL BUT UNAVOIDABLY ABSENT FRIEND.

Old friend that once with me did dwell,
Vouchsafing all the hours to tell,
Where art thou gone? I know too well!
My Ticker. (Yes!)
Thou art not gone to artist's care
To try the good of change of air,
Or undergo a slight repair,
My Ticker. (No!)
No! thou art gone—no fault of thine—
Unto a relative of mine,
Entitled, "Uncle," I opine,
My Ticker. (Yes!)
And there must thou remain awhile,
Spite of thyself, in durance vile,
Accompanied by my best *file*,
My Ticker. (O Yes!)
And much I fear thou must remain
Until a shower, *not of rain*,
Impels thee down the spout again,
My Ticker. (O No!)

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

I.—IN WHICH THE AUTHOR INVOKES CERTAIN ASSISTANCE.

WALTZES, whist, wax-candles, and waist-coats! Chandeliers, and champagne! *Croquets*, creams, cornets-à-piston, and cracker-bonbons! Flirts, flounces, and flowers! A *mêlée* of delicious and captivating images crowd upon us at once, and involve our ideas in a mass of inextricable confusion for our commencement.

Twinkling-footed Terpsichore!—Gentle Goddess whose bright showers—oh, no! that's another—gentle goddess of pumps and pirouettes! lady patroness of coquettes and confectioners! a bewildered author implores thee to inspire him, by the transfer of a small portion of liveliness from thy own heels to his head. By the charming attributes of thy most favoured votaries;—by Marie Taglioni's gauze wings, and Fanny Ellsler's brass-heeled *brodequins;* by Pauline Duvernay's ruby lips, and Fanny Cerito's alabaster shoulders; by the Gitana, Cracovienne, Cachoucha, and Lithuanienne, descend! Descend, we beseech you, and mesmerise our brain with some of the active magnetic influence that pervades thy thrilling and vibrating organization!

Coy creature! dost thou require further invocation? Thou shalt have it. By Jullien, who fancies himself good-looking; and by Musard, whom nobody ever accused of beauty; by the glorious and inspiring waltzes of Strauss, Lanner, and Labitsky—waltzes whose names the author would be but too happy to chronicle in these columns, did he not fear his steel-pen would break down in the adventurous attempt; by Weippert, Collinet, Fetolf, Adams, and Blagrove; he once more implores your assistance.

We have waited for five minutes in an agony of expectation, and the muse has not appeared; nor do we perceive ourselves suddenly gifted with any unusual inspiration. No dense clouds of aromatic vapour, rolling in delicious and enervating volumes, have filled the room; neither has the carpet opened, the walls divided, or the ceiling vanished, in allowing any lovely spirit, whose silk fleshings move in pliant grace beneath the transparent undulations of her book-muslin tunic, to visit our mundane, or rather our aerial, apartment. We perceive that we are, as usual, left to our own resources; with the reflection on the chilling truth, that virtuous woodcutters and youngest princes are the only persons who, upon nursery authority, appear to have ever received morning calls or mental assistance from the feminine children of the air.

Enterprising reader! who hast so nobly invested threepence in the purchase of our *livraison;* when, as the "Medical Student" we bade thee farewell at the close of the last volume (which was also the first), we stated that with the new year we once more anticipated the pleasure of meeting you; we have kept our promise, and with the close of the first week, we are here. We beg, as heretofore, you will honour us with your hebdomadal society,—an invitation which, we hope to hear you say in the language of evening party documents, "you will have much pleasure in accepting."

II.—OF THE PROPER PERIOD FOR EVENING PARTIES.

In spite of the versifications of an old English poet named Thomson,—an almost extinct author who once perpetrated a book about the four quarters,—the society of London allows but one season in the course of the solar year. This may be said to commence properly with spring radishes and Grisi, and conclude at an indefinite period, varying according to the extent of incomes, the success of philanderings, the approach of grouse shooting, and the continental or marine migration of the connexions you most look up to; everybody knows a set of comparatively great people, whose habits they are most indefatigable in imitating. The choreographic ingress, to speak astronomically, begins with the dingy foliage of the Parks, and terminates with the arrival of oysters; after which the dance hastens to quit town. Quadrilles depart to renovate their enfeebled figures at the leading watering-places; waltzes embark on board the *Batavier* for Baden-Baden; cornets-à-piston incline to provincial concerts, for change of air and the benefit of their lungs; and harps evince extreme affection for Gravesend and Richmond steamboats.

It cannot be altogether the philanthropic wish of making their guests partake of small doses of the poetry of existence, from ten o'clock at night until three in the morning, that induces people to invite them, or they would choose some more congenial time. At

this period of the year the weather is in a glorious state of uncertainty, and young men, who do not like trudging to parties along a muddy *trottoir* in thin-soled patent boots—who revolt at the association of white kids and an omnibus, are compelled to take cabs, which collectively keep up a becoming and consequential clatter in the street all the evening (for a Hansom makes as much noise as a private one, and perhaps more), and in the dark produces quite as good an effect. The drawing-room windows can also be opened that the coachmen and lantern-bearers-in-waiting may participate in the harmony of the band, or watch the shadows of the waltzers as they twirl across the blinds, should they be down, and the adjacent inhabitants be impressed with a due idea of the party-givers' importance; whilst the rapid approach of daybreak affords the best hint of the flight of time, and drives the most inveterate dancer to tender his adieus to the hostess, who has been dying to go to bed for the last two hours, in an agony of suspense lest the solar lamp in the china-closet, which, by a process of unparalleled mechanical extension has been converted into a card-room, should go out and begin to smell.

ROCKET.

THE PUFF PAPERS.

CHAPTER IV.

CANDLES were burning brightly on the tables when I entered the club-room on the next night of our meeting, for the spirit of innovation had never attempted to introduce the glaring nuisance of gas-light amongst THE PUFFS. A blazing coal fire in the grate threw forth its genial warmth, and seemed by its cheerful smiles to invite the stranger to a closer intimacy; while the old oak-panelled wainscot—the high-backed walnut-tree chairs—the antique clock, with its curiously-wrought brazen dial and elaborately carved case—the dark mahogany tables,—all polished to the highest degree, caught the warm light, and reflected it in mellowed radiance throughout the room.

"Ah!" thought I, as I drew off my gloves and disincumbered myself of my great-coat, "it is easy to comprehend why the word 'comfort' should be peculiar to the English language. The Frenchman loves show; the Italian luxurious ease; the German exists in a dreamy world of his own creation; the Spaniard wraps himself in his cloak and his pride; the Dutchman's enjoyments are gross, the Turk's sensual;—it is only at an Englishman's fire-side that *comfort* is to be found. Comfort and Independence are the Lares of his hearth: under whose protection all the social and domestic virtues have thriven and flourished amongst us. May the day be far distant when the hand of Fashion shall dash down those ancient and beloved protectors of our homes to make room for the gilded idols of foreign lands."

The business of the night not having commenced, the assembled members were engaged in a desultory conversation. The facetious Mr. Bayles, whose figure, as the sailors say, I discovered looming through a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke in a distant corner of the room, was keeping up what playwrights call a "smart dialogue" with every individual in the room, and making an infinity of small jokes in a very loud voice. Perceiving a vacant chair beside him, I took possession of it, and found myself placed between the old joker and a young man with a Broughamite curl in his nose, whose face notwithstanding was the index of perfect good humour.

"Allow me to introduce you to our friend Nodder—George Nodder," said Mr. Bayles, indicating with a graceful motion of his pipe the gentleman in question—"a very intelligent and interesting individual, I can assure you; not a wit himself, but, like Falstaff, the cause of it in others. It is to his ingenuity we owe the discovery of the relationship between Ben D'Israeli and Ben Lomond and——"

"Silence, gentlemen!" cried the chairman, striking his hammer upon the table, "the clock strikes eight; business has commenced."

"I perceive," continued he, "after taking a paper from the box, and clearing his voice, "that the tale which I have to read to you this evening is called——"

The Flying Cobbler.

"Fly not yet.——"

IT was one of those fine bracing evenings in October, when Autumn, taking leave of Summer, stands on the threshold of Winter, and gladdens us with a smile of honest regret, as loth to quit good company so soon. The sun shone brightly on the golden and russet leaves which rustled along my path; yet there was a biting sharpness in the air which induced me to quicken my pace, in order, if possible, to reach before supper-time a little shebeen* which lay about a mile further down in the gorge of the valley. Whistling up my spaniels, who were chasing each other in mazy circles through an adjoining field, I pursued my way down the rugged mountain road with renewed vigour, and, as I had calculated, arrived at Tim Donovan's shebeen just as a stout red-shanked wench had turned the smiling contents of a large pot of potatoes in a *skeeogh*†, occupying the centre of a long deal table. The cloud of steam which curled upwards from the smoking esculents prevented me at first from recognising the persons of those present, and I stood irresolutely between the door and the fire, till the hearty invitation in Irish—*Ci sheese agus failtagh roth*, from the master of the feast, induced me to penetrate the dense mass, when I beheld Tim himself, the patriarch of the mountain, surrounded by his family and a few neighbours, whom chance had thrown in, regaling themselves at their evening meal.

No sooner was I recognised than Tim, who was an old sportsman, and the best shot in the barony, unstrapped my game-bag (which by the way was tolerably heavy), laid my gun aside, and having prescribed me a full glass of the pure *untaxed*, proceeded to cut sundry slices from a sooty flitch of bacon which garnished the chimney corner. I might here enter into a critical examination of the merits of bacon and eggs after a day's shooting on a bleak mountain, and discuss the excellence of the native *potteen*, but fearing to weary my readers I will at once to the marrow of my tale.

Amongst the persons who formed the group round Tim Donovan's hearth, I noticed one individual particularly, from the singularity of his appearance. He was a little thin-faced man, apparently verging towards fifty, with a restless grey eye and hollow cheeks, from which the bones started in prominent fleshlessness. His hair was thin and grizzled, his body much bent, and his legs strangely deformed. He wore an old leathern apron, and this circumstance made me set him down in my mind as the village cobbler. Subsequently I found I had been correct in my conjecture. This strange figure spoke little; indeed he appeared sedulously to avoid conversation, and when any questions were put to him, he answered them as briefly as possible. He was engaged in the manufacture of a wooden clock for Tim's parlour, and I remarked that, in the execution of the work, he exhibited an ingenuity not often displayed by men in his station of life.

He, however, did not long continue his task, for suddenly gathering up wheels and pinions into his apron, he started up, and with a muttered remark on the darkness of the night, departed unnoticed, except by the *Banagth liath* of a few voices from the circle.

"Poor fellow," said Tim, as the door closed after him, "maybe he'll sit up the whole blessed night, working at some of his vagaries."

"What vagaries?" I inquired.

"Them quare notions that comes into his head of making ships sail upon dry land, and men fly like the birds of the air. The Lord be about us! Sure we know that it isn't right for a dacent Christian to be trying to get towards heaven by a short cut. We should keep to the ould road our fathers and grandfathers took afore us."

"True for you, Tim; the ould way is always the best; and sign is on that poor crather just gone out: if he hadn't been so upsetting, the misfortune that has come upon him would never have happened," observed an old woman, who was knitting in a corner under the chimney.

I requested Tim to explain to me what was the nature of the misfortune that had befallen the cobbler, but Tim, who did not plume himself highly upon his skill in narrative, referred me to "*the masther*" (as the parish pedagogue was deferentially styled), a hard-featured man, whose rusty black coat and a large pair of spectacles, attached by a piece of green tape to a little scratch wig, obtained for him amongst the simple villagers a character for wisdom and learning, which he was at vast pains to preserve, by the copious use of polysyllabic words and high-flown epithets.

(*To be continued.*)

* A road-side public-house.
† A kind of broad wickerwork dish.
‡ God bless you.

TRUE BRITISH COURAGE.

SIR PETER LAURIE when lately reading acts of extraordinary gallantry performed by a boat's crew of English sailors, in taking a large Chinese junk, *naively* inquired if the junk were salted? "Because in that case," he sagaciously observed, "the brave fellows must have been very thirsty after their job."

SAILORS ATTACKING JUNK.

THE RIVAL APOLLOS.

WE have authority for stating that our esteemed and witty friend Sibthorp, and our no less esteemed and elegant correspondent Sir E. L. Bulwer, are both candidates for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford. We feel at a loss to decide on which of these great men the honour should be conferred, but the following poetic *morceaux* may enable our readers to form an idea of the style of both the competitors. The first specimen is from the delicate pen of the author of "Pelham:"—

TO A BUTTERFLY.

ARIEL creature!—lightly wheeling
Through the azure depths of feeling;
Or a moonbeam, in whose breathing
Joy's emotions sadly wreathing,
Writhes the fiery soul entrancing,
While the liquid pulses glancing,
Softly wake in tones opprest,
Viewless visions of the breast.

The gallant Colonel's verses are not so highly elaborated and fanciful as the Baronet's; they partake more of the sweet simplicity of the Wordsworth school. Here they are:—

TO A BLUEBOTTLE.

"JOLLY old buzzer with breeches so blue,
The world's wide enough both for me and for you,
So drink and be merry; I'll do you no turn ill;
I won't as I hope to be shav'd," says the Colonel.

The Vision of Punch.

THE Vision of PUNCH, the son of old Chaos, which he saw concerning England and Ireland, in the days of Victoria, the Queen of Great Britain!

PUNCH looked, and behold, he stood in the midst of a temple, in which were seated in a circle eighteen hundred and forty elders, and yet there was a seat unfilled. And lo! as the clock struck twelve another elder entered the temple, and seated himself in the chair prepared for him, whilst the company gave a loud and joyous shout to welcome the Eighteen-hundred-and-Forty-first Elder. And PUNCH looked, and he saw that he was in the presence of the shades of the dead—that he stood in the Hall of Departed Years!

And every Year sat beneath his number burning above him, from the Year 1 to the year 1841. And almost every Year had a different garment to his fellow. The Year One, and many of his immediate neighbours, wore skins of beasts, and were painted as PUNCH had seen the pictures of the Ancient Britons; whilst succeeding Years sported the Norman shirt, and others the flowing robes of the Plantagenets, and some sat demure and close-cropt, with the faces of Puritans; and to these succeeded Years in short velvet cloaks, and Spanish hats and plumes; and to them, Years (the first was the Year Sixteen-hundred-and-Eighty-eight) in square-tailed coats; and then following Years smiled from under three-cornered hats and periwigs; and there were other Years in blue coats and buckskin breeches. Indeed, among all the eighteen hundred and forty-one assembled, there were no two Years that wore precisely the same outward covering. The last-comer (for brevity, we 'll call him Forty-one) entered in a Petersham coat, and railway drill trousers.

As he took his seat, he was received with clamorous applause; and whilst his neighbour Forty shook him by the hand, it was plain that he glanced at the cut of his coat and the fall of his cravat. Indeed, all the Years, from more than half-naked Year One, to over-dressed Year Sixty-six, threw a curious look at the garments of the last-comer, as wishing to see the last fashion. The Year Eighteen-hundred-and-Fifteen, in his Dragoon uniform, and wearing the Waterloo medal at his breast, cast an inquiring glance at the mustachios and imperial of Forty-one, and then, with a military oath, observed in a whisper to his neighbour Sixteen, "Do you see his hair-trigger! Forty-one 's been a military year, no doubt."

"What do you think of Forty-one?" asked puritanical Sixteen-Forty-eight of his neighbour Nine, who turned up his conventicle nose, and shrugged up his shoulders with a gesture of contempt.

Since the truth must be spoken, Forty-one was, perhaps, as shabby a looking year as any of his eighteen hundred and forty companions. There was nothing handsome, nothing chivalrous or picturesque about him. He looked as if he would have been one of the swell mob, if he had only had courage enough for the vocation. There was a shambling, petty-larceny manner about him, with an affectation of gentility that partly disguised the miserable reality of his condition. He cocked his hat with a knowing air, and began puffing away at a half-smoked cigar.

"Good Heavens! Forty-one," said Forty, "where the devil do you get your tobacco!"

"Isn't it good?" asked Forty-one, knocking the black ashes on his thumb-nail.

"Good!" echoed Forty. "No gentleman would smoke such stuff as that."

"A word in your ear," said Forty-one: "for the last three hundred and sixty-five days it's the best I've been able to buy! I assure you I've had a devilish hard time of it; and have even now come off without paying many of my creditors."

"Ha! that's not much," said Forty; "there are few of us here who made up all accounts before we quitted the world. By-the-by, that's a very handsome stock of yours, and what a flow of satin!"

"Yes. But I'll tell you a secret," said Forty-one: "I have no shirt under it."

"Was that the fashion when you left?" asked Forty.

"With thousands," answered Forty-one: "in my days it was thought sufficient luck to get a collar."

"You surprise me! And yet you wear that splendid diamond on your finger, and that magnificent gold chain about your neck."

"All gammon," cried Forty-one, with a vulgar wink. "The diamond's a fine bit of paste, and the magnificent gold is pure mosaic."

"And, take it altogether, Forty-one, how have you lived?" asked Thirty-nine.

"Queerly enough. As I had no bullion, I gave bills; there'll be a precious rumpus when they become due. I've done a little, too, in the Exchequer way, and that's also to be cleared up. No; take the thing altogether, I should say there is not among the whole lot of you! a more miserable, shabby, unlucky Year than poor Forty-one."

"Then you hav'nt left a very good reputation behind you?" observed Thirty-nine.

"I've hit a few too hard for that," said Forty-one. "I can tell you, Forty-two—poor devil!—will have his work to do, whoever he may be."

"Anything particular to tell us?" bawled out Seventeen-Ninety-seven. "Anything happened?"

"I've made the poor people happy with a Prince of Wales," answered Forty-one.

"Indeed!" cried Forty, with a savage look; "then the nose of my little Princess is done for."

"And how does my old friend Wellington get on?" asked Waterloo Eighteen-fifteen.

"He 's as droll as ever in the House of Lords," replied Forty-one. "A few weeks ago he said poverty, drunkenness, and idleness, were one and the same thing, and stoutly denied the existence of any want in the country, as he had himself counted five-and-twenty turkeys at his own poulterer's."

"Ha! ha! ha! He always was a rum 'un!" cried Eighteen-fifteen.

"I've another bit of news to tell you," said Forty-one; "the Whigs are out."

"Impossible! you're joking," said Forty.

"True—true as the national debt. And who do you think is in?" asked Forty-one.

"O'Connell?" said Eighteen-Thirty-eight; "he had a glorious tail when I came away."

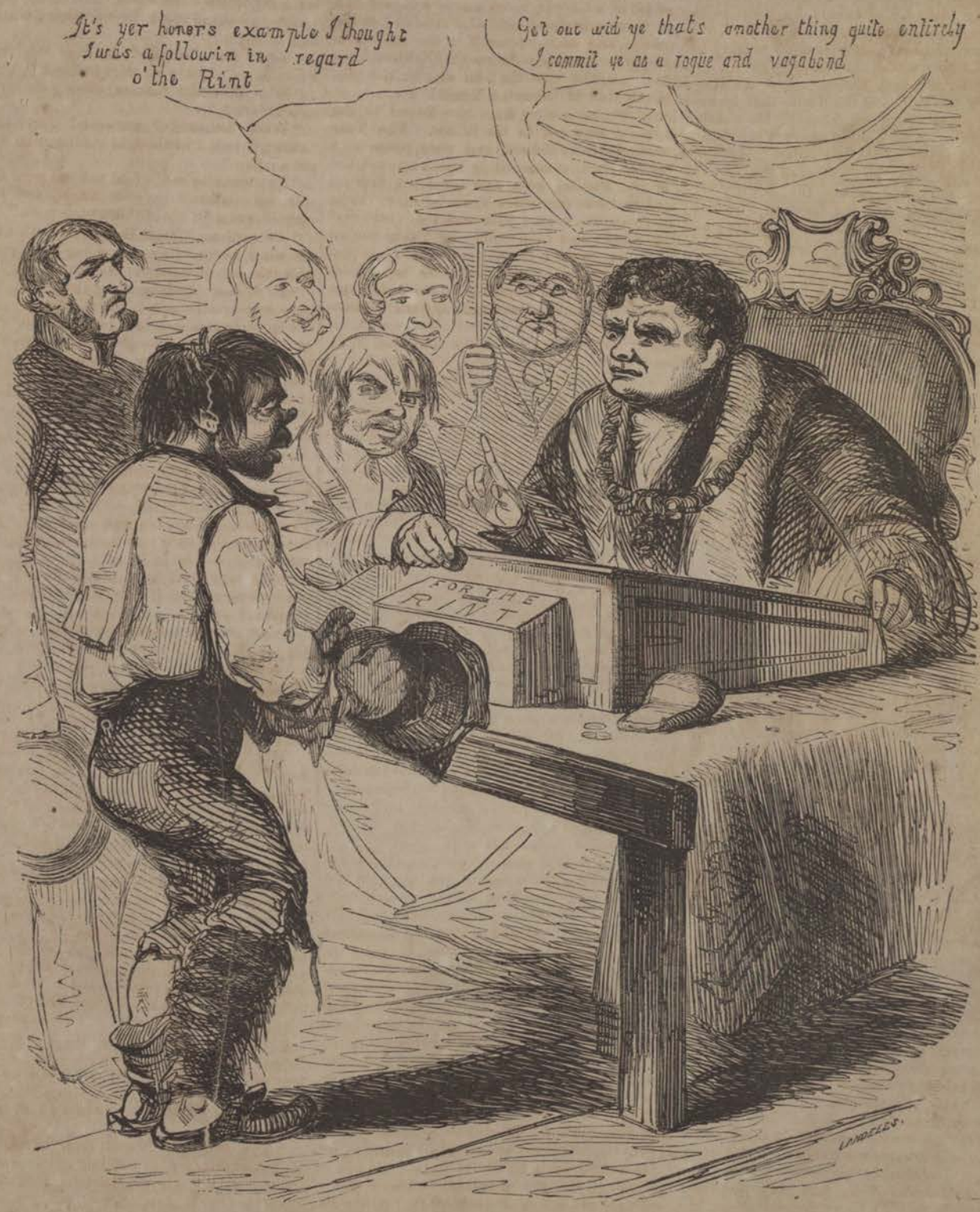
"O'Connell!" cried Forty-one, with a sneer; "why he's lost himself in a Lord Mayor's pair of breeches; and for his tail, long as it was, it's now nothing more than a scut. No, my lads, the Tories are in again—that is, the Conservatives."

"Yes, they've changed their name," said Thirty-eight; "just as well-known highwaymen change their coats and horses. But, depend upon it, they'll keep their old salutation. Tory or Conservative, they'll still cry nothing but *Money or your life!*"

"Thirty-eight," said Forty-one, "you're censorious. I assure you, that Sir Robert Peel—he is minister, be it remembered—Sir Robert has promised—"

Poor Forty-one was here interrupted by a

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXIV.


It's yer honers example I thought I was a followin in regard o'the Rint
Get out wid ye that's another thing quite entirely I commit ye as a rogue and vagabond
FOR THE RINT

A DANIEL—A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT!

most indecent shout of laughter from at least five-and-twenty of the Years immediately above him. At length Thirty-eight cried out —"Forty-one, when you came away, what was the price of the four-pound wheaten loaf?"

Hereupon Forty-one, calling up all his moral courage, answered, —

Eighteen hundred and forty collective groans greeted the reply.

Forty-one, a little shaken, proceeded, "But Sir Robert has, in the handsomest manner, promised a very superb sliding scale; and the people at Paisley, Manchester, and Leeds starve with amended politeness."

"Well, anything been doing in the war department?" asked Eighteen-fifteen.

"We've broken a few teapots in China," answered Forty-one—"nothing more."

"Any domestic casualties?" inquired Seventeen-Forty-five.

"They've burnt the Tower; and it was thought, unless Sir Peter Laurie was put in close confinement, the Thames would remain in continual danger."

"Have you nothing more to tell us?" asked Thirty-nine. "You're very close with your news."

On this, Forty-one sprung to his feet, and flinging away the last half-inch of his very bad cigar, said, with a flushed countenance—

"Gentlemen, the truth is, I have for the last twelvemonth been so harassed, so annoyed—have been so heartily sick of my existence, that I would willingly forget everything that had passed in its span. As, however, you have a right to hear something of my history, I will for once and all tell all I can, trusting to your indulgence never to question me on the hideous subject more. But, gentlemen, first, if you please, to wet my whistle."

Hereupon Death, who is Time's true Ganymede, gave a skull of metheglin to Forty-one, who having quaffed it, spoke:

"I have seen misery increase with every hour, I have heard the wailing voices of tens of thousands of the poor crying for bread, and I have heard purse-proud monopolists exclaim with a voice of thunder, 'Give them a stone!' As for politics, I have left the world in a very pretty clench. The Whigs failing to sympathise with the people, lost them. As for the Conservatives, they are pledged to '*remedy all approved abuses*,' the question being, What will they admit *to be* an abuse? Will they call a rat-hole, a rat-hole; or will they, as they have ever done, swear the hole to be a useful, healthful ventilator? However, there is no doubt that Conservatism is now considered to be the genteel thing; Whiggism and Radicalism both are vulgar. Conservatives and Whigs are nevertheless small factions; the power of each is gradually diminishing; for a third party—a party vindicating the sympathies, affections, and common rights of humanity—is rising, and must be paramount. Though a Hercules be at the breast, the time will come when he'll wield a club. As for me—miserable Eighteen-hundred-and-Forty-one!—knowing as I do how many of the poor must curse me, I would wish to forget that I had ever been born. To how few have I done any good—how many thousands have I wronged! Gentlemen, the oppressive sense of my own unworthiness, be it remembered, compels me to give over; yet—as I never intend to speak again—permit a miserable wretch to end with one hearty toast—with one beneficent wish, 'Charge your skulls, gentlemen.'"

Here eighteen hundred and forty-one gentlemen stood up, and each held his skull in his hand.

"Now, gentlemen," said Forty-one, "here's better luck to my successor—here's all happiness to Eighteen-hundred-and-Forty-two." The Years shouted, and the temple rang with—

"ALL HAPPINESS TO EIGHTEEN-FORTY-TWO!" Q.

MELBOURNE'S MUNIFICENCE.

THE papers contain a most gratifying account of a

Public Breakfast

GIVEN

BY LORD MELBOURNE,

to two hundred gentlemen of the highest respectability and the largest appetites, who composed a deputation from the town of Derby, *which* town, if the reporters are to be believed, has had the benefit of a good education, and seems to have been born with a silver spoon in its mouth, being, to quote their words, both "intelligent and opulent."

We are happy to be enabled to lay before our readers the true particulars of the bill of fare, which is as follows:—

Six tea-spoonsful and "one for the pot" of fine full-flavoured wiry hyson, "strongly recommended for family use;" carefully diluted with six kettles' full of boiling water, and served in an elegant Britannia metal teapot.

A dozen rounds of superior toast beautifully buttered on one side, and laid upon blue and white salvers, enriched by a pattern from an original Chinese drawing of a willow-tree, two doves, three mandarins, one bridge, and a fish-boat.

Threepennyworth of fresh-gathered and highly cultivated water-cresses, placed upon as many snow-white dishes with azure rims, each flanked with a costly pewter salt-cellar.

Two whole pints of genuine Gravesend shrimps, together with four fine old Yarmouth bloaters, affording a delicious contrast to three immense rashers of bacon and six eggs; the latter of which, with the usual munificence of the ex-Premier, were served up with the chickens in them.

The milk, which was supplied in great profusion, was manufactured expressly for this occasion at a celebrated London dairy.

We never saw the noble Lord in better spirits; and we trust that his example will stimulate Sir Robert Peel to similar prodigality; for, at present, he seems o treat his adherents with but few dinners and

BEAR CIVILITY.

A WISE SAW AND MODERN INSTANCE.

THE case of two American youths named Pitcher, who were arrested last week for several forgeries committed in Philadelphia, illustrates the old proverb, the *Pitcher* that goes often to the well, &c.

DOMESTIC COOKERY.

AT the present festive season, the following recipes for the enjoyment of good cheer will be acceptable to the public in general, and the readers of PUNCH in particular.

A DRINK FOR JUVENILES.

Get a large pitcher. Wipe it well out with a dishclout. Take a quartern loaf, and cut very carefully a slice of about ten inches thick from the crusty side. Having done this, put away the loaf, and having released yourself of the knife, take the piece of bread in one hand, and with the other take hold of the toasting-fork—or any other fork, if you have not a toaster handy. Extend your arms slightly, and then bring the point of fork close up to the bread with a jerk, so as to leave the piece of bread on the prongs. Now look at your fire, and hold your bread as near as you can, taking care if it should get into a blaze to blow it out immediately. After this has been repeated several times, examine your bread closely, and it will probably have assumed a rich blackish colour. If it has, it is fit for use. You will now run to your pitcher, and let your bread fall into it, by holding your fork perpendicularly, with the prongs downwards. Pour water over your bread, and stir with a table-spoon if the jug be not too large, in which case you may use the handle of a hammer or a rolling-pin. Keep stirring as long as you can, and serve in blue-and-white mugs, when your juveniles will have a most wholesome beverage.

ROASTED CHESNUTS.

Buy a few chesnuts, bring them home, sit down, and with a small knife keep on cutting slits in the skin till you cut your fingers. When you have prepared enough, put the chesnuts on the top bar, and keep on until you have burnt your hand. Take a seat opposite the fire, and in a few minutes the delicious fruit will begin to pop out with great violence into the faces of the company, and all over the room. They are now done; and if you can find them, which may perhaps be accomplished by groping about the floor, you will have an excellent dish of roasted chesnuts.

FRIED SOLES.

Take a chair opposite a blazing fire. Place your feet on the top bar, or, perhaps, a quicker method is to place them across all the bars together. In a few minutes your soles will be done thoroughly.—*N.B.* (H)eels may be cooked in like manner.

STEWED CALF'S HEAD.

Light the copper-fire, and when the water in it boils, and the steam is very great, go down, and look right into the copper as long as you can. If you keep it up long enough, your calf's head will be stewed to perfection. As it is presumed there will be no brains, we have not mentioned them.

RATHER OMINOUS.

THE Directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, we are informed, made a few days since a preliminary *trip* along the *line*. There have been so many *trips* and *slips* on Railways lately, that a little preliminary practice at that work might prove beneficial to persons who prefer making a rapid transit by steam to another world, to the old-fashioned and tedious mode of

TRAVELLING BY POST.

THE VERY BEST OF THE NEW YEAR.

WHY was the wreck of the celebrated steam-ship a severe blow to two great countries?—Because America lost her President and England her Power.

HORACE AND PUNCH.—Carm. Lib. 3. Ode IX.

AD LYDIAM.

Hor.—Donec gratus eram tibi,
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ
Cervici juvenis dabat;
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lyd.—Donec non aliâ magis
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
Multi Lydia nominis
Romanâ vigui clarior Iliâ.

Hor.—Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
Dulces docta modos, et citharæ sciens:
Pro quâ non metuam mori,
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

Lyd.—Me torret face mutuâ
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornythi;
Pro quo *bis* patiar mori,
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

Hor.—Quid si prisca redit Venus,
Diductosque jugo cogit aheneo?
Si flava excutitur Chloë,
Ejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

Lyd.—Quanquam sidere pulchrior
Ille est, tu levior cortice, et improbo
Iracundior Adriâ;
Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

TO JUDY.

Punch.—While yet I knew thy truth,
And no more lucky youth
Thy wooden arm caress'd,
Than Albert's Royal self I was more blest.

Judy.—While yet you ne'er went arter
That saucy jade Sall Carter,
I, Judy famed in story-ah!
Was happier than Queen Victoria.

Punch.—Yes, Sarah dear, the chanter,
Is mine, none can supplant her,
Ere death her charms should fix,
Gladly I'd walk my chalks or cut my sticks.

Judy.—For Joe (his dad's Bill Dwyer),
I burn with mutual fire,
For him the debt o' natur
Twice o'er I'd pay—I would, so help me tatur!

Punch.—What, if to make things squarer,
I vow to give up Sarah,
And you, my Ju, take back,
Thus giving you my heart and Sal the sack!

Judy.—Tho' Joe's a trump, and taller
Than thee, thou fickle brawler!
Yet henceforth—dash my wig!
I'll live with thee, with thee I'll hop the twig.

SIBTHORP'S CORNER.

How many young ladies will it take to reach from London to Brighton?—Fifty-two: because a *Miss* is as good as a mile.

When does a man have a vegetable time-piece?—When he gets a potato clock (*Gets-up-at-eight-o'clock*).

If an army were to be divided into six parts, and each of these again into seven parts, what quality would the army possess?—Fortitude (*Forty-two'd*).

A RIVAL TO GUINESS'S.

There is a publican in New York so remarkably *stout* that he retails his shadow at 6*d*. a pot.

CONS. CLASSICAL.

What part of Saturn's career reminds you of a gentleman trying to pull on a pair of small boots?—The time when he endeavoured to overcome the Titans (*tight-uns*).

Why did Jupiter descend to Danaë in a shower of gold?—To prove that he was one of the *raining sovereigns*.

A TRITE REMARK.

"You be blow'd," as the fly said to the shin of beef in the dog-days.

CHAFF IN THE HAYMARKET.

It is not recorded by any historian, that when Taglioni returned to London after her last engagement at Petersburg, and was proceeding to the Opera-house, she saw Mr. Carter, of the Haymarket, standing in the vestibule of the Webberian temple. "Monsieur Cartère," shouted the poetess of motion from her carriage window, "vich is de best, de Russian or de English mile?" Carter paused, when the fair Terpsichorean hastily exclaimed, "Vy, de English to be sure, because de Russian is de *verst*." Carter acknowledged himself *versted*.

SEASONABLE BENEVOLENCE.

Mount Vesuvius has distributed a good deal of firing among the poor in the neighbourhood.

Punch distributed ninety-five thousand sheets of his Almanack, to enliven the hearts and spirits of the community. Several periodicals issued their usual supply of wet blankets.

Sir Peter Laurie distributed small beer at the Guildhall Police Court to a numerous circle of clerks, culprits, and constables.

It was reported that John Snooks had been giving coats to his old servants. On inquiry, we found he had given three coats of paint to his very venerable donkey-cart and his wheel-barrow.

Boreas gave a blow-out to a select party in a punt at Chelsea.

AN ICE SPECULATION.

Sir Peter Laurie has conceived a plan by which he anticipates to realise a large sum of money. Our readers will remember that Capt. Ross discovered a tract of ice somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood of the north pole, which, with a prodigality only found in a true British sailor, he presented to his friend Sir Felix, and named it Boothia. Laurie has proposed to purchase this valuable lot of floating capital, and should his offer be accepted, will immediately despatch some steamers to tow it home, as he says it will form a cool watering-place during the dog-days, and may then be let out in square acres to enterprising confectioners, to grow their raspberry and strawberry ices. We always knew Sir Peter to be a long-eared man, but never thought him such

A LONG-HEADED FELLOW.

CHRISTMAS GAMBOLS.

Aristocratic amusement.—A party of gentlemen—most of them English officers—were last week on a visit at a gentleman's house in the neighbourhood of Philipstown, King's County, when one evening they gave their host some opium, and, in sport, proceeded to practise their horrible cruelties upon a poor idiot boy who found an asylum about the house. They first extracted all his teeth, and then bedaubed him over with oil and turpentine,—set fire to his clothes to make him run, when, horrible to relate, the poor creature was burned to death!—*Dublin Monitor.*

The good old times are passing away,
And mirth groweth duller every day;
Then let us all honour the jovial crew
Who have found out a pleasure both sweet and new:
For what can impart so wild a glee
As the fun of an idiot's agony,
When the red flame changes his mumps and moans
To piercing shrieks and the bitterest groans?
Let their names be written on every wall,
That the poor may honour the rich man's thrall.

Latest Shipping Intelligence.

A young gentleman, name unknown, was towed in here last night by "A 45," with hat stove in, and loss of watch and purse. He had taken the ground under the Piazzas of Covent-Garden, and was with difficulty got off.

Arrived—"The Bill Bunkem," with a cargo of rum, gin, and other foreign liquors.

Sailed "A 22" for the Globe Tavern, chartered to fetch back two pots of heavy for the use of the force. "The Jim Jones" was spoken at 2 A.M., on the steps of Exeter Hall, but was unable to answer.

"Sam Slithers" has been hauled up at Brixton to repair—his morals.

"The Ikey Faker" was brought up this morning in company with a strange watch, and is now

LYING IN DOCK.

SONGS OF THE SENTIMENTAL.

They bid me, Jessy! seek a wealthier lot,
Far, far from thee across the unruly wave;
Yet though thus parted, thou'lt not be forgot,
Until at strangers' hands I find a grave
In some lone path.
And whilst in distant lands this heart shall beat,
Wilt thou upon me one fond thought bestow,
Or heed the hours that creep on till we meet?
Say that thou wilt—dearest—before I go—
"Oh! go to—Bath!"

What charms have sunnier lands or skies for me!
When thou art from me, all the world is nought—
A blank—for ever—if away from thee—
Though thou art ever present to my thought—
My spirit's light.
Oh! I could linger parting all the day
(Yet is this parting bitter in its bliss),
For hope expires within me as I say—
"Beloved one—farewell—I take one kiss"—
"Oh! take a sight."

CHRISTMAS GAIETIES.

Several fashionables visited the gallery of the Victoria on Boxing-night, and the variety of the *toilette* of the ladies was the subject of general observation. Miss Betsy Bullock wore a Dunstable bonnet, open at the top, and tied over the head with a blue and white pocket-handkerchief. It was so much admired, that in the course of the evening it was passed about the gallery, that the pattern and shape might be inspected, and it was ultimately handed to the people in the pit, where it was circulated rapidly during the rest of the evening.

Many parties who were at the Victoria on Monday night occupied private boxes at the pawn-brokers' on the evening following.

UNDENIABLE FACTS.

A Lawsuit now pending in Tennessee between two families has run for such a length of time, that it takes six men of the strongest memories in the State to remember when it was begun.

There's a chap down at Quamphegan so tarnation cute, that he refuses to pay the debt of Nature, unless the discount is taken off.

NOBODY AT HOME.

Lord Brougham, who has been visiting the *heads* of the different colleges at Cambridge, declares that having *sounded* them on different subjects, he found that they beat the heads of the Cockney College—*hollow*.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

PUNCH MORALISETH WITH TOBY THEREON.

So 1842 has come at last! The ceaseless old mower has plodded on his certain way, and added another twelvemonth's sheaf to his swelling harvest. We have seen, like expectant heirs, the demise of the old year, while our eager anticipations of the good the next *may* bring divest us of the decency of mourning, and merry voices hail with delight his new-born successor.

"Thank you, Judy: the same to you, and many, many of them."

Ha! Toby—good dog Toby; nay, never mind your paws; our smalls give up their dignity in honour of your kindness. Poor fellow! What, you wish us joy too!—ay, that you do; it flashes from your turned-up hazel eye—an eye that gods might envy, and true men almost worship! There's not a wag of thy old tail that does not chronicle a benison upon thy hump-backed master, ugly though he be. Don't snarl and show thy teeth, Toby; there be those that call him so; he speaks a truth—then listen, ugly though he be (to others). What, wilt lick his hand in spite of nose, hump and all! Toby, Toby,—mirrored in thy heart of love, thy rough old master may defy deformity's worst works. But, Toby, brings the new year only joy!—think of the past! for, Toby, thou art a thinking dog—a dog of mind and parts—a lover of a jest, yet withal open to decent sadness. The old year hath gone, Toby! but it hath taken with it many of the budding joys its first birth promised! Glad voices, that spoke of hope, and wished succeeding years of happiness and worldly wealth, and nature's choicest blessing — smiling health — to kind, dear friends, are hushed for ever! Toby, they are gone!—gone from the sight, but not the souls of the bereaved, whose hopes for their temporal joys are merged in prayers for their eternal peace! Toby—nay, never look so sad!—listen to the merry jingle hailing the young year's advent. Toby, there's a moral in those bells—a wholesome moral—somewhat to moderate the glad heart's sweet delirium, and shed its balm over the mourner's woes. Toby, those palmy sounds of glee chime from the selfsame source that peals the knell of death—and while they chasten mirth, destroy despair.

And thou too, Toby, art somewhat changed! Thou hast lost a tooth—an eye-tooth, Toby! And how didst do it? I'll tell thee, Toby. Thou wast vaingloriously carrying in thy proper mouth a huge, uncompromising stone, because, forsooth, a bigger dog had done the same and took no harm! What was the result? Thy jaws were overtaxed—thy presumption paid forfeit—and thy tooth is gone! Toby, it served thee right. But thou art scarcely to be blamed, when thoughtless men, led on by vanity, madly try to outstrip those with whom by chance they meet, forgetting all the differences of strength and means, nor finding out their folly till Ruin's autograph subscribes their fate. We warn *them*, as we did thee, Toby, though we hope with more success, and say emphatically—The new year has begun—drop all such stones!

Toby—your health: we are getting old, brave Toby, though we are fresh—we mean fresh-painted—but we are old, marvellous old in years, though young in wits and mellowed in experience!

We have travelled in our time, Toby—ay, travelled, and that far. We have seen the lazy, laughing Lazzaroni beneath the clear sun of fair Italy. We have marked them swallow maccaroni by the mile! Thou lookest "twang," Toby—yea, "twang" in our teeth; but we speak the truth. It soundeth somewhat like a "cram;" but our honour is at stake, and we repeat the "mile." Toby, dog as thou art, hadst thou but seen the flashing eyes of sable diamond, whose delighted looks were fixed upon our face, thy heart of hearts had been by this tinder of adamant! They did not glance and turn away, to glance on others—no, they grew upon our form, pouring a long continuous stream of love and light upon our brave exploits. But we were black-eye-proof from all but our own wife! The fire-damp of our love burned in the safety-lamp of chastity! We resisted all. Judy bears witness; and we exult!

We are a geographer—a great geographer. Had we our due, we should be hailed "Geographer to courts, and great discoverer of mysterious alleys." But we are modest! and we thrive not out of our station! We know something of the world; not only have we travelled in

"Distant climes a Troubadour."

But we have long been a "man about town." New-years are to us but chips from the block of Time; we Time's mighty block. Our material is the same; and with Time alone shall we expire! We have a love for the past year—a clinging, kindly, childish love. We look upon it as the cradle wherein our literary limbs were swathed. O Toby, how did we pause and doubt! What huge nightmares of sharp-faced critics, with steel pens and hearts to match, appeared in our dreams, cutting us up even to the very marrow! But the time had come when Fame claimed us as her willing votary; and so we launched our bark upon (to us) the uncharted depths and shoals of public approbation. We look back and laugh at the vain fears our heated fancy raised. We heed not now "these daggers of the mind—these false creations, proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain. We have grown into a goodly mirth-crammed quarto, where our bill of fare offereth to all substantial mental food. Here our "cuts" convince the world that they may "come again," and fear not: the Helicon of PUNCH is never dry, nor ever moults his comic Pegasus.

Toby, we have work before us for the present year—hard work, good Toby—we must endeavour to excel the last. But, Toby—this is our fifth glass, and we wax moral—Toby dost not think, in confidence, the limners, have somewhat added to our hump and age? We have no vanity; but we think our Roman nose hath been enlarged since our first prime: and our arched brows are hugely overdrawn. We know our legs are beautiful; small, perhaps, but yet symmetrical: justice is done to them. But mind, we heed it not: our waist is strangely changed by these same varlets. But we forgive them; they cannot paint perfection; they are mortal. Toby, for shame! Out upon thee! Look at us (*hiccup*) Toby. Why, thy master blushes for thee. Toby, thou art drunk! extremely drunk, dog! beastly drunk! What dost thou mean by adding to thy proper stump another of the self-same size and colour, who hath enriched thy fat round head with duplex ears? Or why, why dost blink from four great eyes upon us! Be these proper exploits for dogs like thee? For shame, intemperate Toby! give up thy practical jokes, and become thyself again. Look at us; even the new-year, and six good glasses take no effect on us. Toby (*hiccup*). Why, the cur sleepeth! Poor brute! how will thy aching head make thee curse thy folly! There, curl thy nerveless tail around thy well-fed sides, and sleep in peace; thou shalt not be disturbed, Toby. How's this? Our head swims, and our eyes see "one a-piece." Good night, good Toby. We will doze now, and in the morning lecture thee soundly for thy tipsyness.

FUSBOS.

PHRENOTYPICS, OR BRAIN PRINTING.

WE should have thought that printing on the brain might have led to something like *type-us* fever, but as the science seems to be looking up, we make the following report of the lecture recently delivered by Major Veryslowsky, at the Shadwell Institution for the Encouragement of Human Everything.

The Major began by observing, that in an age when people were so apt to forget even themselves, it was of the highest importance to cultivate the art of memory. He had known remarkable instances of recollection. For instance, he was acquainted with a gentleman who had acted on his (the Major's) system, and who knew every coal in his (the gentleman's) cellar, and had a separate name for each of them. (*Hear, hear.*) He also was very intimate with a person, who formerly never could remember when a bill of exchange became due, but now he did, and always took care to be from home at the time for presenting it. This was a great advantage, for it saved much personal altercation between debtors and creditors. (*Hear, hear.*) The audience was, perhaps, anxious to have some account of the system, and he would now proceed to give it. In the first place, he recommended that in reading a book, any part of it which it might be useful to remember, should be chalked up on the wall, in very large letters, in the manner following: Supposing the book read to be *Grant's Great Metropolis*, the first thing to be remembered would be the author's name, which should be written on the wall—GRANT. It would then be advisable to go on with the work; and after reading about half, one would naturally exclaim—"*Quackery.*" Upon his (the Major's) system of Phrenotypics, it would be easy to write up *Quackery*, which would form a separate line under the name of the author. After going on a little further, the reader would probably ejaculate mentally *Pure Nonsense*. Upon his (the Major's) plan *Pure* should immediately be placed under *Quackery*, for it would be wrong to write up more than one word at a time, and *Nonsense* would come in very well at the end, so that upon looking at the wall the reader would observe that he had set down *Grant*—with *Quackery* and *Pure Nonsense*. Thus he would have obtained a perfect idea of the real contents of the book, and he would never think of *Grant* without *Quackery*, nor hear of *Pure Nonsense* without immediately bringing to his mind the *Great Metropolis*.

Considerable cheering followed this most *piquant* elucidation of the new science of *Phrenotypics*, and the audience departed, exclaiming "*Quackery*," "*Pure Nonsense*," in conformity with the admirable and most appropriate lesson that the Major had given them.

A FIT AND PROPER PERSON.

"HAVE you heard who is to fill the vacant chair of Poetry at Oxford?" said Robert Montgomery to Sydney Smith one day last week. "No," replied the reverend joker, "but if an intellectual similarity with the chair be a recommendation, I know of nobody better adapted for the place than yourself." The author of "Satan" felt the compliment, and bolted in a *devil* of a hurry.

PUNCH ON PANTOMIME.

THERE are two great events which agitate the theatrical and the political worlds from year to year—namely, the production of the pantomimes and the opening of parliament. The Queen's speech and the pantaloon's dumb-show are looked forward to with an equally intense anxiety. The Cabinet Ministers of Drury-lane, Covent-Garden, and Downing-street, all preserve the closest mystery as to their "intentions" for weeks before the great epoch when their respective labours are to be brought before the world—the secret of the "opening" of the session or that of the pantomime exists only in the minds of Mr. W. Bradwell, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Younge, or Sir James Graham. Not even the Clown of the one house, or the Colonel Sibthorp of the other are entrusted with the least important of the tricks and transformations which are in preparation for St. Stephen's or for boxing-night—the policy of the Ministers and the mimes of the Christmas mountebanks must blaze upon the public with the unexpected brilliancy of blue fire in a ballet, or Sibthorp's wit in a debate!

Thus it is that the road from Buckingham-palace to Westminster-hall is annually mobbed with anxious politicians, and the delectable streets called after Russell and Bow are besieged with crowds who only live during the other three hundred and sixty-four days in the year upon fond anticipations of the three hundred and sixty-fifth, or boxing-day. These are the real true loyal lovers of the drama, who do not go to the play to hear poetry, to see wild beasts, or to admire the other interpolations of the regular drama, but who pay their sixpences for the sake and for the love of the stage itself—for its traps—for the machinery that is under it—for the actors who tread it—for the wings, which exalt their imaginations to a seventh heaven—for the "float" which sends them for one evening at least right merrily down the stream of pleasure. These are the audiences whom it does good to the heart of PUNCH to observe:—their joyous faces, their bottles of gin, their devouring attention, their knuckles of ham, their hearty admiration, their uninterrupted mastication, tell him that there are yet hopes for the legitimate drama, in spite of Shakspeare, the syncretics, and the march of intellect.

Yet alas, the last is making sad havoc. The schoolmaster hath already turned pantomimes into peep-shows; scenery hath superseded fun—Stanfield is the successor of Grimaldi—Grieve (we say it with tears in our eyes) replaces Bologna. Then, or rather now, to mend matters, Mr. Macready must give us a genteel, lady-like lesson in English history, disguised as a pantomime under the title of "Harlequin and Duke Humphrey's Dinner; or, Jack Cade and the Lord of London Stone." The prandial episode, however, arrests our lamentations; it has the true pantomimical leaven, especially the plum-pudding, which is big enough for a new dome of St. Paul's.

We have, to cheer our hearts, "Pudding-palace and good cheer in the regions of merriment," to commence with "a good beginning to the bad ending of Starvation-hall," which last is evidently copied from an Union Workhouse. After the Starvation the fun begins—such as it is.

At Covent Garden more history and more pudding are presented, by "Guy Earl of Warwick," whose dinner we see most elaborately prepared. He and "the Dun Cow," and the Warwick vase, make a most humorous opening; but when the "hey presto change!" comes, the fun is fast and furious indeed.

Mr. Webster of the Haymarket spins a pretty enough yarn concerning "The World of Dreams and the Man in the Moon." It is evidently one of those pieces which are meant to please that superfine section of the public, which, like Goldsmith's gentleman-bear dancer, "d—ns nothing that's low," and won't have their intellects insulted by the buffooneries of the mimes. As such, it is a very good substitute, and pleaseth the genteel multitudes who flock to see it very highly. It is quite as successful as if it were really a pantomime, being most expensively got up; and so it ought to be, for some of the "dialect," as Mr. Ducrow entitles it, is very neat and clever. One or two "situations" are much and deservedly applauded.

But for the real genuine smack of the legitimate school, of which PUNCH was the originator, name we the Olympic "Riddle-me, Riddle-me-ree." Mr. T. Mathews is the clown; he does not mince matters as the Drury-lane gentleman does. Hurry-skurry, tumbles, stealing, fighting, dancing, are in his line, and hearty laughs from full houses are the consequence.

"The Little Old Woman and her Pig" do duty at the Adelphi. Wieland plays Clown, and one scene is a view of PUNCH'S Office. Need we say more?

BATTY'S OLYMPIC CIRCUS.

EQUESTRIAN exhibitions appear to be as necessary to the entertainment of a legitimate-drama-loving public, as the Newgate Calendar is indispensable to a Victoria playwright, or a clown to a Christmas pantomime. Scarcely is Astley's circle destroyed by fire before another ring rises upon the waters of the National Baths. The sawdust is hardly cleared away from the Surrey, or the rotunda from Vauxhall Gardens, ere the Westminster-road once more resounds with the tempting invitation of "The Riders! the Riders!!"

A pleasant half-man half-horse allegory is that of the Centaurs, invented by the ancients, and by none so closely realised as by those amphitheatrical moderns, Messrs. Ducrow, Batty, Cook, and their "scenes in the circle." By them the back of a horse is made to appear decidedly the most convenient place upon which to pass one's existence—by them are male and female performers exhibited as eating, drinking, fighting, dressing, undressing, making love, and making fun, *en cavalier*. "Life's dull round" is represented in, or rather on, the saddle and a gallop round the circle. Thus we had the other evening, "The Life and Death of the Emperor," and because that should not too much wound our national vanity, another *equestrian biography*,—that of "Shaw the Life Guardsman."

The rider first appears in the dress of a countryman, with a bundle at his back and a larger bundle of carrot-coloured wig on his head. He jumps upon the broad saddle, and while standing upright upon it goes through a pantomime, from which he insists upon your supposing that he has first taken up the profession of a prize-fighter, and then enlists in the Life Guards. His dress changes as if by magic; for the clown to the ring deliberately hands him his helmet, sword, and other appurtenances to the jack-boots and red coat already displayed. All this time the horse trots round and round; two or three thumps are given on a big drum, which you are to mistake for the roar of cannon, and which are to cause you to fancy yourself a spectator of the Battle of Waterloo. Then the man in the middle of the ring, with the long whip and spangles, lashes the horse, and Mr. Shaw goes to work in right good earnest, sword in hand. It is astonishing to see the execution he does with his weapon upon the air. You are to be quite horrified at the number of imaginary French cuirassiers whom he indulges with a bed of glory. At length a terrible big thump on the great drum announces that he is shot—he staggers about on the platform that forms the saddle at a rate which frightens you awfully, lest he should tumble off. Your fears are realised! and he rolls about in the sawdust in all the agonies of pantomime and death. Here your imagination is not further required, for the rest of the fight is real. A French soldier comes on from the place at which the charger goes off; and a combat ensues with the dying man, who, at the end of the tune played by the band, to which the combat is fought, kills his enemy. Another, another, another, and—yes—another Frenchman sets upon the hero of prize-fighters; he fights them all; and, what is more, kills them! This is continued for some time, Mr. Shaw slaughtering the Frenchmen in fours and sixes, till there is not room in the ring for any more dead bodies but his own,—he expiring at last from exhaustion. Four of the deceased warriors then get up and carry out the hero upon their shoulders, with his toes uppermost. The French proverb, *Quand on est mort, c'est pour un très-long temps*, is completely contradicted by the Gallic Waterloo-men; as none of them die for longer than five minutes at a time—that period expired, they rise up one after another with the utmost nonchalance; as if to be killed and to walk about immediately afterwards were an every-day occurrence!

Besides this "act," there are various others equally surprising, and equally true to nature. "The Games of Cupid and Zephyr" are played by a little girl not more than seven years old, with an overgrown Cupid, a Monsieur Léonard, quite, we should say, thirty years her senior. *Master* Newsome and Miss O'Donnel go through all the vicissitudes of a Liliputian courtship, and end with an elopement. In truth the juvenile department of Mr. Batty's company seems unusually complete—children and ponies are evidently his hobby. According to his own account, *Mouse* and *Harebell* are the smallest ponies in Europe, and have been brought to such a high state of civilisation that they are (see bills) "almost fit to mingle in the polished circles," to prove which they are made to sup with the clowns. Nor are the severer sciences forgotten in Mr. Batty's Riding-school; Messrs. Nun, Henderson, Felix, and Hone, the "four Acrobats of Albion," (which we beg to inform the ignorant, means four English tumblers,) go through what the announcements designate "sudden evolutions of the body, groupings, and equilibrium," tending to illustrate—what? Muscular strength, suppleness of joint, proficiency in summersets, perfection of jumping? Oh no!—"*the first principles of the mathematics!*" In them Hercules and Hutton are combined.

In Mr. Batty's gymnasium the lighter arts also find an asylum. Besides three clarionets, several drums, a piston-trumpet, two French horns and a trombone—which compose the orchestra—one of the clowns indulges the auditory with a concerto on a penny trumpet; and very cleverly he does it, considering the capabilities of the instrument. Lastly, that the Olympic Circus may be a perfect elysium, Mr. Batty is so kind as to create an interval of ten minutes in the middle of the performances, "in order" (to quote the bill) "that the visitors may have the opportunity of partaking of refreshment, or indulging in the pleasures of conversation." This hint was abundantly taken when we were one of the visitors; for those who did not adjourn to the neighbouring "palaces," (so celebrated for the *spirituel* character of their frequenters,) entered into certain jocular *conversazioni* from one end of the arena to the other, the subjects of which chiefly related to whether the mothers of the parties addressed knew they were from home, mixed up with other topics equally diverting.

LAST JONATHANISMS—(PER GREAT WESTERN)

THERE'S a man living near the Falls of Niagara who is so hard of hearing that it takes a sledge-hammer to break a secret to him.

There was a man in Kentucky so stone-blind, that was cured only by having his eyes taken out and mounted as a pair of Brazilian pebbles.

There's a man in New Orleans with such a tarnation wooden head, that he is obliged to use a jack-plane whenever he is in want of a shaving.

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

TO THE HUMAN RACE.

INDNESS and coppers are never thrown away upon Punch. The enraptured legions who have banqueted upon the comic columns of our Almanack are informed that in consequence of their proper appreciation of our delicious waggeries, we have in store for them (if possible) a still richer treat, in evidence of our boundless gratitude and inexhaustible fun.

"R-r-r-r-roo-to-toit! Now to the sacrifice."—*Norma.*

Notices to Correspondents.

F states his experience as follows :—

ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.

The arrivals have recently been very numerous, particularly in the neighbourhood of the Old Bailey. The departures for Australia, &c., we have reason to believe, will be nearly equal. The season or session for trips to Milbank and Coldbath-square, under the direction of many learned judges, commenced on Monday last; and from the extreme activity of the public functionaries at the Mansion-house, Guildhall, Bow-street, and other houses of entertainment, where the hosts are so desirous of company that ingress is easy while egress is difficult, their lordships were very liberally supplied with guests, all of a *chaste* order. Peculiar advantage attends in many ways these periodical assemblages and subsequent tours; for while the public are delighted to see the care taken of such well-known characters, the entertained find not only an hospitable asylum during that period, but many are well provided for for months, nay years, and some even "for the term of their natural lives." The excursions are undertaken in parties; and we should judge from the fact of several of them being united by the hand or leg, that they are firmly attached—in short, that the most perfect unity was maintained amongst them.

The author of the above wretched imitation of our own popular articles requests an answer in Punch's usual way. All we have to say is that we cannot countenance his endeavour to pass off bad wit upon us; he has been *smashing* our ideas, and we have accordingly nailed his communication to the counter.

"An Incipient Sawbones" who has a proper fear of being in *No. nine* —Vide Correspondents of that Number—sends us the following respectful epistle and melancholy jokes :—

Dear Sir,—I have ventured to send the following for your inspection, hoping (rather than believing) they will be found worthy of insertion.

If I am not sufficiently convalescent to do without Punch's physic, be kind enough to mention it in your clever notices to correspondents, and I will certainly take a few more doses. I am, dear Punch, your sincere well-wisher,

An Incipient Sawbones.

There is a gentleman in New York with such an amazing appetite, that he lately swallowed himself, and did not detect the mistake until he was seized with a violent pain in the stomach, caused by the indigestible nature of his top-boots, spurs, and leather unmentionables.

"You are a great deal too fast," as the stage-coach said to the steam-engine.

A medical man lately ordering a packet of powders, with the thirtieth part of a grain of calomel for each dose, his pupil remarked—"Doctor, you are prescribing on the Homœopathic plan."—"Rather say, the Home-o-pocket principle," was the reply. (Is this too professional?)

Decidedly, and too stupid.

C. E. H. had better speak for himself.

To the Editor of Punch.

Sir,—If you think the following lines worthy of insertion, you will oblige a constant reader by allowing them a place in your invaluable publication.

I now have bought the wedding ring,
And you will now be mine:
Our dearest friends with joy shall sing,
And we'll with splendour shine.
Yes, love, 'tis true we'd cut a dash,
If I were not so short of cash.

The happy day 's arrived at last
When thou wilt be my own:
In joy we'll think of days that's past,
Of hours that's sweetly flown;—
Yes, every joy 'd now be replect,
But, ah! they want me at the Fleet.

In yonder lovely spot, my dear,
The scenes of our fond love,
Shall friends enjoy the wedding cheer;—
I mean thy father's grove.
Yes, I would treat them all with gin,
If I were not so short of tin. C. E. H

This gentleman professes poverty. His lines evidently partake of the nature of his condition, being very poor indeed.

J. C. obliges us with the following extract from the Twelfth-night characters of 1700.

Dear Punch,—Can you inform me which two characters in Shakspeare (both in the same play) give you the idea of a Jew acknowledging a debt and paying it?

Cash I owe, and dere's de money,
Cassio and Desdemona.

If worthy of a place in your amusing publication, the insertion will oblige

Yours, &c. &c., J. C.

P.S. Best compliments of the season to yourself and Mrs. P.

Messrs. Pratt of Bond Street purchase antiquities in any quantity; if J. C. has a few more equal to sample, he can make his fortune.

W. G. writes as follows :—

Sir,—I have sent you an original conundrum which I thought you might deem fit to cause a laugh among "the London Students," viz. :—

What muscle of the human body would make a donkey-balancer?

From the answer furnished we reply, any one of the muscles which tend to preserve W. G.'s equilibrium.

The following Curiosity of Literature has come to hand, and we publish it for the benefit of the indefatigable D'Israeli :—

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

The Most Noble Grandee of the Royal Lunar Society of Humbugs made a visit yesterday to the New Hall of the Society. He was waited on and conducted over the premises by the Committee, who were tastefully attired in the cast-off habiliments of a Highland regiment, and who wore plumes of peacock feathers in their heads. The Most Noble Grandee expressed particular pleasure at sight of the new smoke-jack. He presented the chairman of the Committee with a yard of two-penny puce ribbon, and the other members of the Committee with half a yard, to wear in their button-holes.

His Excellency then ordered the cabman to drive him to his apartments in the Alamode Hotel.

His Excellency attended, on Friday, the Exhibition of Jackasses in Smithfield, and expressed himself highly gratified. He was graciously pleased to intimate his intention of founding a Society for the improvement of the breed—to be called the Metropolitan Asinine Society.

The Most Noble Grandee then drove to his apartments, where he witnessed a dissection of a dead duck (his Highness is attached to physiological pursuits), which dissection was instituted at his Excellency's desire, by Mr. Manhug, on the body of the duck, which was procured from the Royal Pond in Jacobus Park, to satisfy his Highness in regard to the "questio vexata," as to what the ducks there took for dinner.

His Highness, attired in his robes, made a state visit on Saturday evening to the Bower Saloon, in Lambeth. He was received with tremendous cheers and waving of tiles. Thereafter his Highness condescendingly indulged in a pot of half-and-half and a yard of clay at the "Last Dive."

On Thursday morning his Highness the Most Noble Grandee intimated that he felt a desire to read the "Morning Post," which he accordingly did.

What in the name of madness is the Lord Chancellor about that he suffers the author of the above to remain at large! Has the poor creature property sufficient to meet a *de lunatico inquirendo?*

"The Colonel's Nevy" incloses the subjoined :—

FOOD FOR THE MASONS.

Contented souls are those who now at our new Houses chisel;
The other masons *cut* their *meat*, but these chaps *carve* for *Grissel* (Gristle).

Mr. Punch,—Why is your book mainly indebted to your wife's fun for its success? Because it's always full of *Judy's sprees.*

That Colonel will be the death of us.

Why is a man cogitating mischief like the devil when half-starved? Because he's a-thin-king of evil.

Why is boisterous vociferation the most universally admired mode of conversation? Because it's aloud (allowed) anyhow.

Why is a man who has fallen from a second-floor window as bad off as one who has neither father nor mother? Because he's a *Heff-un.*

If these a'nt bad 'uns, we should like to see the man that can make worse! The only one we know that could surpass them in nonsense is the "Colonel's Nevy" himself; but we have not the least desire to see him.

"One who takes us in" must do so in some other manner than the following :—

ORIGINAL.

How charming and delightful 'tis
At evening's fall to roam
Alone, upon the dewy grass,
Close to my happy home!
No birds around me warble,
('Tis not more lone for that,)
For in their place cockchafers then
Do buzz "all round my hat."

The ground it seems as 'twere alive
With insect, mouse, and snake;
And frogs from out the silent stream
Their little selves betake.

I watch them as they harmlessly
And slowly jump about,
And wonder whether 'tis a fact
"Their mothers know they're out."

Again I move—'tis homewards then,
For lonesomeness doth reign,
Where just before all nature seem'd
To have a merry game.
'Tis then I think on, as I walk,
The harmony of nature,
And reaching home, refresh myself
With "a ker-vartern of the Cratur."

Our next correspondent is evidently deeply learned in the Greek alphabet.

Dear Punch.—By inserting the following you will oblige a constant reader and admirer of your journal. γ. σ. δ.

AN ACROSTIC REFLECTION OF A GREAT MAN ON HIS OWN NAME.

P rime minister, I fancy, my power far from small,
E ngland looks upon me, for her rising or her fall;
E urope and her destinies are all at my control,
L ondon and its palace shall feed my swelling soul.

We have printed the above with the conviction that the distinguished personage to whom it is addressed will immediately provide the writer with a situation under Government. There are suitable vacancies in Bedlam.

A *PUN* FOR *PUN*-CH.

Why is Dan's *repale* blarney like a corrupted French idiom? Because 'tis *Pat-ois!*

Larry.

Our friend Larry has forgotten to send the gallon of *aqua fortis*, necessary for the *solution* of the above.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

III.—OF VARIOUS PRELIMINARY ARRANGEMENTS.

O sooner is the evening determined upon—no sooner are the purchases completed of no coloured sealing-wax, and tinted embossed or satined (as the case may be) note-paper and envelopes, than the first note of preparation is sounded, which heralds in the approaching confusion, in forming the list of guests, and arguing who can be genteelly left out, in case you are overdone.

It is evening: Mama and her two daughters are seated at the table arranging the names of the visitors, upon the back of an old letter, having turned out the dusty records of the card-basket before them, in order that no one of importance may be forgotten.

Ellen. I am sure I don't see why we should invite the Harveys, mama. They have been here twice and never asked us back again.

Fanny. And we shall see those dreadful silver poplins again—they must be intimately acquainted with the cane work of all the rout seats in London.

E. And William Harvey is so exceedingly disagreeable. He always looks at the cipher on the plate to see if it is borrowed or not.

F. And last year, he declared the pineapple ice was full of little square pieces of raw potato; and when Mr. Edwards broke a tumbler at supper, he told him "not to mind, for they were only tenpence a piece in Tottenham Court Road." The low wretch thought he had made a capital joke!

M. Well, my dears—I think your papa will be annoyed if they are left out—but never mind then—we won't ask them. Now, here's Mr. Deucere.

E. Oh! he must come: he's one of those men you meet so many of in Regent Street, but never at evening parties. I hope he has not yet shaved off his mustachios—they are so very effective in a room.

F. Dear little man! he is to be called to the bar next month, and then he says they must go. I wish he would not wear those odious white neckcloths.

E. I rather like them.

F. My dear Nelly!—they look just like the young men in the linendrapers' shops with the large windows; and Tom says he always thinks the people have invited the waiters of the places where he goes to sup after the play when he don't come home until three in the morning, whenever he sees the white cravats in a room. They are so very unbecoming!

M. Now, come, my dears—we are not getting on with the list. Have you put down Mr. Deucere?

E. Yes, mama.

M. Very well. Now, let us see—here's Mr. and Mrs. Howard: of course they will come, with the four girls.

E. All dressed alike, and standing up in every quadrille. I declare I will get George Deucere to put an ice in Harriet's chair, for her to sit down upon, in revenge for her waltzing last year, when she brushed down the Joan of Arc, and knocked off its head.

F. It's quite awful to see the dead set the Howard girls make at Mrs. John Robinson, and she never invites them.

M. Here is Mr. Frank Maynard—put his name down.

E. And, of course, Maria Pearson 's next to it: he never left her side all the evening last year. I wonder if that will ever be a match—what a long time it has been dawdling on! There—I've written it—now, who is next?

M. Mrs. Lindsey: what a pity it is that some one does not tell the poor woman to have a new set of cards! Did you ever see such a vulgar affair?

F. Never mind—she gives capital parties. What very good connexions queer odd-looking people often scrape together! and they have always got the money.

E. We must tell Tom not to overdo us so much with his own friends. I declare last year I did not know half the young men in the room—it was so very awkward when you had to introduce them.

M. Mr. Granby has called here very often. I think we ought to ask him.

F. Does he waltz?

E. No—he says his head won't allow it.

F. Ah—that means he can't; we can do without him. He is always shuffling about in the hall, cramming his clogs into the pockets of his rough coat, or stuffing his comforter into his hat, or something equally fidgety.

F. Say you understood he was down in the country, mama, or you would have been delighted to have seen him.

And in this style is the list arranged, the hostess gradually becoming a prey to isinglass and acute mental inquietude, which gradually increases as the day draws nearer, until upon the morning of its arrival her very brain is almost turned into blancmange from the intensity of her anxiety.

With the first blush of dawn, the whole establishment is assisting in the process familiarly known as turning a house out of window; and a perpetual parcels delivery at the street-door, keeps the bells and the servants on the vibration the whole morning. All the superfluous articles of furniture belonging to the lower part of the mansion boldly invade the bedrooms, and finally carry them by storm: strange chandeliers attach themselves to the hooks of the drawing-room ceiling; regiments of candlesticks in all the brilliancy of recent plate-leathering, and new wax ornaments, appear in review upon the sideboard, before a staff of Argand table-lamps and pint decanters; whilst an accompanying sham-fight appears continually going on between the fire-irons, druggets, broom-handles, and stair-carpets, all over the house, until the master of the establishment rushes wildly out for the day, finding in the course of this domestic pantomime, which to him is anything but a comic one, that his own bedchamber has changed into a supper-room. The drawers turned hindside before, and covered with oil-cloth, look like decapitated chiffoniers—the four-poster and wash-hand stand have evaporated altogether—in fact, not one trace is left by which the apartment can be recognised, except the little red cord attached to the bell-pull, which originally came through a slit in the tester, and now obstinately asserts its right of occupation.

Barely has a little comparative order been established, than the arrival of the rout-seats and French rolls commence a fresh series of confusion, which rapidly accumulates. The key of the china closet was never yet known to be found when wanted—consequently, it cannot be opened; and, on the other hand, the door of the room, when the supper is already lying in state, cannot be shut. This casualty much delights the olive-branches of the family—if any there be—who, being left entirely alone, and quite overlooked in this general *mêlée*, divert themselves by poking their little puddy fingers into the creams, and scooping out the insides of divers patties with a doll's leg, until rather inclining to their quarters, they migrate thereto for

the day, with all their toys. This accounts for the occasional apparition of a small soldier, or an inhabitant of Noah's Ark quivering on the top of a mould of jelly wherein it has been stuck. ROCKET.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

THE LAST NEW FASHIONS.

THE coats of the gentlemen are now buttoned close up to the throat, and the hands are worn in the pocket. Blue is a fashionable colour for the face, and noses are slightly tipped with a deep pink or crimson. Where gloves are not worn, the ends of the fingers are brought as near the mouth as possible; and we have seen a pretty substitute for cloaks, worn when it is

LIKELY TO (REIGN) RAIN.

in a species of material sometimes used for making coal and potatoe sacks. Where there are many in a family, it is sometimes customary to throw a drapery of green baize, or something else, over the shoulders of one of the tallest members, which hangs down in a natural fold, but not very full, over the younger branches.

We have seen a new style of shoe, very much worn indeed by the humbler class of pedestrians. It is fore-shortened so as to leave the heel entirely unencumbered; and the front, or upper-leather, is slightly slashed in an irregular pattern, so as to show the foot or stocking,—when the latter article happens to be used with it.

We have seen a few great-coats, but in many instances we have observed that these articles are worn only as substitutes for the usual *surtout* which is discontinued when the warmer garment is adopted; and which being the last thing out, it is presumed that the *surtout*, or body coat, may be considered to have gone in, at least for the present.

The holidays being at an end, boys' jackets are trimmed as before; and there is about the same quantity of lacing behind as usual. During Christmas there was a good deal of open work about the mouth, and a rich spotted material, resembling in colour a plum-pudding, was very generally resorted to for lining.

DIPLOMATIC INTELLIGENCE.

HIS Excellency the Whitechapel ambassador gave a *soirée* at his lodging in the Minories. The inspector of police obtained the *entrée*, and several of the guests went in the usual state (dead drunk) to the station-house.

The treaty for letting baked potatoes into the city is not yet signed, which is caused by an unwillingness to abandon the sliding scale, which the boys in the employ of the merchants have introduced during the frosty weather on the pavements.

The churchwardens will go at Easter, accompanied by the charity boys, to settle the boundaries of the different parishes.

COMMERCIAL NEWS.

POLICEMAN O, No. 1, has got such an accumulation of corn in bond, under a tight boot, that it is expected he will be allowed the benefit of nominal or fixed duty. He is one of the most extensive growers of corn in the kingdom, and always has on foot a prodigious quantity, which, when he is in competition with those who try to take advantage of his position, must naturally prevent him from striking the average.

Onions were dull at fourpence a rope, and wild ducks were heavy, with sand inside, at three and sixpence a couple.

A considerable deal of business was done in flat-irons on New Year's-day, and there was a trifling advance upon them everywhere.

The dividends on pawnbrokers' stock were payable last week, but the defaulters were very numerous. A highly respectable party in the city, in order to provide for interest coming due, is understood to have funded the greater part of his summer wardrobe.

Long fours, in the candle-market, were dull, but the ten and a half reduced rushlights brightened up towards the close of the day surprisingly.

THE RESPECTABLE MAN.

I'M a very respectable man,
That's a fact all the world will allow,
Of fashion I've long led the van,
And am surely respectable now.
My cousin is really a lord,
I see him wherever I can;
Nobility graces my board,
So I *am* a respectable man.

In boyhood I wearied a score
Of tutors, both lay and divine;
They formed me and left me a boor,—
But *that* was their fault and not mine.
I was from my college expelled,
The sages on me laid their ban:
For of course in my life I was wild,
As became a respectable man.

'Tis true that I got into debt,
Which scarce *fifty thousand* would clear,
But a word in the London Gazette
Made legions of bills disappear.
Some tradesmen were ruin'd indeed,
But when the next season began,
My carriage swept by at full speed,
For it bore a respectable man.

At Ascot my fortune I tried,
And chanced to pick up as a friend,
A peer from the banks of the Tweed,
With plenty of money to spend.
He happened to fancy my horse,
I talked of the races he ran,
And cheated his lordship of course,
Like a very respectable man.

Of my honour I mean not to boast,
For my children the parish must pay;
And the hearts that have loved me the most
I have won—but to slight and betray.
Once a friend for the same called me out,
And he fought on the chivalrous plan;
But I winged him, and now can you doubt
That I *am* a respectable man?

They call me a bachelor, yet
Quite young—about forty or so;
And ladies enough I have met
Who could not and would not say "No."
Though some silly cynics, I hear,
Have dared my best actions to scan,
Must not I, with *five thousand* a-year,
Be a highly respectable man?

A FIRST FLOORER.

"How old Parker knocked John Chinaman's batteries about his ears at Amoy," said an old naval veteran to Wilson Croker a few mornings ago, "depend upon it he's the man to raise the glory of England." "I don't at all think so," said Croker drily, "for 'tis very clear he is

A FELLOW OF LEVELLING PRINCIPLES."

MAN *VERSUS* MACHINE.

LOOKING into the chronicles of the past, this is, perhaps, a greater cause than any yet recorded in the books. The great chancellor of human nature, as Lord Bacon is somewhere described, never gave judgment in a weightier, graver case—in one involving so many interests, moral and physical. All England is cited to attend the pleadings; cited in the name of the King of kings, whose suffering creatures, "made in his image," invoke the spirit of truth, justice, and humanity, to give judgment on their side. Let us take a single victim.

What a miserable tatterdemalion is the plaintiff! This the "lord of the creation!" Look at his shrunk and withered anatomy—behold his pallid aspect! Daily hunger has pinched his bloodless cheeks, and utter weariness of spirit has blighted the very look of freeborn man! He is the serf of penury—the bond-slave of want! The birds of the air find food on every bush, and "the foxes have holes;" but he, invested by his Creator with the majesty of humanity, is famine-stricken, and lodged, if lodged at all, worse than the beast. The earth—this magnificent and prodigal earth—is spread by God one wide banquet for the mouth of man; and the paragon of animals looks with glazing eye and whitening lip upon the feast, forbidden to "sit down and eat" by his full-gorged master. "Increase and multiply," says God; and yet, man by man, is deemed the nuisance and the offal of the earth.

However, the plaintiff is upon the floor of the court, and humbly begs, in return for daily sweat, sufficing food and raiment. The evidence of his wrongs is in his withered ghastly face, and the rags that hang about him—his witnesses, his careworn, haggard wife and children; children *without infancy*—the puny, stunted offspring of despairing want; creatures, made prematurely old by daily misery—the doomed of the earth, to whom the world yields no one green and pleasant place, but whose whole journey, from the workhouse-cradle to the workhouse-grave, is over the "burning waste" of daily privation—of daily barrenness. The plaintifff—poor wretch!—sues, of course, *in forma pauperis*. God help his case!

The defendant employs for counsel that very learned lawyer, Sergeant Mammon. What a prosperous, full-flushed face he has! How ignominious does the plaintiff look! how vast his insolence—appearing and pleading against such an advocate! The very tones of the plaintiff's voice condemn him; whilst the tongue of the learned Sergeant—oh! it hath brought down angels from their starry homes to soil and stain themselves with earthly dirt. But does Mammon revile and bully down the plaintiff? Does he call him idler—reprobate? Does he learnedly contend, that whatever may be the paleness of the plaintiff's face, such pallor is altogether cunningly assumed—that his rags are not rags, but one sound piece of solid broadcloth; that his wife is a plump, buxom dame—that his children are the very imps of rosy revelry! Oh, no! Mammon has now given up that line of defence; albeit it has long been adopted, and with wished success; namely, to throw the scorn of unbelief upon the plaintiff. Now, Mammon is become better-hearted. *Now*, the golden Sergeant shakes his apoplectic face, and outweeps crocodile at the misery of the plaintiff. His case is very bad—very bad, indeed: but he has no business in court; the court can do nothing for him. Mammon is instructed to say that he has a deep sympathy—only a little less deep than his breeches'-pocket—for the plaintiff; and therefore it is in the excess of such feeling that he advises the plaintiff to return to his cellar (if he has one), and gathering his wife and children about him, since they all must starve, to bolt the door, and, famishing in quiet, not to disturb the neighbourhood. Delivered of this advice, Sergeant Mammon feels himself, as a good Christian angel, considerably relieved, and goes home to his claret and venison.

The plaintiff, however, made bold by the white faces and beseeching looks of those about him, does not follow Mammon's mild injunction. No; he appeals to a body of good Samaritans, who take his case before Sir Robert Peel, waiting on the Baronet at Downing-street, on the 28th of October last. The account of that conference is just published. The committee speak plain truths to the Prime Minister. They describe the hideous misery, the immorality (blasphemous to the dignity of human nature) resulting from the early employment of children, and more especially of females in factories. They show that by such a system the very source of domestic love and peace is polluted—that the poor man has no home—and though bound in wedlock, no wife; at least, none in any sense that dignifies and blesses marriage. They therefore pray that "no person between thirteen and twenty-one years of age should be employed more than ten hours a-day in any mill or factory;" and also for the gradual total abolition of female labour To this Sir Robert replies, that "female and youthful labour is preferred *because of its greater cheapness*." Subsequently Sir Robert, possibly anticipating a perplexing hint as to the abolition of the Corn-laws, and the consequent extension of our manufactures, says—

"I also fear that an extension of our manufactures will not afford the relief desired: for *past* experience, I think, shows that *such an extension* would surely bring into play *more machinery and not employ manual labour* in anything like the rate of the increase in the machine department."

Hist! a word as to the perpetuation of a system that deprives the poor man of a virtuous wife, and the poor infant of a tender mother—she is *cheaper* than the masculine animal. She costs the machine *less;* may be used up at smaller expense; and for the morals, the self-respect of tens of thousands of Englishwomen, why they may be educated in a school of wantonness, may as children breathe the atmosphere of debaucheries—because, as a set-off to this system of wholesale contamination, have we not, in virtuous, godly, mammon-hating London, the "British Female Penitents' Refuge!" Nay, in the very copy of *The Times*, enriched with an account of the conference from which we have quoted, was there not, for the consolation of the philanthropist and Christian, a paragraph announcing the subscription of 12*s*. from "the Worshipful Company of Grocers!"—also from "the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths" and "the Worshipful Company of Merchant Tailors!" Let the women of Bolton drink wretchedness and misery to the dregs, and all "for cheapness"—for do not the grocers of London sweeten the cup of affliction for the penitents of the metropolis! Let the women of Manchester (they are "so cheap") be sold to vice and misery by Mammon—does not his own Company of Goldsmiths bestow the precious metal on a score or two of the penitents of the City! Let our countrywomen at Leeds (they cost so little), degraded and contaminated, shiver in rags—what then!—as a pious philanthropic nation, make we not amends! for do not the Merchant Tailors throw a covering around the forlornness of female nature east of Temple Bar!

Mammon—he gains so much by the iniquity—looks complacently at the corruption of thousands and thousands, but is soft-hearted and money-giving at the woes of two or three. Oh, is it not laughter for the gods, to see a *Mother Cole*, whose daily bread is female infamy, drop with weeping eyes a shilling in the plate at the Magdalen!

And now for Sir Robert's point—that increased demand for manufactures would only increase machine power. Machinery, in its progress, has doubtless been the origin of terrible calamity: it has made the strong man so much live lumber. But as we cannot go back, and must go on, it is for statesmen and philosophers to prepare for the crisis as surely coming as the morning light. How, when machinery is multiplied—as it will be—a thousandfold! How, when tens of thousand-thousand hands are made idle by the ingenuity of the human mind! How, when, comparatively speaking, there shall be *no* labour for man! Will the multitude lie down and, unrepining, die? We think not—we are sure not. Then will rise—and already we hear the murmur—a cry, a shout for an adjustment of interests; a shout that, hard as it is, will strike upon the heart of Mammon, and make the spoiler tremble.

We put this question to Sir Robert Peel: if all labour done by man were suddenly performed by machine power, and that power in the possession of some thousand individuals,—what would be the cry of the rest of the race? Would not the shout be—"Share, share!"

The steam-engine, despite of themselves, must and will carry statesmen back to first principles. As it is, machinery is a fiend to the poor; the time will come when it will be as a beneficent angel.

Q.

A NEW LIGHT.

We are given to understand that a new description of chandelier has recently been introduced into Downing Street, under the patronage of Lord Stanley. It is of a peculiarly novel construction, partaking very largely of an architectural character, being for the most part composed of graceful pilasters of stone and brickbats; the whole enclosed in an elegant filagreed frame of wicker. The price of this unique chandelier is only £3 4*s*. Purchasers will find it extremely economical, as it admits of *their burning their own fingers*.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXV.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 1.

THOUGHTS DURING PASTORALE.

"ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—I HOPE I'M NOT LOOKING RIDICULOUS! ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—I'M CERTAIN MISS MONTAGUE'S LAUGHING! ONE—TWO—THREE—FOUR—I'LL TRY AND "CUT SIX" IN A MINUTE. ONE—TWO—THREE—WHY THE DEUCE DON'T THOSE FIDDLERS PLAY QUICKER!—ONE—FOUR—THREE—FIVE—NO—I'M LOSING MY PER—PERPEN—DICULAR."

THE PUFF PAPERS.

CHAPTER V.

The Flying Cobbler.

"Fly not yet.——"

(Concluded.)

THE schoolmaster, whose vanity was highly gratified by the opportunity thus afforded him of displaying his eloquence before a stranger, drew his body into an attitude of perpendicular importance, and, smoothing down the well-polished knees of his black smalls with his extended palms, intimated in a circumlocutory speech his willingness to relate the cobbler's adventure.

"Wet your whistle before you begin, Mr. Dannelly, sir. A dhry story always sticks in the throat," cried Tim, handing a full glass of the *native* to the schoolmaster, who swallowed it with due dignity, and then proceeded to narrate the following history :—

"Thirty years ago Felix Toole was as dacent and inflexible a manufacturer of leather as you'd meet from here to Dublin ; and it was univarsally considerated that he could turn out a pair of dancing-pumps better than Misther Donlevy, the grate ladies' shoemaker that keeps the extinsive imporayum in George's Street, Cork. But that was only nathral and congaynial to the boy ; for the divil a young fellow in the barony knew how to handle them aiqual to himself upon the flure. It's he that was the *bouchal* antirely at a threbble hornpipe. Whoo ! it would do your heart good to see him *thrushing* it, to the tune of 'Some say the devil's dead,' upon Paudeen Roe's bagpipes. Sorra take the girl would give a *trawnieen** to go to a fair or patthern, if she hadn't a par of Felix Toole's pumps on her feet, and Felix himself for her partner in a jigg. Hows'ever, though he was an airy and conflisticated fellow in regard of the girls, and dancing, and fighting, and other vaynial transgrissions, to which youth has a nath'ral propinquity, I must say, in justice to the boy, that he had a mighty fine taste for ginteel eddication and the humane sciences ; and, in order to improve himself in those polite and periphrastic accomplishments, he was in the habit of attinding regularly at my siminary for young gintlemen and ladies, over beyant at the pike. Well, one day, as we were promiscuously looking into the mythology (which, your honour, is the Pandemonium for all the haythen gods and goddesses), what should we stumble upon but that wonderful ould history of Dædalus, who manufactured wings for himself, and flew about like a wild duck, till he tumbled into the say. An idea struck Felix at the moment that he could make a pair of wings with almost as little trouble as he could make a pair of pumps. When he mentioned to me the fugacious notion that had entered his head, I tried all I could to persuade him against it. I argued the point with him synthetically, parenthetically, and by the rule of inflexions. I showed him out of Virgil and Pastorini that his scheme was contrayry to the laws of mathematical transgression and cubic sections. 'Moreover,' I added, by way of a clincher, 'suppose you *do* succeed, what is to become of your trade if people lave off walking and take to flying !'

"'Nabocklish !' says he ; I've thought of that—and if flying should injure the shoe trade, I can take to wing-making, which, you must admit, is a far more elevated line of business.'

"Well, sir, I saw there was no use trying to convince him, so I said no more ; and home he went, pondhering and pausing at every step, and turning over his purjection in his mind. It's little he slept either that night—or if he did chance to dhrop into an accidental slumber, it was only to dhrame of flying with a flock of wild geese over to Norroway or Illyria, or some such outlandish islands.

"From that time out Felix became an altered man. He neglected his business, and never entered the doors of a dancing-house ; but, shutting himself up with his awls and bristles in a back-garret, he set to work to manufacture a pair of wings for himself, on the plan of the ancient ould Grecian.

"Weeks and months passed away, but still there was no sign of Felix Toole's wings ; until at last the neighbours began to shake their heads whenever his name was mentioned, and a whisper went about that all wasn't right with the poor man's wits. Sometimes he was seen by the neighbours stealing out in the dusk of the evening, and sitting on a big stone in the squire's rookery to watch the rooks coming home ; and his only divarsion was in continually flying an ould goose from his garret window, till at last he broke the poor bird's heart and it died the most disconsolate object you ever beheld. His money soon began to run mighty short, for he spent it all in glue, and silk, and whalebone, and other combustibles : not to spake of the beautiful calf-skin he cut up, and the heaps of lovely feathers that the neighbours sent him as presents.

"At long last, he surprised me by walking one morning into my siminary, looking so wild and metaphysical, that he seemed for all the world like a ghost who had walked out of his grave to sneeze.

"'Good morning to you, Mr. Dannelly,' says he ; 'maybe you'd obleege me by inditing a bit of a notice for me ?'

"'In respection of what incident, Felix ?'

"'In regard of my wings,' he answered ; 'I wish to have a bit of a notice stuck upon the chapel door, intimating that I have completed my job, and that I intend to fly myself from the top of the ould tower at Ballybricken on next Michaelmas day.'

"'Is it taking lave of your seven senses you are ?' says I.

"'Devil a bit of me manes to do the like, Mr. Dannelly. I've succeeded with the wings ; they're all complate now, and ready for flying this minnit.'

"'Bother, Felix !'

"'Asy a bit till you see my invintion,' says he, 'I'm sartin I could fly to the moon if I liked ; and afther this thrial, who knows but I may have the luck of flying in the face of the King and Queen, the Pope o' Room, and other great plinnypotintiaries !'

"Seeing that he was determined to have his way, I sat down and composed, under his direction, a public promulgation, which, as I remember, I'll rehearse for you :—

"'NOTICE !

"'TO THE LITERARY AND ILLUSTRIOUS RESIDENTERS OF THE PARISHES OF BALLYBRICKEN AND POULNASCOOBERY, AND LIKEWISE TO THE HURLERS OF RATHOURIGAN, BARRING THE DOOLEY FACTION, WITH WHOM WE DON'T WISH TO MAKE OR MIDDLE.

"'There will be an undaunted exhibition of gymnastics (which being a dictionary word means '*flying*') off the ould tower at the foot of the hill, near the celebrated village of BALLYBRICKEN, entirely composed, constructed, and put out of hands, in a workmanlike manner, by Felix Toole, of the aforesaid village or hamlet, cordwainer, and perpetrator of boots and shoes on the most elegant and permanent principles.

"'And it is further resolved and determined, *nem. con.*, by the said Felix Toole, his heirs, admintrators, and executioners, that, in order to make his paramount abilities worthy of his numerous and famous behoulders, he will, with a pair of wings lately invented by himself, take a perpendicular flight across the country as far as Jim Kinshela's dung-heap. And this is to give Jim warning to put his cocks and hens out of the way, lest I might do some damage among the powltry.

"'N.B.—FATHER TOOLE, who is my uncle's first cousin by the father's side, will be present, and also Peter Brady, the blind fiddler, to brush up a dance among the boys and girls.

"'P.S.—I don't intend charging anything but whatever may be agreeable to the company.

"'WITNESS our HANDS and SEALS,

"'This 24th day of Dec., 18—,

his

"'FELIX ✕ TOOLE.

mark.

"'WITNESS PRESENT—

"'CORNELIUS DANNELLY, PHILOMATH.

"'☞ The flying will happen on next Michaelmas-day, (God willing), at 12 o'clock precisely, by Mr. Dannelly's real silver watch.'"

"This notice," continued the schoolmaster, "was posted up on the chapel-door on the following Sunday morning, and threw all the parish into an amazing consturpation. Some said it was a populous delusion ; and more insisted that the ould boy himself had a hand in it. Any way, Michaelmas-day came on, and such a powerful concatenation of men, women, and childre, from all parts I never *did* see. There wasn't a ditch nor a tree all round the ould tower that wasn't black with people, like a swarm of young bees on a hive.

"Felix had come over to my siminary airly in the morning, with all his flying predicaments ready ; and it was agreed between us that we were to walk up together to the tower at the appointed time. Hows'ever, by some cross accidence, my silver watch took a stagnation that morning, and wouldn't go for no manner of shaking or persuasion ; so that, by mistaking the time, it was nigh hand to one o'clock before we reached the flying-ground ; and lucky enough it was that we came up at the identicity of the moment, for the people were beginning to get tired, and the two factions of the Kelly's and the Kinshela's were going to get up a taste of a fight just to divart themselves till the flying should begin. But when Felix showed himself on the top battlement of the tower, opening and shutting a pair of great black wings he had fastened to his shoulders, the ruction was quelled in a minnit, and every face was turned up to gaze at him. I thought myself, that the tower never seemed such a murdhering height as when I looked at the poor bouchal standing upon the tip-top stone as unconcarned as an ould cormorant on a rock, flapping his wings for a flight. At last, by his motions, we saw he was preparing to be off in airnest ; the men held their breath hard, and the women, poor tindher-hearted souls, began to thrimble and

* A blade of grass.

cry; and then—all of a suddent—he made a jump off the battlement, and went with his wings spread out, sailing away most illigant. A wild shout of delight riz up from the people; but before it had ceased, the glory of poor Felix was done. After two or three flutters, his wings fell by his sides—his heels went up—and down he came tumbling like a wild goose with a shot in his lug, plump to the ground! Everybody thought it was all over with him; but when we ran to pick him up, we found him lying on his back—not kilt all out—moaning and groaning most pitifully. Well, we took him up as tindherly as we could, and laying him on a neighbour's door, carried him home, and laid him on his bed. When the doctor came, he found that both his legs were smashed. Not a word or a groan passed the poor boy's lips. Afther he came to his sinses, he lay with his eyes wide open near an hour; and then while the doctor was setting one of the broken bones, he tried to raise himself up in the bed, and with the fire dancing in his eyes, says he:—

"'Doctor, jewel—how long will it be before I'm cured again?'

"'Really,' says the doctor, 'I can't possibly take upon me to predicate precisely. 'Tis a bad case, and I don't apprehend that you can be perfectly recovered before three months.'

"'Three months! Oh, tare and agers! what am I to do! Three months—just when I had found it out.'

"'Found what out, Felix *avourneen*'—said his mother, who was sitting by his bedside.'

"'The cause of my falling to-day, mother. The wings were right, but I forgot *one* thing.'"

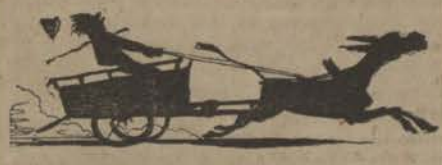
"'And what was that, Felix?'

"'The *tail*, mother—if I hadn't forgot my *tail*, I could have flown to Amerikey and back again.'"

The *masther's* story went no further; but I learned that, though the cobbler after his recovery constructed wings and tails on various principles, he was unable to bring any of them to full perfection. His repeated disappointments did not, however, deter him from his object. His mind became absorbed in the single idea of perfecting his embryo invention. He grew moody and abstracted—neglected his trade, and wandered from house to house without any settled object—in short, he became a confirmed monomaniac, whom the simple inhabitants of the village regarded with pity; and still, when they want to describe a theoretical enthusiast, they say "he is as mad as Felix Toole, *the Flying Cobbler*."

THE NUTTY PHILOSOPHER.

We understand that Dr. Edward Johnson, the celebrated disciple of Horne Tooke, and the author of "Philosophic Nuts," is about publishing, for the use of schools, an elementary treatise on the Diversions of Purley, to be called, Early Purley, or Philological Filberts, and which learned production we are assured



WILL BE OUT SHORTLY.

R's LOQUENDI.

"I say, Waterford," said Waldegrave, "why's Ellen Tree like Nero?" "Because she's a *Woman* (Roman)."

WHO WOULD HA' THOUGHT IT OF THESE FUST FLOORS.

TWO LETTERS FROM MISS ADELAIDE FITKIN, IN TOWN, TO HER BROTHER, IN THE COUNTRY.

Martlett's Buildings, Dec. 25, 1841.

Dear Tom,—At the request of our mutual parent, which is mother, I take up my pen to inform you of the state in which we are a-going on; and I am certain you will rejoice to hear that we are all as full as we can be, though there has been some tuggerversations and changes, which you will learn what they was by reading this. In the first place, the parlours, as was occupied by the mustachios and long hair, is turned out

A LIGHT CHARACTER,

and went away in debt two weeks and a long milk score, which the milkman says, as he served the house, the house must pay for, which, as mother is situated, the house will naturally come very heavy on her; besides the milk, there's some toeing and heeling, which we kicked the cobbler out, and don't recognise at all. However, the parlors now is a broad-brimmed hat and green spectacles, quite a gentleman, and finds his own plate and small linen, which is two Britannia-metal spoons and a jack towel.

The drawing-rooms is a elderly dowager and two nice young ladies, likely to stop the quarter; they hires their own piano, and all three of them sings duets like nightingales. The atticks is very slap-up—single young man, with dressing-gown and one uncommon sweet-cut slipper; he dines out, but we do for him in the breakfast and tea department. Mother pays his bills, and lays it on pretty thick, as he says he shall shortly have no end of five-pound notes. We are rather short of room ourselves, having only the back kitchen and the run of the coal-cellar, where the attic cleans his boots; but the parlors is frequently out, when we teas there, and to save trouble uses his caddy and sugar! On Sundays the drawing-rooms visit their aunt at Highgate, when we have a concert ditty on the piano, and sometimes manage a sandwich off their cold meat.

The atticks, though very genteel, is not much profit in the larder line, as he never brings home any think but an ungry brother and a red herring, so we can't get much out of their back-bone and head, which is all they leaves. However, we musn't grumble, as we take it out in bear's-grease, tooth-powder and blacking. We are pretty well let, take us altogether. There's the old parlors at 12*s.*, the drawing-rooms 1*l.* 1*s.*, the atticks 5*s.*; there attendances, boot-cleaning, and kitchen fires, which pays the forty pound a year for the whole house, and rather more. So now I remain, dear Tom, yours truly, in haste,

Adelaide Fitkin.

P.S.—Excuse this scraul, and the paper; I can't stop, as the parlour is calling out for his kettle.

Martlett's-buildings, Jan. 7, 1842.

Dear Thomas,—Oh, these parlours, and them first floors! and the cussed attick!—but let me compose myself. Oh, Thomas, there has been such goings on. I always thought the dowager drawing-room daughters was no good, with their decoys and duets, and own hired piano! But this is a digressing. Well, Thomas, you must know that the broad-brim in the parlour was always a shufflin about and leaving his door agar to look out at them two young drawing-rooms, which was everlasting a running up and down stairs and sniggering through the cranny at the green specks—in fact, playing at

HOOP AND HIDE

with him. Well, the parlour had inted to me a order for two for the play; and, would you believe it, he sends up a sented note and a private box to the drawing-room, and off they goes, who but they, as smart as horses! Well, we mentions this to the attick, and the attick commences whistling, and says he'll be blowed if he don't punch the parlour's head, and tell his mind to the first floors. "Mary, come up," says mother. "What are they to you?" "That's my business," says he. "And very well you do it," says I. "With that," mother meets the drawing-rooms coming in, just after she had been to the public-house to see what the right time was; and somehow she slipped agin the scraper and upset the youngest of the drawing-rooms, which naturally flabbergasted mother—the more so as the eldest accused mother of being a "tipsey creetur." So with that mother ups and asks who drank the seventeen quarterns stuck up behind the Red Lion, and served to the first-floors. They all then came it strong with magnifying a cruet of vinegar into gallons of Old Tom, and flared up and fired away with wonderful volleybility. With which the parlors interferes, and states as he will protect the drawing-rooms; when all of a sudden the atticks calls Miss Louisa a perfideous vallet: and, my! didn't he give the parlors a knock in the pit of his stummick! The parlors was up like a man, that I must say; and away they both goes pegging, squaring, and swearing;—the tallest drawing-room holding on by the ground-floor's coat-tail, and the shortest one tugging like a vice at the attick's long hair and false collar. Mother she faints right off, and I screams murder! and would have gone off too had there been any one to catch me, or even a chair to fall upon. In about ten minutes the atticks cuts up stairs with his nose all a-bleeding. The parlors lights a lucifer to look for his eye-tooth—and the drawing rooms flops themselves down on the sofa and takes it in turns to finish out their sham fainting. Well, the parlor after calling the atticks a blackguard, finds his tooth, pays his rent, and off he goes—after mother had put down the mustachios' milk to his broad-brim—which forgets his spoons and jack-towel. Mother bolts up to the drawing-rooms, gives them their week's notice, and sets a boy in the passage to serve them out by plaing on a frying-pan—when the villiny of mankind was manifested by the atticks cutting away with a bran new pillow-case—two sheets, all his own luggige, and our carpet-bag! So here we are all at sixes and sevens, and Heaven knows when we shall let again. Write soon and console us.

Truly your afflicted sister,

Adelaide Fitkin.

8th P.S.—The drawing-rooms is gone, Tom! gone, and left nothing but their unpaid bill, with a written notice that they wish we may get it! they took advantage of the fog and aint been seen since. A. S. "Fusbos."

COCKNEY PUN.

Which are the worst of all Waiters? Vy, Haggera-Waiters (aggravators).

EXTEMPORANEOUS DRAMAS. No. I.

HAMLET.

SCENE.—GREEN ROOM. OPHELIA *discovered with straws in her hair, and sucking a Crevilli lozenge.*

Enter Ghost of HAMLET'S Father.

GHOST.

Good evening, Miss Smith.

OPHELIA.

Ah! how are you, Brown?

GHOST.

Pretty bobbish, thank you.

Enter HAMLET, *who slaps his* Father's Ghost *familiarly upon the back.*

HAMLET.

I say, old boy, are you going to sup at the "Garrick's Head!"

GHOST.

Yes; I think I shall have a rabbit or a baked potato.

OPHELIA.

Isn't it a shame, Jones?—the printer hasn't brought my benefit tickets.

Enter QUEEN.

QUEEN, (*to* OPHELIA.)

My love—the wretches stopped half-a-crown out of my salary for a stage wait.

OPHELIA.

La! I wouldn't stand it.

QUEEN.

I don't mean it, dear. The overture 's on, and our tea 's ready. [*Exeunt* QUEEN *and* OPHELIA.

Enter the heads of BERNARDO *and his pike.*

BERNARDO, (*beckons the* GHOST.)

Bob!

GHOST.

Yes!

[*Exeunt* GHOST, BERNARDO, *and his pike.*

HAMLET, (*soliloq.*)

(*Looking in the glass and rehearsing his part.*) "To be or not to be, that is"—what a collar! um—um. "Whether 'tis better in the mind to suffer—" I'll kick that dresser out of the theatre—"slings and arrows of" um—um—Let me see—"I am pigeon-livered and lack gall"—I think a drop of porter wouldn't hurt me—

CALL-BOY, (*outside.*)

Mr. Jones—please sir—

HAMLET.

All right— [*Arranges collar and exit.*

RUNNING FOR THE (CHINA) PLATE.

OUR Military Momus Sibthorp happened to encounter the Reverend joker Sidney Smith at a dinner party last Monday. "By the way," said the former, while passing the decanter to his fat friend, "were you not surprised to hear how we made the Chinese fellows *run* at Amoy!"—"By no means" replied S., "for it only shows that the Chinese men have no notion like the Chinese ladies of

STANDING UPON TRIFLES."

AN ABSENT MAN.

THERE is a man at Philadelphia so subject to fits of abstraction, that if you were to meet with him in a crowd, he would probably abstract your watch from your pocket, and make off with it. He then would be seized with such a fit of absence, that you might look after him for a month, and he would never give you a chance of finding him.

Ballads of the Briefless.

No. III.

THE MOTION OF COURSE.

THERE are two or three benches in Westminster Hall
Where mutely and mournful the briefless ones sit,
From ten until four doing nothing at all,
But quizzing the judges in very poor wit;
'Tis here, when their lordships have risen to go,
To get on my legs I have muster'd the force,
And in faltering tones, confidentially low,
Have made in a murmur my motion of course.

But when they have seen I had something to move,
They've paused for an instant before they went out,
And bid me speak up: when, my vigour to prove,
A *distringas* I've sought in stentorian shout.
And when acquiescence their lordships have bow'd,
I've shriek'd for the usher my brief to endorse,
And tripp'd out of court lightsome-hearted and proud
That success has attended *my motion of course.*

No. IV.

THE UNDEFENDED CAUSE.

THE Court has met, the jury sworn,
Of honest men a proud array;
His lordship blows his nasal horn,
Before the business of the day.
Oh! 'tis a noble sight to see
The host that minister the laws,
Judge, jury, counsel, ushers three,
To try an *undefended cause.*

It is a bill for two pound ten,
Defendant pleads did not endorse,
A judge's order, gentlemen,
Has since admitted it—of course.
The verdict's given, the suit is o'er;
Then let us praise the glorious laws,
By which, for twenty pounds, no more,
We try *an undefended cause.*

A BRACE OF POINTERS.

THE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

AN association has been formed—with Joseph Hume and Sir Peter Laurie at its head—for the purpose of alleviating the distresses of several well-known objects in the Metropolis, whose destitute condition, at this inclement season of the year, has excited the deepest sympathy in their behalf. We are happy to add that the following individuals received from the fund last week—the articles attached to their names.

The Achilles, in Hyde Park, a pair of Wellington boots and a blanket.

Charles I., at Charing Cross, a box of cigars and a Macintosh cape.

George III., Pall Mall, a waterproof fantail,—seeing that his inveterate politeness will not suffer him to put on his hat.

George Canning, in Palace Yard, an old w(h)ig and a coat—of paint.

Old Father Thames, at Somerset House, a pair Flushing trousers and a flannel waistcoat.

The Duke of York, St. James's Park, a double milled Taglioni and a cocked hat.

Charles Fox, the Duke of Bedford, William Pitt, George the Fourth, Queen Anne, and several other houseless individuals from various parts of the town, made applications for relief which are now under consideration.

A LIBERAL SUBSCRIPTION.

"THE Testimonial to the Times," no doubt,
To Laurie's aid will owe a deal of pelf;
He maketh every one by knows shell out,
And *gives*—"best wishes for success" himself.

THE APPROACHING MEET AT ST. STEPHEN'S.

KEEN Parliamentary sportsmen are now preparing for the opening day of the season at St. Stephen's cover. All the old Whig leaders of the chase are on the *qui vive*, as it is known that the sly fox Sir Robert will be hunted on that day. It is expected that he will afford good sport, and give his pursuers a hard run before they get hold of his brush. He escaped last season, by getting into his favourite earth at Wait-a-while corner; but that being now stopped, he must resort to some other stratagem to avoid the danger that threatens him.

THE FELINE RACE.

ON DITS.

"You'll split my sides," as the oak-tree said to the flash of lightning.

"I'll stick to you," as the treacle said to the fly.

"I'm dreadfully cut up," as the crimped cod said to the fishmonger.

"Why don't you hit one of your own size," as the tenpenny nail said to the sledge hammer.

"You 're too hard upon me," as the corn said to the tight boot.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the nigger boy.

A CARD.

LORD MELBOURNE begs to inform PUNCH and the public that he is open to receive invitations during the present festive season, for dinners and evening parties. Lord M. has at present on hands a large stock of the best palace puns and Albert anecdotes, highly recommended for select suppers. Also some fine full-flavoured *bon mots*, to come in with the dessert, and a few prime whist-table jokes, engaged to go off well, while the cards are being dealt. Several Twelfth-night characters, selected from the late Ministry, for sale or hire.

N. B. The terms for attendance will be regulated by the quality of the wines produced.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS, &c.

DURING the parliamentary recess, Lord Stanley has been studying Mineralogy under a *soi-disant* custom-house officer, and has, we are assured, already arrived at a considerable knowledge of the value of precious stones.

JONATHANISMS.

A HOUSE-PAINTER in New York grained a door so exactly in imitation of oak, that last year it put forth a quantity of leaves, and grew an excellent crop of acorns.

A correspondent of a Picayune paper has such a cold in his head, that he can't wash his face without freezing the water.

There's an old fellow in Nashville who snores so loud, that he is obliged to sleep at a house in the next street, to avoid awakening himself.

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE following list, we are confidentially informed, comprises some of the racers who are entered for the next Newmarket meeting, with their lineage:—

Waterproof, by Mackintosh, out of India Rubber.
Sovereign, by Footman, out of Visitor.
Nix my Dolly, by Paddy, out of Agitator.

N. B.—Agitator was formerly a most vicious creature, a notorious crib-biter, and produced Nix to his trainers; but having been removed to a more comfortable place, is likely to turn out a very serviceable May'r (mare).

LAURIE'S LOGIC.

SIR PETER has expressed his surprise that a nobleman of Lord Stanley's pretensions could have been taken in with the fictitious present from General Mackenzie, the Ionian Governor. Laurie says that a moment's consideration ought to have convinced his Lordship that so canine a man as the General would never have sent a Secretary of State a chandelier, without some of the celebrated Ionian *isles* to have burnt in it.

Punch's Theatre.

MADAME LAFFARGE.

A new dose of disgust more nauseating than the Mother Brownrigg drama of the Victoria, or the "Jack Ketch" of Sadler's Wells, was lately administered to us by the managers of the Surrey theatre. Madame Laffarge, the sentimental *courtisane;* the ingenious thief, the chaste heroine of the Marriage office, the accomplished systematiser of the art of poisoning husbands, the cunning impertinent criminal, the demon in petticoats; but nevertheless the reigning deity of the morbid morality of *gallant* France—Marie Laffarge compared with whom Madame Brinvilliers was an angel of benevolence and a pattern of virtue—has been manufactured at the Surrey into a victim of injured innocence;—the most modest of maidens, the best of wives, the gentlest of criminals.

The stupid clumsiness with which this three-act piece is jumbled together makes it very difficult for us to follow that which must by courtesy be called the plot. In the first scene there enters Mr. N. T. Hicks, in an indescribable costume, made up of a French artilleryman's coat, a pair of jack-boots—jack-boots such as worn by *courriers* or

A PAIR OF OUTRIDERS,

the cocked hat of a brigadier of Gens-d'armes, and the stock-cloak which invariably envelopes the mysterious of all the Surrey melo-drames. Curious to know what this figure of fun was meant to represent, we learnt by the bills that he was "in the French army of Algeria," in love with Marie Capelle, in a rage to learn that she was on the eve of marrying Monsieur Laffarge, in want of a messenger to take a letter to the young lady, and insane enough to trust the document to another specimen of Surrey dramatic purity, Julie Brantome, who owns to have previously committed herself to this Adonis in terms too indecent for us to repeat. This lady is the villain of the piece, and of course does not deliver the letter till after the marriage of "Marry" (for thus the actors pronounce *Marie*) to Laffarge; when she is rendered incapable of enjoying its contents or rejoicing at her lover's return.

The second act opens with an evening party and a petty larceny. Madame de Nicolai (the delicacy of the author permitting him to preserve the real names of innocent and respectable persons still alive, whose misfortune it was to know the degraded wretch Marie) is the hostess, and Madame Laffarge one of the guests; the latter tastefully dressed, so as to look the very emblem of innocence, in white muslin. Madame de Nicolai is so foolish as to lend her some jewels which she is but too glad to borrow. The instant she fingers them, on comes the lover and his cloak. He is in distress; he has run away from his regiment, and the officers are after him. Does she still love him? for he has not a sous in the world, and he must reach the frontier that night. By their early vows, by all their interchanges of high-souled sentiment, he implores her to grant him one embrace?—to fly with him? by no means! but—to lend him a Napoleon or so.

Merciful powers! what is to be done? Mrs. Laffarge has not a crown about her, though she has got a tiara. Yes, the jewels and the *mont de piété*. Happy thought!—bright idea!—let him fly to the pawnbroker's, there to deposit the diamonds for what cash he wants; and as to the duplicate, never mind, another time will do for that; the intense anxiety of the heroine—another man's bride—to save her lover preventing her from thinking of details; so exit the captain to the pop-shop. After this the guests are supposed to enjoy themselves, for the fancy ball begins, and the scene changes; while eight supernumeraries, duly dominoed, are in the agonies of l'Eté.

It seems to be ordained that both Madame Laffarge's gentlemen should be in embarrassed circumstances. Her husband, an iron-master, is wofully hard-up for tin, and starts for Paris to raise the wind. To comfort him on his journey, his mother makes him some cakes, and Madame assists her. Here Julie Brantome, the female villain, steps in, fulminating heaps of revenge, and threatening several doses of arsenic. As she is extremely desirous of poisoning her dear friend Marie, she puts some deadly powder into the cakes, which she is well aware are being made for the use of the iron-master,—a trifling improbability to be sure, but hardly worth notice.

We are now transported to Paris to behold the unhappy Laffarge in all the agonies of the stomach-ache. Meantime his heroic wife flies the pursuit of justice; for that contemptible Madame Nicolai has been mean enough to set the police after her. Finding her husband unwell, she is reduced to despair, and determines to commit suicide; a foible she had often threatened to indulge herself in—for somebody has already told us that she always carries poison about her person for times of need.

She mixes a decent potion just at the same moment as the agonised Laffarge calls for drink, he seizes the glass, gulps it down, and dies. Madame is arrested for his murder in that picturesque manner which shows the audience by means of a tableaux that the act is over.

The trial occupies the last scene. The wicked lady Julie goes into mourning and madness. M. Paillet sits at a pembroke table to defend the heroine, whilst the counsel for the prosecution addresses the bench from the jury box. Madame Laffarge is boxed up in a sort of rostrum, but occasionally descends to walk about the floor of the court, quite as much at her ease as if she were the *Huissier*, or a court-of-law lounger.

The mad lady is called as a witness (extraordinary novelty in the law of evidence!) and dies,—certainly not without judge or jury, for she expires before their eyes. Lastly, Madame Laffarge is pronounced guilty.

Such is the dramatic version of this *cause célèbre* which it hath pleased the refined sentiments of the Surrey people to produce; and at a time when its disgusting balderdash is likely to do the most extensive harm,—at a season when the young and therefore innocent are attracted to the theatre by the pantomimes. But luckily the trash carries its own condemnation with it: a more vapid mass of ignorance was never brought upon the stage. The attempts to put a gloss upon crime, to hold up infamy for admiration, which abound in the dialogue, were, we should have thought, taken from the filthiest of the French novels. Two disgusting jokes given to the low comedian were evidently caught flying some night from the current ribaldry of the gallery visitors, and the utter want of knowledge of every form of a law court displayed in the last scene, makes us suspect that its details are copied from some pot-house Judge and Jury Club.

A SONG FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

Dearest will you still be cruel,
Coldly still refuse me rest,
While your eyes are adding fuel
To the fire in my breast?
Cannot tears in seas and rivers
Melt your adamantine heart?
O for Cupid's shafts in quivers—
"Hallo! here 's a precious start!
"Go along, my hearty!"

Never will I cease to woo you,
Never for a moment rove;
There's a chain that binds me to you,
And the links are made of love.
O for but a moment's heaven—
E'en the twinkling of a star—
All in thy sweet smile is given—
"You're a nice young man, you are,
"For a small tea party."

"PHILOSOPHICA NUX" AND DUCKS.

Dr. Edward Johnson, the celebrated "Philosophic Nutcracker," who lately paid ten guineas to prove in the Times, that though a black man was a man, still a dead duck was no duck; the difference being, logically speaking, that between an accident and an essence. The Doctor is very learned on the subject, and stands up for the essence of duck with an accident of green peas. We own ourselves thoroughly convinced by the Doctor's arguments, and are anxious to know, since a dead duck is no duck, whether there be any duckery in

"A REGULAR DUCK."

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF SERJEANT WILDE.

Serjeant Wilde, whose dictatorial manner of arguing a point of law is well known, was once engaged in a rather curious case, where the plaintiff and defendant were possessed, one of a male and the other of a female dog of a very rare species. In order to preserve the breed, it was agreed by the parties, that the progeny of these two animals should be divided equally between them; but subsequently the owner of the female dog refused to give the other his share of the litter of puppies which had been produced. Serjeant, then Mr.. Wilde, who was for the defence, thundered forth several times in the course of his speech—"I lay it down as an axiom." At last, the counsel on the opposite side, watching his opportunity, leaned over as Wilde in his most imperative tone had repeated "I lay it down as an *axiom*," and whispered to him in a voice loud enough to be heard by the bench and bar—"Pray lay it down as a *dog-ma* the next time." The joke told,—a suppressed laugh ran through the court; Wilde, for the first time in his life, lost his self-possession, and consequently his cause; and all through having his *axiom* destroyed by

A DOG-MA.

London: Bradbury and Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

TO THE WORLD.

OUR liberal announcement of last week has been received with such thunders of applause, that it has brought down an avalanche of letters, and produced a whirlwind of inquiries.

BRYANT has been sworn to secrecy, and mankind must be patient "a month—a little month."

Notices to Correspondents.

W. S. S. will find a communication at our office.

Anxious to afford encouragement to rising young artists, we have at a considerable outlay placed in the hands of our engraver the works of a gentleman who we feel is destined to become the Michael Angelo of mirth—the Correggio of cachinnation. *Ecce signum!*

"SHORT CROPS.

"THERE is the greatest alarm among the London imitators of *La Jeune France* at Sir P. Laurie's recent decision against long hair, and that of a general

HARE-CUTTING.

In such a case, they say the very best he could do would be again to fit up Guildhall, and give

A BALL FOR THE DESTITUTE POLLS.

On which occasion, Miss A. Kemble might, as a Common Councilman was heard to say, 'contribute a few *hairs*.'"

We have sent the originals to be framed and glazed.

The following scintillation has been sent anonymously :—

CUPID.

On a rotund engineer of celebrity, who, in a fit of vicious hilarity, surmounted a marble pedestal in the character of Cupid.

"Sly Cupid was a little boy,"
The widow's and the maiden's joy.
Say, shall we *hope* or *fear*?
For now we're told,
In him behold,
A *civil* engineer.

We have laughed till we feel it necessary to call in the "rotund engineer." We have nearly "bust our biler."

We now have a nautical ballad. Can it be an unpublished gem of the great Dibdin?

Im just returned from the Hocean
Wheir Fire Blood and Bawls is in motion
For fitin I never had a notion
It was all won to Larry O'Brian.

I was so frisk and so free when I furst went to see
Who the divil should they pop into the office but Me
But free from pain I left the main
The devil may go thare again for Larry O
For ware was the game that wod Tarry
It woud never do for Larry O'Brian.

Then a little durty Midshipman of a milksop
He ordered me up to the Mane top
Whare my hed it ran round like a whip top
It would never do for Larry O'Brian
Then a Sailor he ran up and threw down a rope
They tyed it round my middel and hoyster'd me op
But free from pain I left the mane
The divil may go there again
For Larry O
For were was the game that would tary
It would never do for Larry O
Brian.

We regret that press of matter compels us to exclude from the body of our work this exquisitely pathetic poem, which seems to have been the result of real feeling on the part of the author. Why does he not put up for the Professorship of Poetry at Oxford? We would back him against Garbett for a thousand pounds.

BEN BLOCK introduces himself to us in the following strain :—

To the Head hitter of Punch.

Dear Sir,—I send you a *chip* from my *block*; and in doing so, allow me to express my approbation of your publication. PUNCH is indeed no *small beer*, but a *gin* u *wine* trump; and as a proof that I really think so, I can inform his *head-hitter* that I have been a *taker in* of PUNCH from the first appearance of his first *broad sheet* of *broad* grins. Having done a *deal* in the heavy (wet) line, both in prose and poetry of late years for the newspapers and magazines, I should have much *pleasure* in *amusing* myself (and may I hope the readers of PUNCH also) by forwarding a few trifles *in the light* line for PUNCH's columns, for which PUNCH can throw me the coppers if he pleases—his staff I would rather decline. The inclosed chip is only a trifle to start with—not at all original, and if it does not suit PUNCH, he can light his fire or his pipe with it: but should it please his wooden head, he can give it a berth in some snug corner, which will as effectually *preserve* it from the *dry rot*, as if it had been *pickled* with *Cayenne* (alias *Kyanised*.) From PUNCH's obedient servant,

BEN BLOCK.

P. S.—Should PUNCH throw this chip into the fire, he will get no more chips from Ben's block, as Ben might as well keep them at home to light his own fire with.—B. B.

SIBTHORPIAN PROBLEM.

Our old friend Col. Sibthorp has favoured us with the following problem, which he recommends as a "Digestive Dinner Pill" for Doctor Peel during the *recess*, and hopes he will be prepared with a *solution* on the first day of the *opening* of the next session of Parliament.

PROBLEM.—Given, Mr. Wakley's "*truckling*" as *base*, to find the *straight line* of Sir Robert Peel's political conduct.

We reply to the above problem, by giving one infinitely more rational and quite as difficult of solution :—Given, BEN BLOCK's communication as *base*, to find a *point* in it from which to produce a laugh.

THE AUTHOR IN WANT OF CASH appears to be one of those who live by their wits, and from the following communication we are not surprised at his distressed circumstances :—

WANTED—SOME CASH!

(BY THE AUTHOR.)

WANTED (good heavens! I scarce can proclaim it!
The world will declare 'tis my fault when I name it,
And swear I've been doing it rather too splash;)
WANTED ('tis true on my honour) SOME CASH!

In vain do I poke the old governor's ribs,
And give him a hint just to down with the dibs;
What a scandalous shame that the stingy old chap
Won't down with his dust, for I hav'n't a rap!

The thing would be different, had it so hap'd,
By the monster Extravagance I had been trapp'd;
No such thing! For a more economical blade
Than myself never promised his bills should be paid.

There are Stitchem and Stultz in a deuce of a stew,
And Johnson the hatter's small bill's coming due;
And Stocking the hosier's account owing still—
I wish he'd forget that I *hose* him a bill!

Then Rowland the barber (take me for an ass, sir,)
His confounded pomatum and oil of Macassar
Have run *such* a bill—but oh! comical whim!
As he's often *cut* me, 'gad this time I'll *cut* HIM!

Besides, that infernal tobacconist, Puff,
Beduns me all day, and seems quite up to *snuff*;
But little he knows how I dodge him about—
For though never "at home," he ne'er finds me "out!"

Then Dixon for horses,—but this shall be past,
For fear you should think I am *rather* too "fast,"
And hope you'll agree that 'tis awkward to smash,
And a very hard thing to be wanting *hard* cash!

We wish the preceding had been better, or worse; but upon such a subject "a fellow feeling makes one wondrous kind."

We have selected the annexed from a BOX OF LOOSE AFFAIRS :—

Our friend Sir Peter has ever been fond of Punch, even from his infancy, whether on seeing it in the streets, *punching* the heads of his schoolfellows, or enjoying it at his own fire-side, under the denomination *of*

MILK PUNCH.

No wonder, then, that he should have been one of our earliest subscribers. Whilst reading our last Number he suddenly turned to Lady L., and asked her if she knew "why our work was like the very nice puddings she was accustomed to make at Christmas." Lady L., after a short pause, acknowledged her inability to answer it. "Because, my dear," said Sir Peter, "it contains so many *rich things*." We applaud Sir Peter for his discernment, but the whole census have said the same thing.

As we have been unable to discover whether the point of the above consists in the design or the description we have determined to give the offender the benefit of the doubt.

Norma made Easy.

Act I., scene one—a Druidical grove;
An oak in the centre, the moon above,
Which is skilfully managed ev'ry night
By a boy at the back of the flat with a light.
An altar kept burning with spirits of wine
Stands under the oak, which is *Norma's* shrine.
Enter the chorus—a goodly lot
Of soldiers, and bards, and the deuce knows what,
Headed by some unfortunate elf,
Who, because he happens to walk by himself,
Is mistaken for Leffler, and gets three rounds
Of applause, and cheering which knows no bounds.
But now *Oroveso* himself appears,
And of course is received with vociferous cheers;
The audience scarcely in calmness can sit,
Handkerchiefs wave in the boxes and pit;
Some who stand up to see with more ease,
Get a poke from a stick, with "Sit down, if you please!"
The gods not so civil, in blustering tone
Demand that some victim shall over be thrown;—
While Leffler, before the music begins,
Comes forward and gratitude gracefully grins,
Forcibly dashing his hand on his breast,
Which means that the audience knows all the rest.
At length in half-circle the choristers stand,
And scream to a tune that's amazingly grand;
They ask *Oroveso* if *Norma* is near,
When Leffler replies, that she'll shortly appear.
He speaks what he knows to be true, for Miss Kemble
He's seen at the wing in a bit of a tremble;
After asking the moon most politely to rise,
(A request which a moon on the stage ne'er denies,)
Oroveso, bards, Druids, and all give one shout,
Get near to the side-scene, and somehow get out.
Next enters adorn'd in most gorgeous caparison
All tinfoil and crimson the *Pollio* Harrison,
Attended by *Flavius* (*i. e.*) Clement White;
Who, though he's decked out as a Roman at night,
It needeth no ghost from the churchyard to say
Is an Irishman neat as imported by day;
They talk about *Norma*, and *Pollio* declares
He's heartily tired of conjugal cares—
And says that when sleeping to dream he is apt,
When a lamp in the orchestra gently is tapp'd,
And a very sweet air is immediately heard,
To which he just warbles his dream word for word;
A march in the distance, a chorus within,
The bards and the soldiers are making a din.
Re-enter the bards *Oroveso* and Co.,
Who sing a fine chorus, and stand in a row.
All waiting for *Norma*—a buzzing and humming
Is heard through the house—"Now Miss Kemble is coming!"
A figure is seen from the side-wing to sally;
It is she—no, it isn't, it's one of the *ballet*:

A STAY'D CHARACTER.

Then five more advance the attention to fix,
For figurantes always form parties of six.
But at last in good earnest, descending a plank,
Which is call'd in the bills "a druidical bank,"
Comes *Norma* herself—then what shouting and clapping!
What stamping of feet! with umbrellas what rapping!
That rapture no pen or no ink could describe it,
And then it's so catching the fiddlers imbibe it;
For a minute or two not a note can they play,
On their instruments' backs do they hammer away.
Like a spell the surrounding excitement enthrals them,
Until to their senses the leader recals them.
All is silent; Miss Kemble proceeds to achieve
Her glorious triumphs in recitative,
And gives out a note—not of hand—though 'tis one
Which, like notes of hand, has a long time to run.
The effect that's produced by such marvellous wonders
Is electrical quite, and of course draws down thunders.
The chorus begin then to lustily bellow
For vengeance against some unfortunate fellow,
Whom they hope to see shortly the very dust biting,
A species of mouthful by no means inviting.
"He shall fall," cries out *Norma*, addressing the crowd;
And then in a voice almost equally loud,
Declares that he shan't, and she loves him, and so on,
Then in an *allegro* continues to go on
About his "returning" and "burning," although
That the chorus are close at her back she must know,
And would hear ev'ry word, if to stage rules obedient,
They wern't seized with a deafness whenever expedient.
On the buckler of Brennus for vengeance they call,
Requesting his sword to come down from a wall.
Then the scene closes in, leaving people in doubt,
Whether Druids were really the fools they make out.
Scene II. is the *Grove*, as before—but a part of it
That's not yet been seen—very likely the heart of it,
Where shady the paths, and where thickest the *trees are*,
For 'tis the resort of the fair *Adelgisa*.
Then enter Miss Rainforth, who tells us she's crying,
And visits the spot for the purpose of sighing
In snugness and solitude; though there is danger
Of being intruded upon by a stranger,
Who, by a slight effort of mental comparison,
We find is no other than *Pollio* (*Harrison*).
He comes: he invites her to fly—she refuses;
But in a duet out her firmness all oozes.

GOT INTO SOUNDINGS.

The lady throughout an *andante* melodious
Appears to regard his proposal as odious;
But ere the *allegro* is more than half over
She promises freely to fly with her lover.
That at dawn they will meet they impressively swear
Then leisurely both to the green-room repair.
Scene III. is the dwelling of *Norma*—good gracious!
Who'd have thought that she rented apartments so spacious!
'Tis roomy enough, but so bare, that for rent,
One would think that the landlord had recently sent,
And finding his tenant unable to pay,
Had swept by distress all her chattels away.
'Tis true there are certain mysterious things,
Some druidical lumber, adorning the wings;
But still as the sitting-room 's utterly bare
Of sofa, of table, of stool, and of chair,
The conclusion to which one reluctantly comes
Is, that Druids of old used to sit on their thumbs.
Enter *Norma*, attended—oh, what an affair!—
By two little children with nicely-curled hair,
And faces so blooming that health seems to gush
From the skin,—but it's just been laid on with the brush.
Clotilda, (Miss Grant,) who is *Norma's* own maid,
And who seems, from her dress, to be pretty well paid,
Is order'd to hurry the children away,—
To hide them, in fact, and goes out to obey.
Poor *Norma* feels some one is coming to *tease her*—
She turns,—and beholds at her side *Adelgisa*.
Her love to the Priestess the latter declaring,
Suspects not the awful "flare-up" she's preparing;
But in a *duet* freely opens her heart,
While *Norma*, from sympathy, soon takes a part.
Attentively hearing the tale of the maid,
It strikes her as odd that the lover had said
The very same things that herself had once heard—

Can two lovers' vows be the same word for word?
His name is demanded—but exquisite folly, O!
'Twixt two female furnaces in saunters *Pollio!*
Oh, who can do justice to each lovely *stormer*—
The duped *Adelgisa*—the desperate *Norma*?
Right and left he comes in for it,—really Miss Kemble
Is enough to make poor Mr. Harrison tremble.
And then, on the other hand, charming Miss Rainforth,
In accents contemptuous pours her disdain forth;
He tries to assuage her, to nothing she'll listen,
With lightning the eyes of Miss K. seem to glisten;
Miss R. turns in horror and scorn from his side,
And tells him to stick to his termagant bride;
And the fate of poor Harrison seems quite uncertain,
When, lucky for him, they let down the act curtain,
And, presto, in lieu of the Druids we hear,
"Apples, oranges, bill of the play, ginger-beer!"

BARROW-NIAL RETAINERS.

[*Act 2 next week.*]

THE OMNIBUS CAD'S VOCABULARY;
OR, THE IDIOMS OF CONDUCTORS, DONE INTO ENGLISH.

Lingua Cadda.	*Translation.*
'Ste—'ank!	City—Bank.
'Nich! 'Wich!	Greenwich and Woolwich.
'Ngton!	Paddington or Islington.
'Mpton!	Brompton.
'Smith! 'Smith!	Hammersmith.
'Ng down, sir?	Going down the road, sir?
A Hangel,	Passengers taken up at Islington.
A Helephant,	,, Newington.
A Blue Boar,	,, Holborn.
A Saracen,	,, Snow-hill.
Plenty of room, ma'am,	Sixteen inside.
'Ony stop here a minute, sir,	The space of time necessary for the discussion of a glass of brandy-and-water, a *sheeroot*, and a chat with the bar-maid.
Going on directly,	An indefinite period, varying from ten minutes to half an hour, and regulated by the number of passengers.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

IV.—IN WHICH AN ACCOUNT OF THE PREPARATIONS IS CONTINUED.

Y the afternoon of the day, the *boulevérsement* of the ill-fated mansion has reached its highest point; almost participating in the appearance which a furnished doll's-house would present after being rolled down stairs from the nursery to the drawing-room. We do not exactly know in what state the kitchen remains, for we have never yet been bold enough to venture down to its Acherontic precincts; but from certain vague glimpses occasionally obtained through the medium of the area windows, we imagine it must offer an aspect of wild confusion. Of course on a day like this nobody thinks about dinner; or if they dare to do so, nobody gets any—unless it be the odd-shaped trimmings of sippet-like sandwiches, any pastry that may be overbaked or slightly scorched, the rebellious blancmange which refuses to turn out properly, the legs of lobsters, or an ingeniously-contrived and extempore *vol-au-vent* of all these things put together.

Towards evening, everything is pronounced to be properly in, or rather out of, its place; and the family contrive, by dint of extreme perseverance, to get a cup of tea in the still-room. But the vexations are not yet concluded. Various little notes arrive, which do anything but put the hostess in a good humour. First of all, somebody whom you particularly wished to be present—in fact, for whom the party was almost given—sends a melancholy statement of the very acute stage of influenza under which they are labouring, "which they extremely regret will prevent them from accepting," &c. Then Miss M—— or N—— (as the case may be), one of the intended *belles* of the evening, who flirts, sings, and waltzes, is obliged to go suddenly into the country on a visit to an old aunt; but her two brothers — tall, gangling, awkward young men, who wear pumps, and throw their legs about, when they are dancing, everywhere but over their shoulders, and whom you were compelled to invite with their sister, although you would never have dreamt of them otherwise—are invariably most happy to come—quite delighted—and you are overdone with men already. And lastly, when it has become really a matter of serious consideration where you can stow all your guests without making your rooms resemble the hold of a slave-ship too closely, four or five of the least intimate write off to inform you that they intend taking the liberty of bringing some young friends with them who are staying in their house, *i. e.* for about ten minutes before they start off for yours. And it is a most melancholy truth, which may be taken as a general rule, that ordinary uninteresting persons always jump at your invitation (when you yourself are merely concerned about the attractive girls and presentable young men, who will look effective in your rooms) with the certainty and velocity of bleak at a piece of greaves when you are fishing for roach alone.

At length all the preparations are completed, and a temporary quiet reigns through the house; but it is like the lull of the elements after a boisterous day in March, before it begins to rain. The last ring has brought the last parcel to the door, which of course ought to have arrived first in the morning; the small children have been rapidly undressed and put to bed with the wild notion that they will stay there, and not walk calmly down stairs some three or four hours afterwards in their night-gowns, with their little naked white *tootey-pootsies* (the nursery *patois* for tiny feet) pattering on the cold floor-cloth: the governesses in families where they are not going to give a party have marched all their young ladies, hoops, and *la grace* sticks out of the square, and are thinking about changing their collars for dinner; the last views have dissolved—the last diver has gone down, and the last Royal George blown up at the Polytechnic Institution; the west-end idlers have disappeared no one knows where, nor ever will; and the last clang of the milkpails has echoed down the areas; in fact, to the majority of the world the labours of the day have concluded, excepting policemen, actors, waiters, medical men, and people who give parties. The last crawl upstairs to dress, in whatever part of the house their toilet appointments have been transported to, in an extreme state of exhaustion; and, perfectly ready to go to bed, commence preparations for receiving two hundred guests, and looking to their individual comforts, until a period of the ensuing morning when early risers are thinking about getting up.

It is during this short interregnum that we may expect the arrival of the greengrocer who is to assist in waiting. He keeps the shop at the corner of the next street—exhibits five perpetual eggs in a worsted moss basket to intimate that he sells new laid ones—starts covered vans to Hampton Court and Epsom Races—provides "bands" for quadrille parties—wears white cotton gloves with very long fingers; and was never known to announce a name correctly; so that what between the real servant boy—we beg his pardon, the *page*—of the establishment, and himself, the astonished visitor is ushered into the room under any other appellation than his own. Next comes the young gentleman in lay-down collars and a jacket, who returned an answer of acceptance to his invitation the very evening on which he received it; and taking the time stated in the note, as really meant, arrives about half an hour before the candles are lighted, and amuses himself in the dark for that period, by enjoying the pleasures of anticipation, and wishing he had a needle and thread to mend one of his eighteenpenny gloves, which has burst at the seam all round the ball of his thumb. And this brings us, by concatenation, to another melancholy fact—that whenever you are going to a *reunion* where you wish your hands to look particularly white and delicate, they obstinately persist in assuming the appearance of an uncooked steak. The young gentleman is followed by the useful friend of the family—an universally-known sort of creation, half lady half person, who knows instinctively where the keys are always kept, and where everything is placed, from the lump sugar to the champagne; and who has been requested by the hostess to come early and see about the tea and coffee. This attention distinguishes her from other guests, who, when the mistress of the house "begs they will not be late," conceive from this that they are of importance, and evince the same by dropping in about a quarter to twelve. And finally, before the grand attack upon the street door commences, the music arrives—sometimes in the shape of a single pianist of untiring fingers and unclosing eyes—sometimes as a harp, piano, and cornopean, who are immediately installed in a corner of the room with two chairs, a music-stool, and a bottle of Marsala.

MELODIES OF THE MISERABLE.—No. 1.

What a wretch am I! when I look around,
Not a beast of the field, or bird of the sky,
Not an erring jackass lock'd in the pound,
Seems half such a gloom-struck brute as I.
Oh yes, I am mark'd by the hand of fate;
Ill luck pursues me—there's no disputin' it;
Egad! I have walk'd in a puddle straight;
If there is a mess I, of course, put my foot in it.

How sad is my lot! like an auctioneer,
Misfortune is sure to knock me down;
The blows of its hammer I'm certain appear
On my furrow'd cheek and my hairless crown.
Then pelt, ye hailstones, descend from the skies,
Your rage doth in vain my spirit goad;
But the boisterous wind is beginning to rise,
So good night!—if I stay any longer I'm blow'd.

WHAT SHALL BE THE PRINCE'S NAME?

AY! What shall be the name given by his godfathers and his godmothers to his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales?

This is a question which, if men were not phlegmatic and careless of the claims and domestic interests of posterity, would at this moment beat in the heads and throb in the hearts of the whole nation. Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, would forego all party bitterness, and meet upon this broad—this neutral ground—the Prince of Wales's Christian name. Lord Melbourne would embrace Sir Robert Peel; Palmerston would strike hands with Aberdeen; Russell emerge from his hymeneal solitude to greet Stanley, Graham, and the rest; all moved to the glad re-union by—the Prince of Wales's name! The Chartist would throw down his unfinished pike, and quit his cellar or his garret; and the Lord Mayor of Dublin would forget rent and Repeal and all, to take into consideration the Prince of Wales's name! Even you, Michael Figgins, grocer, would not stand behind your counter contemplating the brassiness of that bad shilling, trying to think how, having taken it, you best may send it into the world again; no—even you would, for a time, forego such withal lofty and subtle speculation; and, rushing from neighbour to neighbour, invoke them to the parlour of the Blue Lion, in and for the Prince of Wales's name! We know, Figgins, that long ere the Prince shall be King of these realms, it is more than probable your son will be rejoicing in your business, pondering, like you, upon bad shillings,—your clay having enriched the loam of Kensal-green, and, by the wondrous process of vegetable life, having bloomed a summer in the Lupins and Sweet Williams of that seductive retreat. Time, the great defacer, may have passed his irreverent fingers over your tombstone, so that the contemplative man, even with the aid of his best Brazilian pebbles, may not be able to know whether Figgins, a faithful husband, an indulgent father, and a tender friend; but, Figgins, you have bowels for posterity—you have love for your son; at this moment he has passed through the shop, with satchel at his back, and in the parlour is now displaying to his mother two tickets, the prizes of the day, for progress in figures. You dote upon the child of your bones—the first pledge of a very strong and very disinterested love. Well, when your son—under the blessing of Heaven—is paying taxes, in all human probability the Prince of Wales will be your son's sovereign. Now, then, Figgins, you have to choose a King for your son; you have to select a political father for your offspring; and will you not give the matter more consideration than you spent upon the colour of your boy's first breeches?

We are convinced of it—it is with us a Shandean belief, possessing—inextinguishable—that not only the temper, but the virtues and the qualities of the Prince of Wales—of the next probable King of the United Kingdom—will wholly and solely depend upon his Christian name.

When the King of Prussia, on the 26th instant, makes answer to the Archbishop of Canterbury, little will he think—good, easy King!—what weal or woe he may promise to future generations. It is with this belief in the paramount importance of the Prince's name, that we call upon all Ministers, late and present—all parties, all shopkeepers, and all respectable housekeepers—that we invoke and invite them in the Prince's name that—shall be!

There was, we are aware, a week or two since, a meeting in Wales on the subject. The people of the influential town of Langfywddddddd assembled together, and agreed to address the Queen, petitioning her to name the Prince either Cadwallader or Llewellyn, or, we believe, both—the names were so purely British and therefore so dear to Wales. There was gross vanity—poor egotism—in all this. King Cadwallader—King Llewellyn! The petition was mean and sneaking in its spirit, obviously going about the bush, afraid to speak out; why not at once (for such was evidently the wish) petition her Majesty so to christen the royal babe that he should be known in his day, and to all future history, as—Welch Rabbit the First!

We could not bear the Prince christened after any English monarch, and, we think, for two sound reasons. If the name hold a bad reputation in history, why should the royal babe bear what history throws blame upon? If the name be good, why, we reject it upon the principle that induces gamblers not to back their luck upon the same colour too often. Shall his name be Henry? Against Henry the Fifth have we not Henry the Seventh, who,

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXVI.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 2.

JINKS TRYING HIS OWN COALS.

MAID.—Ayther the chimley won't draw or the coals won't burn, drat 'em! I'll just open the window, and get up a little draught.
JINKS.—Hallo! what are you about!
MAID.—A-trying to light the fire, Sir, with your coals.
JINKS.—With *my* coals! The girl's a-a nin-ny. Sh-u-ut dow-own the wind-ow, and—let me en-enjo-o-y the smoke, for that sur-pri-izes me.

born in humble life, had certainly been hanged for a coiner and a money-clipper? Have we not also HENRY THE EIGHTH, at whose very name every English wife puts her hand to her neck, to know if her head be on her shoulders? Well, what think you of RICHARD? The first of that name was a bold, stalwart fellow; but these are not times for crusading monarchs—lion-killing kings. The second RICHARD was an imbecile; and the third by no means a respectable potentate. Let us come nearer our own time. Now for the GEORGES. The first and second were nobodies; the third loved an ugly wife and shoulder of mutton; and the fourth made a bow with finer grace than any other gentleman in Europe. No; we have worn out the GEORGES. The great originator of the American war contained within himself too much virtue to admit the possibility of any goodness falling to the lot of a namesake. We say this with a full recollection of all the attributes of that now forgotten potentate, GEORGE THE FOURTH.

As for heroic names, these are no days for Cæsars and Alexanders. Laurels are at a discount; men prefer cabbages to bays. Hence we might give a name to the Prince that should to all the nations manifest a royal sympathy with the wants and sufferings of humanity—that, so far as his godfathers and godmothers were concerned, should make him the champion of the poor and lowly.

Gentle reader, what think you of—KING LAZARUS?

We are mightily smitten with this name. LAZARUS THE FIRST! We do not propose it in the poor, clap-trap spirit of complimenting the Jews; we leave such benevolence to Exeter Hall; but we advance the proposition that it may be adopted as indicative of an enlarged humanity in palaces—as showing to the miserables of the earth that suffering, and rags, and squalor, find a sympathy in royal bosoms—that the present era will be distinguished from all times of the earth by the approximation of the rich and the poor.

Let Henry the Fifth have his Agincourt; let him, in history, sit upon a throne of Frenchmen's skulls; our LAZARUS THE FIRST shall heal the wounds of wretchedness—shall gather bloodless laurels in the hospital and workhouse—his ermine and purple shall make fellowship with rags of linsey-wolsey—he shall be a king enthroned and worshipped in the hearts of the indigent!

LAZARUS THE FIRST! There is hope in the very sound for the wretched! There is Christian comfort to all men in the very syllables! By giving such a name to the greatest king of the earth, there is a shadowing forth and a promise of glorification to the beggars in eternity. Poverty and sores are anointed—tatters are invested with regality—man in his most abject and hopeless condition is shown his rightful equality with the bravest of the earth—royalty and beggary meet and embrace each other in the embrace of fraternity.

O ye thousands famished in cellars! O ye multitudes, with hunger and cold biting with "dragon's tooth" your very vitals! shout, if you can find breath enough, "Long live LAZARUS!"

DIFFERENCE OF FARES.

"A SCHOOLMASTER at Eye has recently been fined for kissing a lady's lips against her consent."—*Suffolk Chronicle.*

The *fare of a "buss"* at the most is a shilling;
But the *buss* is a crown if the *fair* be unwilling.

MANSIONS OF THE MOBILITY.

NO. I.—WHETSTONE PARK, THE SEAT OF THE LORD KNOWS-WHO.

THE ancient park of Whetstone is at the back of the verdant fields of the Inn of Lincoln, and is approached by a range of hills from the east, commencing with the Mountain of Snow, with the little valley of Farringdon at its foot, and terminating westward in the rising slopes of Holborn. Having gained the summit, a palace, that looks like the abode of spirits*, stands prominently on the right; and a little further up, the gardens of Hatton, where Sir Christopher doubtless "danced on the green," arrest the attention of the traveller. The rents of Fulwood and the

DISCOVERING THE LONGITUDE.

buildings of Bartlett are visible on the left, and further on are two little lanes, whose sides seem to hug each other, so closely are they drawn together, and which constitute the well-known avenues, so shady and so snug, of Leather and Fetter. Talking of leather, we naturally think of Shoe, whose modest little lane stands unassumingly at the foot of the hill, and from which the game may be seen in profusion at the well-known preserve in the immediate vicinity.

The park of Whetstone is approached through a little turnstile on the left, and is buried in the bosom of its own romantic scenery. The building itself is in the old Anglo-Saxon school, and though some have considered it to be in the irregular Gothic, others maintain that it is in the regular (St. Giles's) Greek style of architecture. The principal range of building presents an uneven *facade*, and the basement is occupied chiefly by stables, while the windows of the upper stories are ornamented with draperies hung on the outside, by means of a mop-stick stuck in the wall, to the end of which pieces of string are fastened, and are brought back at an acute angle, to which there are various hangings, in the style of the early days of Norman chivalry.

The Lord Knows-who has long been the occupant of Whetstone-park, keeping up but little state, and living in the rude fashion of our Saxon forefathers, existing chiefly by the chase; for Whetstone-park is noted as the locality of Sheriff's officers. The park contains but little game, though the feathered tribe are very numerous within its precincts, and the common domestic fowl sports freely on the various dunghills that are thrown up along the full length of the domain we are alluding to.

The parks of the metropolis are usually called its lungs; but Whetstone may be compared to one of its nostrils. We now take leave of the seat of the Lord Knows-who, advising our readers to visit the scene we have described at their very first convenience.

A MOVEMENT AMONGST THE PARKS.

BARON PARKE was seen yesterday walking in Hyde Park; and a Park of Artillery has been ordered up from Woolwich to Windsor Park, on the occasion of the Royal Christening.

* Thompson and Fearon's.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE WELSH RABBIT.

PHYSIOLOGY. The species of rabbit of which we are about to treat is distinguished from all other by the peculiarity of its integument which strongly resembles a tanned hide, as though nature had provided this small animal with a pair of leather breeches.

GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION. The first introduction of this animal into England is supposed to have occurred in the time of the renowned King Arthur, one of whose serving men it is chronicled "ate toasted cheese"

"Till his mouth was like a mouse-trap."

This gentleman consequently is supposed to have been the Raleigh of Welsh Rabbits. They are now to be found burrowing in great plenty in Cyder cellars and Coal-holes in the neighbourhood of the Strand. They may also be met with in old Edinbro' Castle, and have a warren about the Wrekin.

REPRODUCTION. These animals are produced out of double Wiltshire and half a round cut from a half quartern loaf. They are not very difficult to generate, but require the application of heat on the Eccalobeion principle for their full development. They have been found occasionally to throw off a troublesome variety known as the *nightmare*.

SETTING A LITTLE PORTER ON A WAITER.

FOOD. The articles principally consumed by these animals are "Joeys," or fourpenny pieces, but they are found to become remarkably fat upon sixpences. Some fanciers bring them up with mustard, which is found to improve their constitution.

Fashions of the Week.

BUT few alterations have taken place in the fashions during the week; blue seems to be the prevailing colour—particularly on the tips of the noses. The face in many instances appears rather full on one side, and with a light trimming of Welsh flannel has a very unique effect. Drops are rarely worn in the ears, but are frequently seen in the eye since the cold weather set in. The hair is still generally worn by gentlemen under the hat, though some distinguished fashionables allow it to appear sticking out at the crown. Several coats have appeared in Covent Garden Market elegantly slashed; this mode is likely to become general in Drury Lane, and is well adapted for

A GENTLEMAN IN STRAIGHTENED CIRCUMSTANCES.

MONODY ON THE GIRAFFE,

WHICH FELL OUT OF MR. WOMBWELL'S CARAVAN, AND EXPIRED AT NORWICH.

THEY say this lot
Died upon the spot—
But in *spots* she was so rich,
I wonder which?

Mansion-House. P. LAURIE, Knt.

THE "PUFF PAPERS."

"I HAVE great pleasure," said Mr. Arden, at our next meeting, "in presenting you with another paper from my friend Peter Wilmot, and as the evening is somewhat advanced, I will at once proceed with

Fred Gahagan and his Coffin.

YOU may perhaps remember that I lately narrated how a very scurvy indignity was put upon me, Peter Wilmot, Lieutenant in the 54th Regiment, M.N.I., by exposing me in the suds to the laughter and derision of a crowded theatre. The author and contriver of this "peculiarly perplexing position" I had too good reason to believe was a gentleman who never hesitated between his friend and his joke, videlicet—the ne'er-do-weel Fred Gahagan; and as it was an affront I could not altogether pouch up, I resolved to wait patiently until "the whirligig of time should bring about his revenges," by enabling me to pay off the youth in his own coin.

An opportunity of effecting this did not occur for a year afterwards, during which interval our corps had marched from Bangalore for the garrison of Masulipatam, and I had been appointed Adjutant of the regiment.

Masulipatam was at that time very unhealthy, on account of an epidemic intermittent fever, which carried off great numbers of the officers and men of the different regiments stationed there. Amongst the rest, the 54th did not escape, for besides losing several men within two days, we 'expended' our Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and a subaltern.

Fred Gahagan, who had never been ill in his life before, was laid on his beam-ends by a severe attack of this rascally malady, and shaved, blistered, and physicked after the most approved fashion. The usual remedial appliances, however, proved ineffectual to stay the progress of the disorder, and in a few days poor Gahagan was pronounced by a conclave of doctors to be "bespoke." We were all much grieved at this intelligence, for Fred was a favourite with everybody; as for me, notwithstanding the ill-conditioned tricks he now and then played me, I loved the fellow as the apple of my eye, and as far as my regimental duties would permit, had been with him constantly from the commencement of his illness.

One evening after he had been delirious for two days, I met our Assistant-surgeon coming out of the sick-room, who told me, with a melancholy shake of his head, that in all probability poor Fred would not last through the night. "He has been calling for beer," added the kind-hearted pill; "you may give him some if you like, for it don't matter what he takes now, poor boy!"

I entered the bed-room with a heavy heart. The delirium had left him; my poor friend knew me, and seemed quite composed and tranquil. "Can I do anything for you, my dear fellow?" said I with a husky voice, bending down to catch his reply. "Peter," he muttered feebly, "give me some beer." I made a sign to his servant, who was blubbering in a corner of the room, to bring a bottle, from which I poured out a large glassful, and, supporting the sick man with one arm, with the other held the liquid to his lips. He swallowed every drop of it, and sank back again on his pillow. I wrapped him up carefully with a couple of blankets, and he soon fell asleep, breathing fully and regularly.

Next morning the astonished doctor, when he made his appearance, found his patient, instead of being "a moist, damp, unpleasant body," as Mr. Mantalini has it, in a calm slumber, and covered from head to foot with a warm perspiration. In three weeks, with the exception of a bald pate, and a slight emaciation of his muscular frame, Fred Gahagan was himself again, and ready for all his old mischief*.

Every person has his or her peculiar dislikes. Shylock says,—

> Some men there are love not a gaping pig.
> Some that are mad if they behold a cat.

Now Fred Gahagan's mortal antipathy was a coffin; by some kink in his moral idiosyncrasy he could not abide to look on one, or even to hear the word mentioned in his presence; and I have known this man, who would have walked up to the gun muzzles of an enemy's battery without winking an eye-lid, turn pale and tremble when giving the word of command to his men at a funeral party.

It was upon this gentle weakness of Frederick's that I resolved to act, and in order to give effect to my design, took into my confidence one to whom the thing was a labour of love. My confederate was a little squab Musselman, called Sheik Yusuf, with small black eyes, whose restless twinkle indicated much humour and intelligence. He rejoiced in a mouth of such extensive dimensions that when he opened it, his visage appeared to be suddenly cut in two; nose he had little or none, but in lieu thereof a pair of large orifices, which he kept continually loaded with snuff, so that they bore no unapt resemblance to a brace of unlighted pipes, and above this inviting physiognomy predominated a huge white turban, out-Heroding the largest I have ever seen, which, in a multiplicity of swaths, enveloped his ears and the upper part of his head.

Yusuf was the principal furniture-maker at Masulipatam, and by diligence and industry in his calling had already amassed, it was said, a couple of lacs of rupees. Unlike natives in general, he affected much the society of Europeans, and his humorous conversation and frank *bonhomie*, made him much liked amongst us. Nothing delighted him more than an invitation to spend the evening at one of our houses, when he would throw overboard the exterior gravity of demeanour considered essential in all natives of any consideration, and spurning the tee-total prohibition of his prophet, swig down his glass of Hodson with a jollity and gusto worthy of Fat Jack himself. In his youth he had served for some years in the French service at Pondicherry, where he picked up a number of Gallic military interjections, which it was his pleasure to sport on all occasions, so that his conversation with us consisted of a strange mosaic of Hindostani, broken English, and French, the meaning of which it was sometimes difficult to disentangle, especially after honest Sheik had swallowed a glass or two of his favourite tipple.

It might be some six weeks after Fred had so narrowly escaped slipping his wind, that a palanquin entered the compound of his bungalow, was rattled up to the verandah amidst the cacophonous cries and grunts of the bearers, placed on the ground, and from its interior out rolled the rotund corporation of Sheik Yusuf Bahadur.

"Salaam, Gahagan Sahib!—*comment va l'état de vot' santé?* Inshalla—you get better now, saar? *Mille cartouchès!*—that fever very bad business."

"How goes it with thee, Sheik, old boy? Yes, I'm all right now, thank you. Sha'n't be sodded this time, I hope;—no thanks to the doctor though—cured myself with beer—think of that, Sheik!"

"By gosh, I *bhoot khūsh*[1] werry glad hear you say that, Sahib. Everybody say you must be dead—*ho chooha*[2]—done, finished—*sacré mille bombes!*"

"No—no, Sheik, I don't intend to cut this life until I've sent a few more jorums of beer and brandy-*pam* down your red way; but what's that you've got in your hand there?"

"*Koochneheeny, Sahib*[3]—nothing, sir; leetle bill I got in master's name—*diantre!*"

"Is it a bill for me? Faith, I like the sight of one about as well as old Nick does holy water. Sheik, I'm ashamed of you, I thought you had more manners than to bring such a thing to an old friend like me. Well, well, hand it over, old cut-and-thrust."

"Now by the paper of Moses, what's this?" cried Fred, examining with much horror and astonishment the following document, which Yusuf presented to him with a profound salaam:—

"Lieut. Gahagin, Dr.

To Sheik Yusuf.

1 Coffin, with ornimint compleat—Rupees . . . 75

Rs. 75

Recd. Payt. Sheik Yusuf."

"Rupees seventy-five!" murmured Fred to himself in a kind of bewilderment.

"That very cheaper," cried Yusuf, seeming to suppose that his customer deemed the demand an exorbitant one; "two month gone I make Colonel Simkin Sahib one coffin, *triple cannonade—do sow rupia*[4] two hundred rupee I charge Colonel Sahib; but Gahagan Sahib my friend, *oos wasti*[5]; therefore I say myself, this time I make cheaper—put seventy-five rupee—*bus*[6] that 'nough, *sacré bleu!*"

"Cheaper!" shouted the now infuriated Fred; "why, you heathen vagabond, what do you mean? Who sent you here?"

"Send, saar!" hallooed the disciple of Mahommed, much scandalized at being thus unceremoniously dubbed a heathen by his friend "Gahagan Sahib."—"Ajitant Wilmot send, saar. Sahib werry sick know. That time Ajitant Wilmot call me, say, 'Sheik Yusuf, I werry sorry to tell you, Gahagan Sahib got strong fever—doctor say this night *mur jaega*[7], he will die. One coffin *juldee bunao*[8], make quickly; to-morrow morning we bury.' Good praaper coffin I make—Sahib never die—no use for him that coffin. What I do? *Mille mille baïonettes*, somebody must pay. I take bill Ajitant Wilmot, Ajitant Sahib order me to come to master; therefore I come?"

So saying, the exemplary Musselman wiped his sable countenance with the end of his waist-shawl, and made an attempt to insinuate a pinch of snuff into his already surcharged nostrils.

"Oh, oh! Master Wilmot sold me this bargain, did he?" said the resuscitated Frederick, calming down a little—"deuce take me if ever I heard of a dirtier trick. Here,

* Le vrai n'est pas toujours le vraisemblable.—The above incident is fact.

[1] *Bhoot khush*, very glad.
[2] *Ho chooha*, done, finished.
[3] *Koochneheeny, Sahib*, nothing, Sir.
[4] *Do sow rupia*, two hundred rupees.
[5] *Oos wasti*, therefore [6] *Bus*, enough.
[7] *Mur jaega*, he will die.
[8] *Juldee bunao*, make quickly.

I say, Sheik, take this bit of paper back to Mr. Wilmot, with my compliments, and say that as he ordered the article he had better pay for it, and keep it for his own particular behoof. He has been looking very yellow about the gills lately, and I'm much mistaken if he won't soon have occasion for it."

"Not a bit of it, Fred, my darling," cried I, popping my head from behind an outside angle of the verandah where, *perdu*, I had been listening with intense enjoyment to the above colloquy,—"not a bit of it; I'll live to plague you a trifle longer yet. The story about the coffin is all a hum; and now, my boy, I'm almost even with you for Lady Macbeth."

"Peter, you villain of the world, you deserve to be curried alive for this: I've not felt so uncomfortable since the time I was nearly shopped at Madras by that scoundrel tailor Garty, for a paltry debt of three hundred rupees."

"Never mind, my lad, I forgive you. Sheik Yusuf, you *kumbucht*[9], if you value my friendship and your own beard, let no inducement persuade you to become art and part of an iniquitous proceeding like this again. Boy, open two bottles of beer, I'm thirsty with so much talking."

PITCHING IT RATHER HIGH.

A Boston paper contains an account of a nigger who fell from a cliff thirty feet high and pitched on his head upon a rock without sustaining any injury. The editor must have wonderful faith in the softness of his readers' heads if he thinks they will swallow his story of the hard-pated nigger.

A MAN OF SOLID PARTS.

PUNCH'S GUIDE TO TRADE.

The Crossing-Sweeper.

INTRODUCTION.

The crossing-sweeper's art is one of great antiquity, though Pliny says nothing of it; nor do we find it alluded to earlier than the time of Hannibal, who swept an immense crossing over the Alps at the head of his army. In later times Napoleon swept the very same crossing, having previously taken his stand upon the bridge of Lodi, which he is known to have swept with considerable cleverness. Buonaparte not only swept the places alluded to, but he is said to have scoured nearly the whole of Europe, and to have gone far beyond the ordinary pale when he deluged the whole of Italy.

Among the elements also we find a most illustrious crossing-sweeper in our old friend Boreas, who habitually for some time past has swept the broad Atlantic, as well as the lesser crossing between Dover and Calais.

HINTS TO YOUNG BEGINNERS.

When you have once resolved upon adopting the trade of crossing-sweeping your first care will be to provide yourself with a stand, which should be selected in a leading thoroughfare; but this is difficult, on account of vested interests. We would not recommend too long a crossing, for it is more troublesome than a short one, and not so profitable, for people who pass it are too anxious to get out of the way of carriages to think of feeling in their pockets for the purpose of charity. A crossing in a quiet neighbourhood, where people have time to be moved without being compelled to keep moving, is certainly the best, and it will be found that those who retire the soonest from the sweeping business are those who have adopted the localities alluded to.

APPRENTICESHIP.

Before we enter on the subject of apprenticeship we may as well observe that the word apprentice is very old and is to be found in the earlier editions of George Barnwell. We notice the matter in the course of our guide to trade simply for the purpose of stating that in crossing-sweeping no apprenticeship is required.

It may be said of the sweeper as of the poet—*Nascitur non fit.* Whoever likes the *nasty* business is *fit* for it.

THE STOCK-IN-TRADE.

The young beginner should buy a broom, and should be particularly careful to have very long twigs in it, so that by a peculiar piece of legerdemain, or slight of besom, mud may be thrown up into the faces of those who never have any halfpence. The shabby part of the public soon begin to understand this hint, and provide themselves with copper accordingly.

GENERAL REMARKS.

The directions of *Jack Rag* will of course be borne in mind, namely, to cover up after the labours of the day by sweeping all the mud back again. This teaches people to appreciate the labours of a very industrious class of individuals. We have not heard whether the projected law of copyright will bestow a copyright on crossings. If it does, the heirs of the man with the wooden leg at Charing-Cross will reap, or rather sweep the benefit.

Perhaps the best of modern sweepers is the man in Trafalgar-square, who keeps clear an enormous tract which none but a most capacious mind would ever have thought of grasping. He is the boldest sweeper of his age, for we have seen him, single-handed with his broom, amid crowds of vehicles, regardless of the cries of cads or the curses of coachmen. For a more refined style of sweeping we prefer the elderly female who persists in standing with a broom in Panton-square, though as scarcely any one ever penetrates so far, it must be pure love for the art, and not a sordid motive that prompts her to follow it.

We ought not to omit to notice the unwearied exertions of a woman in the Quadrant, who is continually sweeping without any effect; for as soon as the slightest clearance is made it is covered over by the enormous traffic of vehicles. We have always venerated this person as the Sisyphus of crossing-sweepers.

[9] *Kumbucht*, a fellow of little luck.

"A POST OBIT."

The "Post" has recently been made the dupe of a madman, and published a heart-rending account of the destruction of the village of Coome Down, which, owing to the falling in of a quarry, was said to have been razed to the ground. The hoax has since been contradicted, which Mr. Selby says, "is an indication that the village is still on its legs, and has no tendency to *coome down*."

A PRIVATE COMMUNICATION.

ON CECIL STREET, STRAND.

At the top of the street many lawyers abound,
Below, at the bottom, the barges are found:
Fly, Honesty, fly to a safer retreat,
For there's craft in the river, and craft in the street.

STANLEY AND THE BRICK-BATS.

A CORN-LAW PARABLE.

This is evidently not an age for the appreciation of parables. The beauty of an allegory, however beautiful, is lost upon this hard-headed, money-getting generation; a serious truth seriously illustrated within these few past days. Somebody sent Lord Stanley an apocryphal present from a foreign potentate; and received some sixty shillings or so for dues of custom. Well, my Lord and Lady Stanley—we believe, newly returned from Windsor, still glowing with the hospitable bounty of the royal board—hurried to delight their eyes with the contents of the package, which—says the prosaic reporters of what in their ignorance they call a fraud—was opened in their presence. The noble Lord was, perhaps, dreaming of some rare MSS. of the Abyssinian Church—her Ladyship, perhaps, expecting china vases and cashmere shawls, when—out tumbled sundry brick-bats! Hereupon, my Lord and Lady screamed "robbery"—"fraud"—and there is straightway communication made to the police.

Now, who with half an ounce of brains, does not see in this a fine reproof of tory policy! Is not the whole transaction a parable of the Corn Laws! When Lord Stanley has his mouth watering for a delicious morsel, what does he think of brick-bats? It is bad enough in this way to be balked of a luxury; but how when it comes to daily bread—how then to have nothing but brick-bats! When a humble philosopher sends this great practical lesson to a lord, loud is the outcry, great is the indignation, vehement the call for justice upon the poor rogue who has pocketed sixty shillings. It is swindling in one of the people to send brick-bats to lords, but how—when millions cry for bread—how, when lords give only brick-bats to the people!

It is said that Sir Robert Peel has expressed deep sympathy with Lord Stanley, on what he considers an infamous trick. At all events, we have no doubt that Sir Robert will make due retaliation on the people at large. In a short time Parliament will assemble; and when that precious ministerial package, the Queen's speech, is opened, when all the nations hold their hats and spread their aprons for foreign corn, we will bet at least an inch of our nose that out will tumble—brick-bats!

THE ROYAL CHRISTENING.

Extensive preparations are being made for this interesting event throughout the metropolis. Bed-rooms and dressing-rooms have been fitted up at Frogmore for thirty of Her Majesty's guests, and the sleeping apartments in the dry arches of Waterloo-bridge will, it is expected, be fully occupied. The Round Tower at Windsor—and the Bow-street Police Station-house—have also been prepared to afford accommodation for several distinguished visitors.

The aisles and passages of St. George's Chapel will be covered with patent matting, and the ring in Batty's Circus will be laid down with a coat of fresh saw-dust.

No additional fires will be placed in Cardinal Wolsey's Hall—a similar arrangement will be generally adopted in the apartments of the indigent classes of society.

A grand march, selected from the Opera of "Hercules," will be performed in St. George's Chapel during the ceremony—and the beautiful melody, "Nix my Dolly," selected from the Opera of "Jack Sheppard," will be executed on the mouth-organ by Mr. Snozzles in Crown-court. Thirteen state carriages will be sent down to Windsor from the Royal Mews, Pimlico—and several omnibuses will proceed from the Bank to Charing-Cross—on which occasion the cads will all wear their respective badges.

The principal state carriage will be drawn by six cream-coloured horses—and Jim Muggin's "private wehicle" will be drawn by his own mouse-coloured donkey.

Punch's Theatre.

ELENA UBERTI.

"A GRAND tragic opera"—all Italian except the words, and all music except the monotonous recitatives and the bad singing of the inferior performers—has its attractions for dilettanti who adore Mercadante, and for genuine play-goers who worship the name of Kemble. Thus it happened that Covent Garden Theatre was, last Saturday night, crammed from the lower regions upwards.

Those who are conversant with the choice Italian of Guicciardini, Machiavelli, Sismondi, &c., must be aware that an amusement pretty generally indulged in during the middle ages was especially popular—or more correctly de-popular—amongst the Guelphs and Ghibellines; namely, that of cutting throats. The latter, having been the tories of the times, usually had the best of it; so that the whigs, or Guelphs, got their hair cut with their heads attached at an awful rate; though, thank Heaven, enough of them was left to found a House of Brunswick, and to cause the descent of the present reign—so here's the Queen! God bless her! not forgetting her husband-cousin and the princely babies!—with the honours, "Hip, hip, hip, huzza!" (You are to know, excellent reader, that we are writing upon egged sherry, which our dear Judy has, in the warmth of her heart, and from the coldness of the night, made somewhat potent—which fully accounts for the logical flow of ideas that so coherently mix up a tragic opera, with cut-throats, Mercadante, and our beloved monarch. Well, one more glass; then *rêvenons à nos moutons*, and to that lamb of innocent suffering Elena Uberti.)

The plot of the opera is founded upon one of those cut-throat's anecdotes which so plentifully enliven the pages of Italian history, is seasoned with a few dashes of treachery, and interspersed with the usual modicum of despair and love. When the first scene is displayed, we behold Count Ubaldo di Collalto seated in the stage attitude for despondency; his elbow resting on a table, his fingers tightly grasping his wig, without any regard to the curls. There is a chorus of burly men, who shout as loud as their lungs will let them, so as to afford the Count their tender consolation. But Ubaldo dismisses them because, perhaps, they make such a horrible din.

Count Guido Sanvitale now introduces himself by exclaiming "Friend of my bosom," and proving his words by inflicting upon Ubaldo a severe hug. *He* is also in the doldrums; a gentleman and a viceroy, named Boemondo, having threatened to bestow his daughter upon him, he unpolitely declares "his soul abhors" the poor girl; for which, however, he has some excuse, for he is going to marry Elena Uberto that very night. Now this is the damsel who has caused Ubaldo's dumps, and the two lovers of the same lady mingle their griefs in a duet.

In the next scene the heroine appears. Though her father, a Guelph, is banished, she is in ecstasies, for she is going to be married, and expresses her delight in a scena which contains several braces of shakes and roulades enough to drown one up to the ears in liquid strains poured forth from the *viols* of an obligato accompaniment. Elena's solo is soon duetised, by the entrance of her father, who, at considerable risk of his neck, has come to ask her how she does; but before she has time to tell him, even in semiquavers, on comes *Ubaldo*—having kindly waited till *Sigifredo*, the father, has secreted himself.

Ubaldo's business is simply to intimate that Elena must not marry his bosom friend, *Guido*, but himself. She declines the honour; and he, without more ado, summons his retainers to force her away. The abduction is immediately commenced, but interrupted. "Who bars *Ubaldo's* way!" inquires the Count; whereupon *Sigifredo* appears to answer the question, by giving vent to several bars of a C natural on the syllables "a Fa-a-a-a——" which would seem interminable if it did not drop down an octave on "ther." After that all three set to work upon a trio, and when they are exhausted with the stamping and gesticulative as well as vocal exertion it requires, the chorus comes on to give them breathing time and to arrest *Sigifredo*; whom they afterwards sentence to solos for the rest of his life; condemning him to solitary confinement with as little remorse as if they were caging a bull-finch.

Boemondo and *Ubaldo* open the second act, in order that *Elena* might come on to plead to them for her father's life. This they agree to spare if she will marry the Count, and after some hesitation *Miss Uberti* consents. *Ubaldo* is in raptures, and raves as follows:—

> Ah, more warm—more wild each day,
> Shall my passion burn before thee;
> Fair as saint of poet's lay,
> How shall lover blest adore thee?
> &c. &c.

Trying, one would suppose, to increase the contempt she already feels for him, by singing the most silly nonsense it would be possible for a man without brains to utter.

The next scene—a very magnificent one—is chiefly occupied by a procession, a chorus, and a quarrel—the last between *Guido* and *Ubaldo*, which ends in smoke, and finishes the act.

Guido and *Elena* next go through a most affecting scene. Here some mutual recrimination takes place in two-four time *agitato*, which, when they come to an agreement to marry each other's rivals, subsides into a soothing six-eight; but ends with a *coda* uncommonly *forte* in common time.

In the next and last scene the time changes again: it is night, and an exquisite representation of a cathedral is presented to us. *Guido's* marriage procession appears, and *Elena* is there to witness it. To her it is by no means an agreeable sight, and she vents her feelings in poignant recitative during the performance of a hymn in the interior of the cathedral. When the hymn is over, the catastrophe begins. *Elena* learns that, although she has promised her hand against her will to *Ubaldo*, yet her father has been murdered by order of the viceroy *Boemondo*. Upon this she steals her husband-expectant's dagger—stabs herself in the key of E major, and the curtain falls to these poetical words in chorus:—

> "Ah! stay thine hand! Too late!
> 'Tis done!"

which, with our other quotation, may be taken as an honest sample of the "bold, disjointed chat" in which this grand tragic opera is chanted.

To the learned in the works of the best operatic writers, a "grand tragic opera" by Mercadante, Donizetti, or Pacini, must suggest the idea of a symphony of Beethoven played upon a German flute, or a Weber overture arranged for a one-handed accordion. The monotonous mannerism of these composers—their constant repetition of the same phrases, their eternal choice of the same keys, the poverty of their accompaniments—causes the amateur to guess pretty nearly what he is going to hear before he enters the theatre, whether it is to be a tragic or a comic opera. In *Elena Uberti* there are, during the progress of its really well-constructed plot, some situations in which the heroine is placed where opportunities for the musical expression of the deepest, most intense, emotion occur; but are made use of by Mercadante as opportunities for the display of the common-place prettinesses, which are always tuned by him and his class to the same pitch; the seldom varying recitative, followed by an andante, with the everlasting arpeggio accompaniment; the allegro in short notes and common time, with the never-failing *contra-tempo* passage for the orchestra; the working-up movement to introduce the coda and the double forte, with the screech on the fifth of the key to end it, form the specification upon which the Italian *maestri* have taken out their patent for setting everything to music, "either for tragedy, comedy, pastoral, scene indivisible, or poem unlimited."

For this reason the music of "Elena Uberti" would answer a great deal better for a ballet or a lyrical comedy (it being of so light and flippant a character), than for the grave and exalted department of tragedy. The duet which opens the third act, for example, between *Elena* and her lover, when each is doomed from circumstances to marry another, is of a precisely similar character, and makes nearly the same impression upon the hearer as the scena in the first act, in which *Elena* gives way to all the anticipations of happiness and love (the *aria* of which is by Pacini.) In short the music is no more in accordance with the story than that belonging to the "Beggar's Opera."

Miss Adelaide Kemble gave a new proof of her unapproached proficiency by making Mercadante more than endurable. The first scena was a masterpiece of the vocal art. Of the other performers we have no space to speak, which is very lucky for some of them.

The manner in which the opera is put upon the stage must be characterised as superb. The costume is correct, and in accordance with the times; at least we are bound so to believe, for the manager hints as much. At all events it is gorgeous. The scenery is beyond all praise. In fact the worst portions of this "grand tragic opera" are the music and words.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

WE understand that Dr. Snooks S. O. F. T. has determined to publish his elegant treatise on "Snow-balls." It is to be hot-pressed, and instead of being bound in cloth will be neatly done up in flannel.

It is expected that Mr. Dionysius Dilworth will dedicate his essay on the "Sliding Scale," to the members of the Skating club.

Pitts the spirited publisher of little St. Andrew Street, Seven Dials, is preparing for publication another edition of "All round my Hat." In order to meet the rage for illustration he has added a very tasteful vignette of a hat *à la Vandyke*, that is to say, going up into a point in the centre. It will be objected that this is an anachronism, but Pitts was never a man who stood upon trifles.

TAKING A PORTRAIT.

We have heard it whispered that a gentleman moving in the Penny-a-line circles contemplates publishing a complete collection of accidents that have appeared from his pen during the last few months. This will be a most interesting work of fiction, and from the known playfulness of the writer's fancy a rich treat may be looked for.

The little anonymous volume on the character of "Old Gooseberry" has not yet appeared. It is said to embrace some curious disclosures on the subject of sparkling champagne, which is chiefly advertised as *Walker's*.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

V.—OF COMMENCING THE FESTIVITIES.

THE assemblage of people, who in their mass compose an evening *réunion*, may be very safely divided into four classes; viz.—those who go to the party, and those who give it; those who give and seldom go (a very few); and those who go and seldom give — by far the greatest proportion. Our business is at present, however, with the first two species.

Nine o'clock strikes as the last *arcana* of the toilet are completed, and mama and the daughters descend to the drawing-room to superintend the final arrangements before the guests arrive. At this precise period the eldest son of the family, who was requested to be dressed and have his room all tidy by the appointed time, throws the whole household into hysterics, by giving a thundering knock at the door before any of the candles are lighted as he comes home in an extremity of haste, but withal exceedingly jolly, from dining with some men in chambers, "with not the least idea that it was so late."

Every bachelor knows that the operation which women term "putting his room to rights" implies hiding all his things with the keenest ingenuity, so that they can never be found by any means short of a divining-rod. This is the case at present, and fresh confusion is created by the young gentleman's unceasing applications for clean towels, warm water, other boots, his governor's razors, and somebody to rout out the rings and buttons of his white waistcoat: together with various assertions over the stairs, that he can neither find his gloves, shirts, pocket-handkerchiefs, nor his all-vanquishing satin stock with the gold sprigs. In the midst of all this, one of the daughters, who has been peeping through the blinds, announces that a carriage stops at the door; upon which news the brother is left to shift for himself, and the servants fly down the stairs as if they were fire-escapes, or Russian mountains.

Rat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat! bang!! bang!!! bang!!!! goes the knocker, with a force that makes the hearts of the inmates jump into their throats, and almost tempts them to believe that there is a concerted design upon the street-door. Mama takes her post of reception at the door: one daughter gives a lightning glance round the room to see that everything is in its place, and flings behind the sofa a very good imitation of a duster, which one of the servants has left behind; and the other having burnt her fingers and smoked her gloves in the futile attempt to kindle the stubborn wick of an impossible lamp with German china transparencies, throws the lighted *allumette* upon the carpet and rushes to her mother's side, with the alacrity of a stage peasant not in his place when the bell rings for the curtain to rise.

It is an awful minute of suspense whilst the first-comers are taking coffee in the study, or back parlour, or library, or whatever name the small room overlooking the leads is known by; and the expression "I wonder who it is!" escapes simultaneously from the lips of the mother, the daughters, and the useful friend. At length, the coffee being swallowed, as if it was a necessary and high moral duty so to do, and the shawls being entrusted to the housemaid, who appears, for that night only, as a female pawnbroker of private life issuing duplicates and receiving interest, the visitors are announced. "Mr. and Miss Chamberlayne!" screams the page at the foot of the stairs, in a voice that varies in the most extraordinary style from a deep bass to a falsetto; "Mr. and Miss Chimlyn!" exclaims the greengrocer on the first landing; "Mr. and Mrs. Chilblain!" vociferates the footman at the drawing-room door, and the couple enter the room. There is a welcome and a salutation

—an expression of poignant sorrow at being informed that Mrs. Chamberlayne has the influenza, and is compelled to remain at home; and then, as nobody else arrives for a quarter of an hour, that period is passed in conversation of the most brilliant and exciting kind. Miss Chamberlayne admires some Chinese feather screens, which she has seen fifty times before—hazarding, at the same time, some faint meteorological remarks, and inquiring of the young ladies of the house "what new music they have got," and "if they have been out to-day;" whilst Mr. Chamberlayne instinctively holds his hands to the fireplace, which is filled with silver paper, water-lilies, and real evergreens, as he thinks his gloves look very well after being cleaned, only they feel very slippery, and retain a queer smell, something between soft soap and turpentine.

Imperceptibly the guests arrive, and the conversation rises to a slight buzz as the hostess vandykes about from one party to the other, putting questions to all without waiting for the answers; or if she does, allowing them to perform the anatomically-impossible journey through her brain of "in at one ear and out at the other." And with all their intended civility, these would-be attentive queries are sometimes exceedingly awkward; more particularly if you ask after dead people, matches that are quite off, or relations who have not been heard of "since they were engaged in that unpleasant affair."

It has frequently struck us when the lady of the house has been sailing about the room in all the pride of her ball costume, what a very different appearance she presented some six or eight hours previously, when she donned a pair of old kid gloves to dust the alabaster gimcracks and China teacups on the chiffonier, for fear the servant should break them. And yet this is but life in its simplest and most natural antithesis. The glove that has pressed the hand of some lovely girl descends from the ball-room to the boxes of the theatre, thence to the litter-drawer of your dressing-table, amongst faded flowers, old straps, empty Circassian cream-pots, broken brace-ends, worn-out razors, and pieces of playbills; and finally, the housemaid wears it to black the stoves in: the dress coat gradually comes into the office, and then to the cad who hangs about your chambers; or, by reversing the scale, the ball *bouquet* of flowers, which some drunken old basketwoman has carried about upon her head through half the gin-shops in London, whilst waiting for "the market," rises to such value, that you would not exchange a single flower, presented to you by its lovely owner, for all the choicest plants in the Pantheon Conservatory or Covent Garden.

"Hold your jaw," as the man said when his head was in the lion's mouth.
"You'll break my heart," as the oak said to the hatchet.

PUNCH'S PANORAMA

OF THE

PROCEEDINGS UPON LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF THE NEW ROYAL EXCHANGE.

HERE's a capital description of what took place at the Royal Exchange the other day;
The pictures ain't done by Mr. Stanfield, nor Mr. Grieve, nor Messrs. Pitt and Tomkins; but you'll admire them, we dare say.
We only wish they'd been published before the ceremony's celebration,
And we've not the least doubt the Right Honourable Lord Mayor would have sent us, as he did the *Times* reporter, an especial invitation,

Which we should have accepted at once; but, as it's over, we don't mind it;
Though Prince Albert has sent a card to us since to come down to Windsor and see him, but we've declined it.
But, *apropos de bottes*, we'll at once commence our descriptive panorama,
Which, if set to music by Mr. J. H. Tully or Mr. Johnny Blewitt, would be worthy the attention of Chappel, Lavenu, Duff and Hodgson, D'Almaine or Addison, Beale and Cramer.

THIS is Prince Albert, who really display'd
Such a wondrous genius for spreading the mortar,
You'd have thought he was wedded for life to the trade,
And not, as he is, to the Duke of Kent's daughter.

This is the architect, great Mister Tite,
Who walk'd upright, as well he might,
With extreme delight, that this beautiful sight,
Through Mr. Tite was now all right.

This is the Mayor who provided the feast,
Which was sung in the rhymes of some *Port*oken poet,
And was quoted by Ripon in Scotch—or at least
'Twould have been so had Ripon but happen'd to know it.

These are the Aldermen—Laurie's compeers,
Judges and *gourmands*—the mace and the myrtle,
Who are versed in the laws of "Hip, hip, and three cheers!"
And love equity nearly as well as their turtle.

These are the Sheriffs, who, with every dish,
Put in a distress for the goods of the belly;
And Mr. Recorder, who *tries* all the fish,
Then proceeds to pass judgment on ven'son and jelly.

These are the Deputy Sheriffs, who are
Intent on the duty—of cramming their maws:
At the Mansion-House greater than Red Lion-square,
Being much better judges of dinners than laws.

This is a Marshal, upon "a cock-horse,"
And would give half-a-crown to be safe on his feet;
But the danger he braves, for a Marshal, of course,
If not *à la* Ducrow, would be far from complete.

Then next come the Beadles, who're pretty well fed,
And seem deeply impress'd with the pride of their state;
Then follow the Bargemen, bedizen'd in red,
And looking like lobsters prepared for the fête.

These are the Charity Boys, who appear
To have sniff'd of the turtle and dined upon pea,
And having been blown out with anthems and beer,
Were all made as happy as paupers should be.

This is the Policeman mark'd 10—letter Z;
Who, anxious to prove that the peace he maintains,
Sets to work with his staff on an old woman's head,
And silenced her by the loss of her brains.

These are the little Boys shouting "Huzza!"
With their faces begrimed, and their feet all bemiry,
And fancying this is a new Lord Mayor's day,
Cry, "Long live the Queen, and Alderman Pirie!"

THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

ING Frederick of Prussia having been engaged for a limited period, and at a very considerable expense, to strengthen the cast of the Royal Christening, had the honour the other day of making his first appearance before a British audience.

In compliance with the hint thrown out by the *Times*, his Majesty takes notes of everything, and when he found, on landing, the Greenwich pensioners drawn up in files—precious old files some of them—to receive him, he pulled out his pencil and took portraits of a great number of the veterans.

In the course of the day he went all over the hospital, and on being shown the sleeping ward, he rolled himself on several of the beds, by way of testing their comfort. He drank a mug of ale, and tried on one of the three-cornered hats, which he said he thought he should introduce into his own dominions.

GETTING A-HEAD OF HIM.

His Majesty is a fine man, having an opening at the lower part of the face immediately between the lips, and one of his features projects over the mouth, which has within it two rows of a hard bony substance. His Majesty's tongue, as far as we could judge, appears to be about the ordinary size, coming to a point at the end, and communicating at the other extremity with the Royal gullet.

The royal whiskers are somewhat bushy, and when His Majesty is talking with animation every hair appears to sympathise. Immediately below the forehead, and just over the cheek bones, there are two fissures, in which there are two moveable balls of a dark but brilliant nature, which are perpetually passing from one side to the other of a whitish space, and giving great expression to His Prussian Majesty's countenance, and His Majesty's brow is slightly fluted, and there is a small indentation in the centre of the upper lip, which it is believed is common to all Prussians.

His Majesty wore on his head a round, or rather an oval-shaped hat, of beaver; and a little above his chin might be seen a white collar. In other respects there was nothing peculiar in the King of Prussia's dress; but in compliment to the hero who met Prince Albert at Greenwich, his Prussian Majesty was observed to wear Wellingtons.

On arriving at Windsor Castle, his Majesty placed his hat upon a peg in St. George's Hall, and deposited his umbrella behind the gate of the Devil's Tower, having taken off his great-coat on the Eastern Landing, and left his clogs in the Gothic corridor. He took a flat candlestick, of highly elaborate lackering, and adorned with one of the metallic wick sixes, with which he proceeded to his apartment. Here he was attended by Boot-Jack in Waiting, and afterwards by Slippers in Ordinary, who was in a few minutes succeeded by Lord Privy Dressing-Gown. The Clerk of the Shaving-Pot, and Deputy Razor-Strop, were then in request; and after having accepted the services of the Gentlemen of the Wash-hand Basin, as well as the Groom of the Nail-Brush, his Majesty descended into the Long Drawing-Room, where he was met on the hearth-rug by Queen Victoria. The two sovereigns shook hands very cordially, and placed themselves on two divans on each side of the fire-place. Being unwilling to intrude on the domestic privacy of the court, we here break off our interesting particulars.

DOINGS OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA.

The King of Prussia does not burn a rushlight, but he has a box of Congreves always ready on his bed-room chimney-piece.

The King of Prussia's military predilections are well-known, but it would hardly be believed that he carries his love for soldiers to such an extent as to have an old one put upon the gridiron every morning for his breakfast.

The King of Prussia always jumps out of bed as the clock strikes seven. His Majesty sleeps without a nightcap.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

In order to accustom his Royal Highness to the ceremony of sprinkling with water at the baptismal font, the little Prince has been seasoned for the last week with a small squirt, and has every morning been submitted to gentle treatment from a diminutive watering-pot.

MEETING OF THE WATERS'.

The King of Prussia has necessarily been a great deal in the nursery, in order that the illustrious godchild might become accustomed to his distinguished godfather. His Prussian Majesty is said to be an excellent nurse, and before leaving his own dominions had studied the popular ballad of "Lullaby baby," for the purpose of singing to the Prince of Wales a composition so full of meaning and of melody.

We understand that our grand cavatina of *Ride a cock-horse* * is being arranged for a full chorus, with *solo* parts, for the principal vocalists of the Italian company. A professor has been despatched to Banbury-cross with the view of taking advantage of any local information in order to make the instrumental parts of the *morceau* in question as correct as possible.

THE GREAT OYSTER GROTTO.

LAYING OF THE FIRST SHELL.

The important ceremony of laying the first shell of the great oyster-grotto was performed last week, and we hasten to give the particulars.

At a very early hour the court where the grotto was to be erected exhibited every symptom of bustle, and groups of boys were seen hastening to the spot with quantities of oyster-shells. Master Hobler had kindly undertaken to lay the first shell, and he came, attended by the nursery-maid, and a limited *suite*,—including the light porter and a portion of his family. The iron railings were crammed with beauty and fashion, while the whole of the vast area of Mr. Hobler's house was filled with juveniles. Master Snooks occupied a conspicuous position on the lamp-post, and the door-steps were graced by some of the younger branches of the mobility; in addition to which, the private watchbox in the corner was thrown open so as to admit two boys; and the cover being removed from the dusthole, it was converted into a temporary private box, to which the cinder-sifter formed a very graceful trellis-work.

OUT FOR A LARK.

Immediately after the arrival of Master Hobler, the architect of the grotto, a well-known sweep, came forward with the shell; and in a few moments he was followed by a member of the committee with the ginger-beer bottle containing the piece of candle. After a few words from all the party at once, Master Hobler placed the shell in its proper position, an organ boy in the vicinity playing a well-known air, and the general postman passing with his bell at the same moment. The effect was greatly heightened by a clock being heard to strike, which, blending with the notes of the organ, the chimes of the postman's bell, and the shouts of the company, had a very powerful influence on the minds of all present.

After the ceremony there was a very active collection made upon the spot, and several pocket-handkerchiefs were among the contributions levied from the bystanders.

TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

The *Times* having by accident told the truth respecting the issue of the King of Prussia's visit to this country, the whole of the press have pounced upon the unfortunate delinquent, and threatened to annihilate one who has thus disgraced their *corps*. This reminds us of the bees who are said to destroy any inhabitant of the hive that has the misfortune to lose *its sting*.

* Vide No. 5 of "Punch."

THE TRAITOR "NOTHING!"

"*The worst enemies of Government are persons without property.*"

As we devoutly believe this to be the creed of thousands whose souls live in their breeches' pockets,—as we are convinced that this dogma is the faith, the unavowed and mystic religion of the initiated in the Temple of Mammon, we owe, at least, the praise of honesty to the Marquis de Boissy, who, a few days since, in the French Chamber of Peers, gave utterance to the sentiment. He had at least the frankness to make a confession of faith; he declared his religion; he pronounced his *credo* in £. *s. d.* as the only true and catholic subjects of all government. As for 0 0 0, they are born and bred traitors—they suck the milk of treason—they lisp rebellion.

We do not hesitate to adopt the sentence of the Marquis as our text because uttered in the French Chambers: wisdom is a cosmopolite; the pearls and diamonds she lets fall are not the crown jewels of this or that country, but belong to the great family of man: of course we mean to that lucky portion of the family—the eldest sons of the various branches—who already possess property; not to the ruthless younger brethren, who are born to the infamy of nothing.

The Marquis de Boissy, however, is no discoverer. We especially claim for England the first property in the truth which, notwithstanding, the Frenchman has had the courage to display to the world in all its winning nakedness. We have sages in our Parliament who have promulgated the selfsame saw; albeit, they have frequently thrown about truth the veil of metaphor. Have we not again and again heard them denounce men as traitors to their country, for this most infamous reason—they had no "stake" in it! The Marquis de Boissy is no other than a chivalrous Sibthorp. Let not this be deemed a contradiction of terms: there are countries in which the ass is a type of valour.

We at once admit the beautiful truth, that those who have nothing are, by the very wickedness of their possession, the enemies of Government. This Nothing is the poor man's fiend—the devil that haunts him. In the morning he rises with Nothing at his fireside—if, indeed, he have not slept with Nothing in the winter air. He looks in his cupboard, Nothing grins at him from the empty shelves—Nothing frowns from the dark, cold fireplace. Look where he will, the demon is there. Children cry for bread, and the devil whispers in the father's ear—"Nothing!" The wretch "without property" rushes from his hovel, still Nothing pursues him—twitching his arm, and with logic, borrowed from the Iron Duke, disproving the existence of Nothing by pointing to the prize oxen at butchers'—the best wheaten bread (and yet fools cry down the Corn-laws) at bakers'; and the luxury of cakes at the pastrycook's. And so the wretch, possessed by Nothing, wanders with a continual feast in his eyes, but famine at his entrails. In this strait, Nothing sometimes counsels him to abuse the Government; and the wretch naturally becomes a reviler of that which leaves him Nothing for his best adviser. Then Nothing sharpens pikes—has torchlight meetings—unfurls its death's-head banner—and marshals its frantic thousands against the well-fed, well-disciplined mercenaries of the breeches' pocket. Alas! for the miserable soldier's apparel offered by Nothing. They are cut down like ripe corn—ridden over like autumn stubble; their pikes but rushes against the thrice-tempered scale cuirass of coined gold. Next we see the victims with Nothing in the felon's dock; and—what scream of anguish was that? Oh! two or three women—wives of the dupes of Nothing—shriek their vain farewell to the wind that carries their convict husbands to life-long slavery,—whilst Nothing sounds through the gale, and mocks them with its laugh.

These are a few whom Nothing makes notorious—the heroes of Nothing—its heroes and its tools! But for these there are ten thousand unknown victims: creatures born to Nothing, tended by Nothing, taught by Nothing, gaining Nothing, hoping Nothing. From their first gulp of vital air to their death-rattles, Nothing has been with them. Nothing comforted their mother in her hour of anguish; Nothing gave to their babyhood the abandonment and frank happiness of infancy; Nothing, a stony-hearted tyrant, has awakened in their bosoms the dignity and supremacy of man; Nothing has been their shadow, their fate, their destiny. This beautiful world, with all its treasures, has been to them one blank Nothing! They were born to Nothing—they have obtained Nothing—and they leave their inheritance to their children.

Thus considered, what a terrible meaning has this said Nothing! What a monster it is! What blood and tears make up its name! What groans and heart-breaks are in its voice! And, alas! we fear it is too true—Nothing is an enemy of the Government! And Nothing—let the Government be sure of it—has a hundred thousand emissaries.

This Nothing must be put down. Feeling as we do, that the demon is a great social nuisance—that it threatens the very being of society—we conjure Sir Robert Peel, who we are assured has a heart in his bosom (serious discoveries abound of late; a little while since some toads were found in a stone wall of the established church; folks will be finding *two* breasts in the Bishop of Exeter by-and-bye)—we conjure the Premier, by the organ, as it would seem unexpectedly, acknowledged in him, immediately to issue a commission to take up and examine all persons who, in cabins, cellars, garrets, outhouses, doorways, gateways, and highways, shall be found to harbour this all-offending and evil-disposing miscreant—Nothing. Conscious as we are that Nothing is the great traitor to the Government—that it excites in those who are compelled to listen to it uncharitable thoughts against the maternal sway of her blessed majesty the Queen—believing that it is in consequence of Nothing so continually haunting the cupboards of so many of our fellow-subjects, sitting at their tables, and attending them in their walks, that they have pale faces, sunken eyes, and withered forms,—and more, that it is to the wild and lawless counsels of the said Nothing, that many of our excellent judges are at various Assizes delayed on the bench long after the natural hour of dinner—we pray and entreat, as lovers of our country, that the most summary and withal the strongest measures be instantly brought to bear against all guilty persons harbouring and comforting "the said Nothing—that the offender may, with all despatch, be taken, hung, drawn, quartered, burnt, and the ashes of the culprit scattered to the winds!"

They who have Nothing are the enemies of Government!

How perverse is the human breast—how wicked is man! We will assume, despite of the quodlibets of philosophers, that you, Peter Jenkins, are a party to the social contract. You give up certain natural rights for certain implied advantages. Well, Peter Jenkins, you have not tasted meat—Oh, the date is not to be remembered; your children are in rags; your wife's milk failed yesterday, for want of nourishment; and the youngling of six weeks old whines and cries at a dry breast. Beasts are sheltered, Peter; but you have not a blanket to warm the flesh and blood that call you father. You would work, and lustily, too; but, somehow, people who grow English corn think it is for their advantage that you should mope, or walk about, with the fiend Nothing at your elbow. Nevertheless, you permit this wicked creature Nothing to preach to you shocking suggestions. It is said that, so long have you known the varlet—so fierce and burning have been his counsels—so treasonous were his theories—that—we scarcely believe it, Peter, but it is said by your slanderers that you do not dote upon the Government. What! you don't deny the imputation—you don't! Oh, what a scoundrel—what an irreclaimable villain!

They who have nothing are the enemies of Government.

O Sir Robert, destroy the only thing your enemies have to lose, and make your government beloved. Q.

PEEL'S PARLIAMENTARY CIRCULAR.

Dear ———, I write in haste, to say
It has been found expedient
At once to see how matters stand;
So come—*if quite convenient.*

The starving people haunt the doors,
And pray for laws more lenient,—
Their murmurs p'rhaps may reach the Queen;
So come—*if quite convenient.*

Mind, if the people *press*, I don't;
We'll keep the rogues obedient;
So if you can come, do—if not,
Why don't—*unless convenient.*

BRINGING UP THE REAR.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—No. XXVII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 3.

RETURNING FROM THE CHRISTMAS PARTY.

This is pleasant!—I've forgotten my latch-key—lost my last shilling—it's snowing rheumatisms, and my landlady 's as deaf as a trunk-maker.

BOB BARRINGER'S BEST.

WELL, reader, we don't know whether you knew Bob Barringer or not; if you did, you must have heard our story from him; if not, we shall have the pleasure of enlightening you. In any case, Bob was six feet two of as ugly humanity as you'd wish to knock up the good looks of a double quadrille. But Bob was a staunch, three-bottle man—an old soldier, a traveller, and, like most of that kidney, one who had "seen strange sights," of which Bob chiefly delighted to relate the following:—

"You see, lads, when I was in the West Indies, I saw many queer things—things you'd little expect: black niggers, and sharks, and oceans of land-crabs that will eat the toes of you out of your boots—and, for the matter of that, pick their teeth with your spurs, as I've often witnessed. But rum beasts as they are, they are nothing to the birds—especially them cockatoos; for you must know, boys, you that haven't been there, that in the West Indies they've whole powers of parrots and parroquets and the devil knows what, instead of the sparrows, and chaffinches, and tomtits you see hopping about here. Well, one morning I took a stroll into the skirts of the wood; and as I was walking along, thinking of nothing, but just smoking a real Havannah, who should come up but Luke Rion, that formerly belonged to the dirty Irish, but joined ours just before we sailed; so I gave him the time of day, and he, as a matter of course, said, 'How d'ye do, Bob Barringer' — as I was always called Bob, though I believe I was christened Robert—'How d'ye do, Bob Barringer?' says he; and then we both diverged different ways, and no more we said. Well, I had a mighty nice walk; and about a week after, I took the same little turn again; and just at the very spot, as plain as you please, out comes the same question, 'How d'ye do, Bob Barringer!" Well, I looked round naturally to make answer, but divil a ha'porth of Luke Rion could I clap eyes on. 'It's hiding you are, Luke,' says I, 'and much good may it do you.' 'How do you do, Barringer?' screamed out about a thousand voices. You may think I stared at that; but again and again I heard the question, and not a Christian to be seen; at last I looked up in the air, and then among all the branches of the trees I saw such a squad of cockatoos and macaws as bothered me out of my parts of speech; but here's the wonder,—them things was in the wood when Luke gave me the time of day, and every mother's son of 'em recollected me and my name, and from that hour till the one I left I never went to the place without the whole set of them singing out like mad, 'How d'ye do, Bob Barringer?'

"FUSBOS."

RIGHT AND TITE.

LAURIE declares the Lord Mayor's feast
Possess'd a new delight,
For Tite was so o'erwhelm'd with joy
They had a *happy-Tite*.

GEOLOGISTS INSPECTING QUARTZ.

Punch's Dictionary.

DRINKING—suicide of the mind.

LOVE—the heart's mastery over the head; philosophy's disease—but like the pearl in the oyster the blemish that makes life more valuable—(*Judy has embraced* us!)

INGRATITUDE—the vice that renders all others less disgusting.

HOPE—time's solace—and eternity's barrier.

JOY—the fewest and fastest grains of life's sand.

REVENGE—a coward's courage.

THE COLONEL'S LAST.

"PRINCE ALBERT handled the trowel in a workmanlike manner," remarked a friend to Sibthorp; "rather surprising, wasn't it?"—"Not at all," replied the Colonel, "he is a Field-Marshal, and therefore ought to know something about *mortar practice*."

A NIGGER PROFESSOR OF CRAMANOLOGY.

CUFFEY.—"How now, Cæsar, what you'm tinking ob? you'm no at Miss Tibbs's consart todder Sunday."

CÆSAR.—"Oh gromolly! me and two odder gentleman were as busy as fleas in a nightcap, hearing Massa Hanibal gib de lectures on de Cramanology."*

CUFFEY.—"What you mean by Cramilomogy?—someting to eat?"

CÆSAR.—"Dere now, only hear dat! why, Cuffey, you'm as ignorant as if you'm were born in Grecian—besides your pronomcification am bominable Cramilomogy! no such a ting; 'tis de hills and de hollows ob de skull, de nobs and de no-nobs, to show de natural genus ob de interlect; but let me feel—oh my eye! what a whopper obar de left ear!—dis am de voracious organ—you am great genus for eatin fish!"

CUFFEY.—"You'm don't say so. Cæsar, my boy, be dat fashionabler?"

CÆSAR.—"Oh berry, when de fish be plentifullar—but let me feel a gain—Oh by the Okey! de music organ? Why, Cuffey, you'm first-rate singer."

CUFFEY.—"De debble I is! Why, Cæsar my boy, I nebber sang notting nohow—to be sure I always tought I was somebody!"

CÆSAR.—"Dat's because you were nebber edeficationed. You know what Homar (†) said?"

CUFFEY.—"What, Homer Wilson de barber?—him say he could nebber cut hair and shave for less dan 6*d.* a-head."

CÆSAR.—"Oh you' rigmoramus! (‡) I mean Homar de great poem-massa—him that libs in de bosom—

'Dat many a wave of beautifullar gems serene,
Do ugly bolla (§) down de oshen (‖) roll;
Dat many a flowar (dat means a nigger)
Is born to blush unseen,
Wasting its sweetness all about de contry.'

"Dat's what you may call translating poemtry. You'm not got de proper bumps—only feel de smasher on de back of *my* head."

JONATHANISMS.

As a proof of the hardness of the times, there's a man at Ohio who only kills half a pig at a time.

AN epicure, down East, has his game dressed so high, that he's obliged to get out of his garret-window to eat it!

JONATHAN WILD.

LINES TO SUSAN.

OH! Susan dear, though poor I be,
Disdain me not, or else I rue
The happy hour that smiled on me,
When first it drew my thoughts to *Sue*.

Then let me plead no more in vain—
Repulse me not with angry look—
All other joys I've crush'd with pain—
Abandon'd all—and all for Suke (*forsook*).

Oh! agony too deep for words,
If, Susan, *you* forsake me too;
Why then my doom no hope affords—
I'm left indeed without a *Sue!*

A CON. BY THE COLONEL.

WHAT letter of a foreign language made Queen Elizabeth establish goose as a Michaelmas dish?

The Spanish R made her (*Spanish Armada*).

* Craniology. † Homer. ‡ Ignoramus. § Wind. ‖ Ocean.

IRELAND!
O'CONNELL AND THE DOLLARS.

The repeal of the Union is now an assured event. Fallen Irish Members of the House of Commons, immediately ticket your trunks and carpet-bags for College-green; for one Felix O'Neill, of New York, has, by will, bequeathed to D. O'Connell, "commonly called the Liberator, the sum of 500 dollars *to be used by him*" (who doubts the fact?) "in effecting the repeal of the Union." This heavy news for England was, a few days since published at the Repeal Association in Dublin, whereupon—

"The Lord Mayor accepted that legacy in the spirit which dictated the liberal donation, but he received *it the more readily because it incurred a pecuniary obligation* on his part never to desist from the prosecution of repeal. It would before have been political dishonesty. No man would ever believe him again if he ever relaxed his efforts, *but now it would be personal knavery.* (Loud cheers.) He was now *bound* to make his native country legislatively free. It was in this solemn manner he received the sum; he trusted that association would join with him in a tribute of regard to the memory of that excellent man who thus animated them from the grave. (Cheers.) *That was his retaining fee for the repeal.* (Loud cheers.) He could *now* remit no exertion *in the most sacred cause* that ever the human intellect was employed in; he accepted the retainer—he held the brief for Ireland."

Oh, the moral force of dollars! Before, O'Connell might have been politically dishonest to the living, but how—how can he *now* swindle the dead? Before, the cause was a good cause—an excellent cause; but now it is hallowed by ready money—made holy by five hundred bits of transatlantic silver. The cause, even before the death of Felix O'Neill, was a "most sacred cause;" but what is there divine or lofty that Mammon will not further sublimate? O'Connell was before a patriot, but now he is the patriot *par excellence*, for he is a patriot with a fee! Mere *amor patriæ* is a flourishing, frothy rascal, playing the bully and the mountebank; talking much, but receiving little. The only mode—hear it, oh ye nations!—to make him a serviceable, hundred-handed giant is—to give him a "retainer!"

The future philosophic historian of Ireland will trace her liberation, her commercial greatness, and the whole sea of blessings that is to flow in upon her from repeal, not to the tardy, yet invincible vindication of justice, but to "five hundred dollars." On her house of Parliament we would have this simple legend—

500 DOLLARS!

And is there no way to turn O'Connell from his purpose? Is there no way to make him forego repeal, bound as he is to it by five hundred dollars? Yes; one way there is. Offer him—*Six!*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

"How very hot you are," as the roast beef said to the horse radish.

"Mind your eye," as the thread said to the needle.

"Permit me to introduce myself," as the oyster-knife said to the native.

"I'm ready to go off by the train," as the barrel of gunpowder said to Guy Faux.

"I can't bear you," as the sea said to the leaky ship.

EPIGRAM

ON LORD MORPETH'S REJECTION AS MEMBER FOR YORKSHIRE, AND HIS NOMINATION AS A CANDIDATE FOR DUBLIN.

'Twould be strange if Lord Morpeth, who *present*, was spurned;
Should find that though *absent*, he still was *returned*.

PUNCH'S STOMACHOLOGY.

LECTURE II.

In my first lecture*, I endeavoured to establish an analogy between the functions of the brain and the stomach, and to show that, as the prominences on the surface of the skull indicate the existence of certain mental qualities, the developments of the stomach should in like manner assign the locality of certain physical appetites. I then explained to you how I had classified the organs of the stomach into four great divisions, viz.: 1. *Sustaining Faculties*—which take cognisance of bread, beef, mutton, and other viands which are supposed to be essential to the sustenance of animal Life. 2. *Sentiments or Affections*—by which the more delicate appetites are gratified by the contemplation of fish, game, pastry, &c. 3. *Superior Sentiments*—which direct the stomach to the investigation of sauces, French cookery, and other abstruse subjects. 4. *Intellectual Tastes*—or the faculty of reasoning and reflecting upon the abstract qualities of olives, and Italian salads, of comparing Stilton with Gruyère cheese, and tracing the relation subsisting between turtle-punch and headache.

Of the first-mentioned class—the Sustaining Faculties—it may be only necessary to observe, that they are to be found in every stomach, and are particularly active amongst the lower classes of the community, whose principal aim is to gratify their appetites whenever they feel hungry with some common aliment, as bread or bacon, without reflecting upon the higher and more important duties of the stomach. The Sentiments or Affections draw us by a mysterious and irresistible power towards those viands which are calculated to afford us more refined pleasure than we could derive from mere repletion—while the Intellectual Taste analyses what the Affections select, and lead to Epicurism, which may be termed metaphysics of the stomach. M. Ude, Dr. Kitchiner, and the late Sir W Curtis, and, indeed, all eminent philosophic gourmands, exhibited an ample development of the organs of Intellectual Taste.

It would be impossible for me to enter here into all the details of this important system; but I think it must be conceded that, when brought fully into operation, it will form a valuable indication of the human character, and that bachelors will be guided by it in the choice of wives; masters, of servants; and electors in the selection of members of Parliament. What can be imagined more rational than to choose a partner for life by the development of her affection for stewed mushrooms, or by a similarity of sentiments in the article of hare soup, and to reconcile a matrimonial difference by the intervention of the roast duck principle! Where should the friend of your soul be chosen, but over a bottle of old port and a dish of olives? Draw him gently out upon the subject of gastronomy—lead him through three courses and a dessert—sift him with roast and boiled—probe him with fish, flesh, and fowl—and if he prove himself a gourmand of philosophical principles and elevated tastes, take him and wear him next your heart: he is a treasure of a man.

The government of this country is fast resolving itself into a system founded upon the principles of stomachology, the object of our rulers being to reduce the activity of the beef and mutton faculties amongst the people, and to create a moral revolution in dietetics by a liberal introduction of pure air into the stomachs of the multitude.

Whether the people are prepared for such an important change is a matter of some doubt to us; the experiment is however a bold one, and there is reason to hope that, by a proper course of education in the Union Workhouses, the refractory appetites of the vulgar will be brought into a highly intellectual state.

* Vide Punch, No. 20.

PRECEPTS AND PARENTHESIS;

OR, MR. CANT'S MODE OF INSTRUCTING HIS ORPHAN NEPHEW.

Come, learn your catechism child;
Fling by those worthless toys;
You ought to love religion more
Than vain and earthly joys.
O set your heart on higher things—
(*That is a servant's knock.*
I hope he brings a note for me
To dine with Lady Lock.
But where is John, the tedious wretch,
To keep him knocking twice?)
Fie, child, sit still; do you not know
Impatience is a vice.
You really must be good, my dear,
Because there is, you know,
A wicked place for naughty boys—
(*I wonder who's below?*)
Why did you purchase that large top.
O Charles! how much I grieve
To see you waste the pence that might
Poor families relieve.
Remember we are only stewards—
(*Now, who's that at the door.*
If it's my cousin she'll not get
A single farthing more.
I gave her sixpence yesterday.)
Dear nephew, when you see
So many people wanting bread
How thankful you should be,
And always learn contentment, dear,
Whatever may befal.
(*There's Mr. White's new furniture*
Just purchased for his ball.
Those things will make his drawing-room
Look wondrous rich and fine;
But then his is *a house, and not*
A hateful hole like mine.)
Come, gaze no longer at them, child;
Such sights have oft destroy'd
The youthful mind, by sowing there
The seeds of worldly pride.
O flee from vanity and shun
The vices of the great,
But make the good your chosen friends
Whate'er their rank or state.
Still love and practise truth, my dear,—
(*I fear that's Mr. Shy.*
John, can't you say, I'm not at home,)
O! never tell a lie!

Punch's Theatre.

ELIZABETH LAZARUS.

The managers of the Surrey Theatre having attempted to give in "Madame Laffarge" a portraiture of French manners and morals, now, by way of flattering our national pride with the contrast, place before us a pretty picture of English society, not as it exists in majority amongst decent people, but as they and their dramatic assistants find it in St. Giles's, or wherever the scum continually thrown up from vice's ever-seething cauldron boils over. This they have collected and seasoned, with no dainty hand, for the intellectual nutriment of their audiences. The piece called "Madame Laffarge" was only revolting—"Elizabeth Lazarus," besides being revolting, is disgusting and filthy. The French piece was chiefly remarkable for exhibiting its author's ignorance of the subject; the writers of the English one show a perfect acquaintance with the habits and customs of the lowest, most debauched of the criminal classes.

It is evident that the tale upon which the drama is founded—entitled "Land Sharks and Sea Gulls"—was chosen merely for the sake of its dregs; the decent portion of the book having been carefully discarded, and only that retained which enabled the dramatists to descend into the depths of low life. The heroine for whom your sympathies are asked, is the trull of what the bills call "a flash adept," in other words, of a burglar, a thief of the lowest class. She, to be worthy of her paramour, is an adept in flash, and makes copious use of that slang which—when doomed by accident to be heard in the streets—causes one to shudder if uttered by females, though they be the most abandoned of their sex. That a respectable actress should be called upon to represent the deportment of one of that sisterhood, merely for the sake of exhibiting depraved manners, argues abasement of the stage and its professors more profound than is reached at the Victoria, or than the opponents of Penny theatres ever could have contemplated.

To unravel the plot of this dirty tangle of low debauchery would be a task we have no taste for. A glance at one or two of the characters is all that we have stomach to afford. Jack Bobson, the "flash adept," is the hero, and, in the course of the piece, commits two burglaries, helps in a murder, and attempts a highway robbery. These are to represent him in his public capacities; in private life we behold him first in the "Boozing ken of the Horse and Sacks, St. Giles's," and afterwards in the "Tap-room of a flash crib." He has to quarrel with his mistress, the heroine, (Elizabeth Lazarus,) and to assail her with the most repulsive gestures and imprecations; while the lady protects herself with her doubled fist! Another altercation ends in a "regular stand-up mill" with "Bill Perkins, otherwise black-muzzle Bill," whose second is "Dick Davis, commonly called Lushy Dick*." All the dialogue in these scenes is conducted in the thieves' vernacular, without any attempt at wit or even humour; the sole aim being to give a true, and naked picture of the habits of the most demoralised beings with whom civilised life is infested.

It is likely that the defenders of this style of piece will be ready to instance the "Beggar's Opera" as a precedent. As well might George Steevens point to Shakespere as the prototype of his "genius" or the man who thinks he is facetious in the "Morning Chronicle" trace his ribaldry to the fine edge of Punch's wit, which he so effectually takes off in trying to steal it. The characters in Gay's opera always keep within the bounds of decency;—those in "Elizabeth Lazarus" seem to be portrayed for the express purpose of violating it. The "Beggars" are the mouthpieces of wholesome satire upon the vices and follies of their betters; whilst the *personæ* of the Surrey piece are made to utter their low-life lingo out of mere wantonness, for the diversion of those who find amusement in disgusting language merely because it is disgusting. The former is a portraiture of one class of society slyly painted under the outward garb of a lower order, so that their failings may be satirised with a more unsparing hand; just as a painter expressed his opinion of Louis XI. by placing that monarch's features upon the trunk of a crucified thief. "Elizabeth Lazarus" is a coarse daub, smeared with the lowest vulgarity, and glazed over with ribaldry and slang. In the opera, that keenest of all censure, biting ridicule, is applied to vice; in the Surrey melo-drama, crime is made to appear a matter of business and a necessity. In short the piece exhibits the very bottom of the abyss of theatrical degradation, whether viewed in an histrionic, a moral, or a literary point of view; for it seems to us impossible that any imagination, be it ever so fertile in vicious vulgarity, can picture a "lower" than this "lowest deep" of dramatic blackguardism.

It would appear that the authors' knowledge of low life, though complete, is exclusively confined to it; for when they rise a step higher, and try to represent persons moving in decent society, they fail entirely. The language and actions of the barrister-at-law, Mr. Waddle, and of the "disinherited lady," Mrs. Darcy, are nearly the same as those employed in their more congenial "Flash-Crib" and "Boozing-Ken" scenes. The counsel does all the low comedy of the piece, the main incident of which is the fracture of his small-clothes while in the act of offering marriage to an old maid. The "disinherited lady," when in distressed circumstances, afflicts us with a long soliloquy as to whether she shall *pawn her wedding ring!*

* The descriptions of scenes and characters printed above within inverted commas, are copied literatim from the playbill.

Although the announcements put forth the name of one person only as the author of this piece, we have—and most likely with justice—attributed it to more than one. At some theatres the managers themselves are continually seeking after subjects of this kind, and then hunt up some dramatist who will consent to put it into shape. His name is conspicuously announced, that he may take all the blame heaped upon the piece by the right-thinking, while the manager pockets all the profits supplied to his treasury by the lower classes, whom such trash attracts. Thus the author stands pretty nearly in the same situation as the "responsible editor" of the French newspapers, whose business it is to be persecuted and prosecuted, while the real offenders escape punishment, though not always detection.

A SONG FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

Oh, lovely maiden, can thy cruel heart
Despise the homage that to thee is paid?
Not to thy beauty only, (do not start,
For beauty with *thee* only forms a part,)
But to the beauties of thy mind, which never fade.

A LITTLE WEE-NUS.

Nay, do not let a scornful look arise
Upon thy heavenly countenance, nor frown:
A smile from thee, my loved one, is a prize
Greater than diamonds, or a kingly crown;
Then, lovely lady, do not turn from one
Because he hath not lain in fortune's lap;
But—"I say, no nonsense,—just ha' done,
And put a stop to your potato-trap."

A CHAUNT TO THE PRESENT FROST.

Oh, dear me, this is rascally cold weather, and I really don't know what to do;
Although it's a *literary* season, for all the noses are *read*, and all the lips are *blue!*
And to keep the blood in your pedestals circulating is a very difficult *feat*, I doubt;
Though in some respects the climate is *exhilarating*, because it's "*cold without!*"
Now, living in an hotel very much resembles a battle; the reason would you like to learn?
Because *you* steadily *keep up a fire*, and the landlord makes perpetual *charges* in return!
And there's no starving, for everybody has got *chops on hand*, if he's none in his belly;—
Besides, any one cutting figures on the ice gets a couple of "*skates*" and *calves' feet* "*gelés!*"
And folks agree with Peel; for though they cry out about "*corn*," they approve of the "*sliding scale*,"
Yet the weather's so severe, that every piece of water becomes a "*stiff un*,"—and here ends my tale.

SIBTHORP'S CORNER.

Why is a man taken ill while looking at the sun setting like a retired place?—Because he's sick-wester'd (sequestered).

Why is the present year synonymous to the year 1840?—'Cos it's 1840 two

Why is a drown'd rat like a horse doctor?—Because he's a vet and hairy un (*a veterinarian*).

(H)oss-ification.

TO THE TWO HEMISPHERES.

IN consequence of several wicked attempts to induce BRYANT to reveal the mighty secret which has been confided to his keeping, we hereby give notice that all parties making any further efforts at subornation will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law. We have, however, taken the feelings of the world into consideration, and have determined to place our trusty and well-beloved BRYANT in a position to divulge the coveted information to the rest of his species on Saturday next.

Given at our Editorial Garret, this Twenty-ninth Day of January, One Thousand, Eight Hundred, and Forty-two. "PUNCH, his ✕ Mark."

Notices to Correspondents.

"PUNCH" acknowledges his face to be vermilion, with shame.

He had fondly imagined that the funny little bark which bore his figure-head had always been engaged in the traffic for which it was originally chartered, and consequently stood A 1 at the literary Lloyd's. It was entered at the *Under*writers', and advertised to the public, to be freighted only with ORIGINALITIES; but he has discovered within the last week that the produce of piracies has been introduced among his comic cargo.

"PUNCH" has taken such precautions as, he trusts, will prevent the recurrence of similar impositions; but as the public must be well aware that his vessel must necessarily number many hands amongst its crew, and that even he, great Captain as he is, cannot know the source of every article which is shipped on board his pages, he hereby gives his readers the right of search, and would feel obliged if, in future, they should detect any plagiarisms under his hatches, they would forward information of the same to his port in Wellington-street.

A Correspondent, (whose signature our tears have obliterated,) and X. X. X. are sincerely thanked for their communications. The latter will oblige us by forwarding the subject alluded to at the end of his letter; it shall have our best attention.

Heigho! Now, Judy, give us our cudgel:

NIL is the first victim. Poor Nil!

Mister PUNCH,—I own I'm very rash, but as this is my first offence, why, then, it is my last. Cut as deep as you like, but leave me not to be hacked by suspense; finish me up by some sort of notice. I remain, yours humbly, NIL.

SONGS SENTIMENTAL.—No. I.

THE sun had now sunk down below the horizon,
The last of his rays tinged the vast clouds with gold;
'Twas a most gorgeous sight, that I ere set my eyes on,
And not a more splendid one wish'd to behold.
The sweet notes of music now from the grove sounded;
I said to a rustic, "How sweet to live here;—
How fine is the landscape by which you're surrounded!"
He said "Do you think so?"—How devilish queer!

No. II.

WOULD you deign my love to hear?
But why should I detain you?
In vain 'twould be to plead, I fear,
Yet still I hope to gain you.
What is honour, wealth, to me?
For them I'd freely barter,
To hear that magic yes from thee,—
"I see what you are arter,
It is no go."

By all that's true, no other one
E'er caused in me such pleasure;
You're all I'd wish to look upon,
My heart's avowed treasure.
Oh! could I gain thy heart and hand,
My life will cease without;
I wait with trembling thy command,
"Then you may turn about—
And jump Jem Crow."

We were rather out of conceit with ourselves, but the extreme stupidity of Nil's communication has restored our equanimity: we *are* the clever creatures we imagined.

A SUBSCRIBER obliges us with a trifle from America:—

The times are so hard in New York that the *sharpest* person in that city has not been able to "*cut* away" from prison.—*American.*

Insert this if it will *fit* your capital journal.

We reply, "*Ex nihilo nihil* fit."

R. B. S., JUNIOR, intends to be facetious. We publish the failure.

Editor of PUNCH.—CONS.

Why is glass like a coachman?—Because it is a non-conductor.
When is a King not a King?—When it is a King-dumb—(kingdom.)
When is a stilt not a stilt?—When it is a stilt on—(Stilton.)
When is Jupiter the most agreeable companion?—When he is jovial—(Jovcial.)

R. B. S., JUN.

Will any gentleman who is clever at squaring the circle, or discovering the longitude, oblige us by finding out the wit of the above?

T. T. T. sends a communication which is quite in character with his signature, showing his tendency to *teaze*.

Should the following be acceptable to Punch, T T T may perhaps (shan't say for certain) send his partner, Judy, a "ditto" some other time. T T T has only sent one con. this week, because "too much of a good thing," &c.

If I was raising a fallen man, what fish should I represent? A Hoister (oyster.)

This gentleman, who fears giving us too much of a good thing, would do well to study Mrs. Glasse's directions for cooking a hare. For the future, T. T. T., "first catch your good thing."

MONSIEUR SHALABALA, *s'il est un fils de la jeune France, il faut que la France soit bien jeune pour tolérer ses enfantillages. Voici la preuve!*

The following bit of Puncheyism is most respectfully offered by your obedient servant, Mons. Shalabala.

Why is Punch the most learned writer of the day? Because he is always (Toolt, Toolt,) To it, to it.

AN ACROSTIC ON PUNCH.

P ray read Punch, 'twill cure the melancholics,
U nless you can't be moved by fun and frolics.
N e'er did I ere read aught half so amusing.
C harivari of London, keep up your musing;
H eaven knows! it can keep any Judy from snoozing.

My three first by Sheridan is called a quibble,
C. H. is the next—will't answer a riddle?
What says Punch? Pun—ch.

POLICHINELLE *dit que sans le moindre doute "il est l'auteur le plus spirituel de l'univers," et que Monsieur Shallabala est tout le contraire.*

AN ADMIRER ushers in this inimitably comic cartoon with—

Dear PUNCH,—If you could make any use of this conceit, you are at liberty.

AN ADMIRER.

PRINCE ALBERT'S STOCK.

Our admirer's conceit is *indeed* great! Stultz has pronounced the cut of the coat to be perfect; and Sir M. A. Shee has been equally laudatory upon the "*Chiaro Oscuro*" of the stock. Has this Rum Rubens a few more coloured?—this is *very* plain.

A HATER OF HUMBUG, BUT NO SCAMP, evinces a partial knowledge of French and a total ignorance of English thus:—

E. of Temple-bar.

PUNCH,—The new year has set in, and with it a diminution of "PUNCH;" was not 3*d.* enough for thy craving's, but thou must curtail thy book of a leaf? *were* now is thy boasted cheapness? hereafter liberality will not be thy *fort*: how applicable to thee is the proverb, "tout ce que brille n'est pas or!" Mean miscreant, hide thy diminished head, and dread the vengeance of thy supporters, the public. Restore PUNCH, or my man shall have orders to stop the same. Do not let me have cause to stamp thee a "liar," by saying the post-office stole this note. *I* drop it into PUNCH'S box. Believe me to be, A HATER OF HUMBUG, BUT NO SCAMP.

P.S. Cannot waste time by condescending to notice thee *at more length.*

If this gentleman be really a Hater of Humbug, he must live upon very bad terms with himself.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

THE WHITECHAPEL CHRISTENING.

The other day, being that fixed for the christening of Master Cleaver, the heir-apparent to his father's shambles, the sun rose at an early hour, but, with its usual modesty, wore a dark veil of fog trimmed with Scotch mist, and turned-up with smoke from the well-known manufactories of the metropolis.

Whitechapel Church was, of course, an object of considerable interest, for it was the locality selected for the great event, and a liberal arrangement was made for the sweeping of a crossing exactly opposite the eastern or principal entrance.

It is well known that a celebrated Overseer from Lambeth had been invited to stand as one of the sponsors, and he was met at the foot of Waterloo-Bridge by a member of the family of Cleaver, who instantly escorted him on board the steamer *Waterman No.* 1, which weighed its anchor last week at the old iron shop. The chimney being lowered half-mast high, the gallant vessel floated through the bridge under a salute of orange-peel from the balustrades above; and drifted majestically through the tier of barges, the crews of which (consisting of a man and a boy to each) gave the usual shouts and took the usual oaths that are customary upon occasions of any thing running foul of them. On arriving at St. George's-in-the-East, the crew of the *Waterman* received orders to ease her, which was done in gallant style, and the command being given to shove her astern, the steamer hove-to in capital order against a superannuated coal-barge, which was moored as a temporary pier for the Overseer's landing. The band of the 95th Street Buffs, or Pocket Rifles, struck up the "Rogue's March," and the Overseer stepped on shore amid the shouts of the crew, and was instantly received by the Jack who officiates at the stairs on behalf of the watermen.

Upon reaching Mr. Cleaver's residence the overseer and his *suite*, consisting of Baron Nathan (and nobody else) partook of a sumptuous *déjeûner à la* rump-steak and bottled porter, which was spread out on the long table of the shop, while the solo band of the tenth blind fiddlery was stationed on the chopping-block. The procession set out in the following order :—

SCAMPS.—TRAMPS.—BLACKGUARDS IN ROWS.

BOYS, BROADCAST.

CLEAVER'S BOY, CARRYING THE CHOPPER.

A DETACHMENT OF THE WESTMINSTER GREYS (CHARITY BOYS) WEARING THEIR (LEATHER) GAITERS.

THE OVERSEER, WEARING ALL HIS ORDERS, INCLUDING A PAIR OF HIGHLY-STARCHED GILLS, THIS BEING A (CLEAN) COLLAR DAY.

A SQUADRON OF THE 8TH BAKED-POTATO BOYS.

VAGABONDS TWO-AND-TWO.

THE BABBY:

CARRIED ON A MAGNIFICENT CHAIR OF WHITE WICKER WORK, AND FASTENED IN BY A BEAUTIFULLY TURNED PIECE OF WHITE TIMBER.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE LIGHT PORTERY

WAS ENTRUSTED WITH THE PRECIOUS BURDEN, AND FLANKED UPON ALL SIDES BY A STRONG DETACHMENT OF DUKE HUMPHRY'S HEAVY BLACKGUARDS.

THE BLESSED INFANT WORE A MAGNIFICENT ROBE OF REAL GINGHAM, SPOTTED DOWN THE FRONT WITH THE DROPPINGS OF A MOST ELABORATELY FINISHED LOLLIPOP.

THE CORSAGE WAS OF REAL MANCHESTER COTTON, AND THE CAP, WHICH WAS PUT ON FLUSH WITH THE NOSE, WAS COPIOUSLY TIED IN AND PINNED UP AT THE CROWN OF THE HEAD, IN CONSEQUENCE OF ITS BEING RATHER ROOMY.

IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE BABBY CAME

MRS. CLEAVER,

SCREAMING OUT TO THE LIGHT PORTER TO BE CAREFUL HOW HE CARRIED THE ROYAL CHARGE, AND DRAGGING

MR. CLEAVER AND THE CHILDREN

FORWARD WITH CONSIDERABLE ENERGY.

MRS. CLEAVER WORE EVERY ARTICLE OF BRITISH MANUFACTURE; THE BONNET WAS OF REAL DUNSTABLE, THE RIBBONS OF UNDENIABLE SPITALFIELDS, THE DRESS OF INDUBITABLE MANCHESTER GOODS, AND THE JEWELLERY, OF WHICH THERE WAS A GREAT PROFUSION, WAS OF PALPABLE BIRMINGHAM.

MR. CLEAVER WAS HABITED IN A LARGE CLOAK, WHICH EFFECTUALLY CONCEALED EVERY OTHER PORTION OF HIS WARDROBE.

The procession had now reached the church, where it was met by the Hereditary Grand Sexton, in his costume of one of spades, attended by the beadle, as Knave of Clubs, and garnished on each side by pew openers. When the gates were thrown open, the scene was imposing beyond description. The reserved seats in the lamp irons were previously crammed to suffocation, but the space devoted to the public (on the top of the spikes) was now eagerly sought after. The coping of the railings displayed a long array of rank (ruffianism), and several were the fingers that were crushed under the highlows of those who were fortunate enough to obtain an elevated position.

We observed a large party of fashionables on a tombstone in the yard, and pickabacks were eagerly purchased up at a penny a lift by some of the more wealthy visitors.

We shall not describe the ceremony of the christening, but we may add the following interesting particulars.

In order that nothing should be done to detract from the solemnity of the occasion, it had been resolved that the infant should be admitted into the *pail* of the church in the usual way, and, consequently one of the charwomen employed by the parish was in attendance with the *identical pail* of the church, which is always used on occasions of scrubbing it.

This interesting article, which served as the font, is bound round with hoops of solid iron, and is provided with a handle of the same durable material.

After the ceremony there was A BANQUET, to which, however, none of the guests at the Christening were invited; and the *Nightingale* omnibus, having been ordered to be under harness, the Overseer, attended by his suite (Baron Nathan *only*), stepped into it almost unobserved, and after remaining at Charing Cross for twenty minutes to inspect the statue of Charles the First (though the Overseer did not alight), he was conveyed rapidly past the Treasury, at which he took a cursory glance, and, passing towards the Marsh-gate, where he paused an instant to witness the interesting ceremony of paying the toll, was whirled off by the Asylum and set down at the Elephant. Here he was received by a deputation of merchants, who called his attention to the specimens of oranges imported into this country, and placed under his eyes various specimens of steel pens and lead pencils; and after a few words (rather high) with a man who thrust under his notice a knife with 14 blades, the Overseer, followed by his suite (Baron Nathan *only*) darted off helter-skelter in the direction of Kennington.

RUNNING FOR THE PLATE.

THE *Times* says that the *Herald* was wrong in its report "that some of the spoons used on the occasion of the Christening were missing?" It has, we are informed, sent an intelligent reporter down to Windsor, who has found, after conversing with her Majesty's household, that there's *as many spoons in the Castle as ever.*

Punch and the Princelet.

PUNCH has been keeping holiday,
With the great ones of the earth:
He deck'd himself in ermine robes,
To prove his ancient birth.
O! his heart was glad to hear the vows
They breathed for the Royal Boy;
Vows that foretell, in after years,
The poor and wretched joy!
And old PUNCH rattled his little bell,
And laugh'd, and danced, and sang as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallallalla!

The little Prince will cast away
The gauds and pride of state;
And the King's house will not riot reek
Whilst the poor are desolate.
For the little Prince will go about
From hovel to hovel door,
And say, "Is there aching want within?
I have plenty for the poor!"
And PUNCH will rattle his little bell,
And laugh, and dance, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallallalla!

The little Prince *must* love the poor,
And he will heed the cry
Of the pauper mother, when she finds
Her infant's fountains dry.
He'll fill the cruise, and bruise the ear,
To make those founts o'erflow,—
For they have vow'd our little Prince
No "vanities" shall know.
And we will rattle our little bell,
And laugh, and dance, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallallalla!

Our little Prince will enter in
Where aged Want is housed;
The old heart he will link again
To that its youth espoused.
He'll bid the mother's soul enjoy
The worship of her young,
And pour into her loving ear
The music of its tongue;—
So we will rattle our little bell,
And laugh, and dance, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallallalla!

And death's dank bones will then become
Like iv'ry pure and white!
His blood-dyed robe will moulder off,
And his garments be as light;
For man will slaughter man no more
For wrong begot by wrongs,
For our little Prince will say—"To me
Nor life nor death belongs."
So we will rattle our little bell,
And laugh, and dance, and sing as well—
Roo-too-tooit! Shallabella!
Life to the Prince! Fallallalla!

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

V.—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FIRST QUADRILLE.

No sooner are fifteen or sixteen presentable guests assembled (exclusive of the very old ladies who will be sent to the card-room for good the moment a complete rubber has arrived, and the false hair and turbans who, still clinging to the ball-room, take possession of the best seats to "see the dancing," and unflinchingly keep them all the evening), than the mistress of the house experiences a slight

temporary relief to the uphill attempt at conversation of the last twenty minutes, by thinking that a quadrille may be formed. Whereupon, the orchestra commences to tune. The piano flourishes in the chord of D minor, whilst the cornopean blows through all his joints, turns his instrument topsy-turvy, and performs a pleasing little composition all to himself, in which the A is very predominant; and the harp, introducing all the notes in the above-named chord at once, appears carrying on a fierce contest between his own feet and some refractory pedals, which he finally subdues.

The lady of the house throws a comprehensive *coup d'œil* over her assembled visitors, and at last pitches upon a tall young man with short hair, spectacles, and turned-up wristbands — as if he was about to wash his hands with his coat on. His fate is sealed; and she advances towards him, blandly exclaiming, "Mr. Ledbury, allow me to introduce you to a partner." Hereat Mr. Ledbury blushes, and utters a subdued expression of the happiness he should feel at such a proceeding, and consigning himself to the guardianship of the hostess, is paraded across the room, and presented to a *bouquet*, with a young lady attached to it by a chain and ring of *or-molu*. "Miss Hamilton —Mr. Ledbury." The introduction is accomplished, and the lady pounces upon another couple with the rapidity of a kite in petticoats.

As the quadrille does not commence immediately upon the introduction, and Mr. Ledbury has never seen Miss Hamilton before, and has not the least idea in what style of conversation he should address her—whether she is slow or fast, dullish or clever, a flirt or a prude, and likes music or politics, —he suddenly evinces indefatigable perseverance in endeavouring to button his glove, and then assumes an attitude of immoveability near her chair that would do honour to Madame Tussaud, until the quadrille is forming, when he offers her his arm with a gravity well suited to the important business he is about to enter upon— his first actual speech being, "Is this place agreeable?" in tones of mellifluous and insinuating mildness.

Of *Le Pantalon* we have little to say, for it passes off in extreme silence; not a word being spoken, except when some young gentleman begs the pardon of some young lady for treading on her blonde flounce in the *chaine anglaise*. As the opening bars of *L'Eté* are played, Mr. Ledbury, who has been concocting a sentence for the last five minutes, makes a bold effort, and begins the conversation with Miss Hamilton, who appears to be searching after some imaginary object amongst the petals of her *bouquet*.

Mr. L. Have you been to many parties this season? (N.B. a safe *entamure*.)

Miss H. Not a great many.

(*Pause. Mr. Ledbury readjusts the refractory glove-button, and Miss Hamilton continues the bouquet investigation. The gentleman invents another sentence.*)

Mr. L. What do you think of Miss Kemble?

Miss H. I am sorry to say I have not heard her. (*Minim rest.*) Have you?

Mr. L. Oh yes!—several times.

(*Mr. Ledbury waits to be asked something about Norma, which inquiry not arriving, he rubs up an idea upon another tack.*

Mr. L. What do you think of our *vis-à-vis*?

Miss H. Which one?

Mr. L. The lady with that strange head-dress—do you know her?

Miss H. It is Miss Brown—my cousin.

(*Mr. Ledbury wishes a pantomime was being performed, that he might have some chance of falling through a trap, and disappearing into the room below.*)

During this interesting conversation, the top and bottom couples have been performing *L'Eté* with all due propriety; but the first confusion takes place as they begin at the sides. We believe it has never yet been definitely agreed upon, notwithstanding the investigation of the most celebrated Terpsichorean professors, who should commence the side figure of *L'Eté*. At first the company remain perfectly motionless; next, they all rush forward at once, and then as speedily return, each imagining that the other is about to commence; and, at last, some spirited young lady patriotically sacrifices herself, and, like a female Marcus Curtius, in *tulle illusion*, plunges into the gulf: after which the figure terminates correctly.

La Pole is gone through with tolerable satisfaction to all parties, as its mazes are not very intricate. Mr. Ledbury, during the preceding quadrille, having discovered that Miss Hamilton has read Charles O'Malley, begins to converse thereon; but, owing to his literary recollections being somewhat indistinct, he gets very much confused in trying to call to mind how Baby Blake and Dolly Varden met Fred Power at Mr. Haredale's; and being suddenly called upon to go on with the dance, he describes various strange figures with his legs upon the carpet, and finally attempts, in his mental absence, to perform *dos-à-dos*, which everybody knows is quite exploded in rational society, on account of its inevitable and inelegant concussions, and only practised at dancing academies of inferior note, and select circles, who perpetrate quadrilles beneath the illuminated flags, balloons, and V's and A's of the Crown-and-Anchor perambulating ball-room.

TRADE REPORT.

Beer is still flat in your own jugs, and seidlitz powders are on the rise everywhere. Bones are steady, at twopence for three pounds; and wine bottles are in demand at five farthings. New milk from the cow has become dearer since the recent extraordinary rise in chalk; and as far as the wine trade is concerned, the champagne dealers have been playing old gooseberry. The tea trade is looking up, on account of the healthy appearance of the hedges; and the arrival of four barges laden with sand has produced a powerful effect on inferior sugars.

A MAN WHO HOES A GREAT DEAL.

A REGULAR BUST-ER.

Croker, on being asked by poor Twiss, at the Athenæum, what could have induced Sir Robert Peel to invite Sir Richard Westmacott, the sculptor, to the dinner lately given by him to the King of Prussia, replied,—"From a very national feeling to be sure. It was to show him that, however great a man his Majesty might be in his own country, we had one gentleman amongst us at least, who could *cut him out*."

A REPORT "SANS RAPPORT."

The *Times* reporter, in describing the appearance of her Majesty at the Christening, states with exquisite penny-a-line pathos, that "the Queen wore a superb velvet dress, trimmed with ermine, *and seemed delighted with the spectacle*." This is as lucid as the advertisement, lately inserted in the morning papers, for the sale of a horse, which was described as "the property of a single gentleman, *rising four years and a half, sixteen hands high, and has been at straw-yard all the winter*."

THE BISHOP OF THE SEVENTY-SECOND HIGHLANDERS.

If an "army of martyrs" were again to be put upon the war establishment, it would doubtless be most seemly and fitting that the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a sort of Generalissimo of the Forces, should "consecrate their colours." We should look for nothing less at the hands of archiepiscopal piety. When, however we find—on the authority of the Duke of Wellington—that "one of the highest dignitaries of the church" has blessed the flags of the seventy-second Highlanders, we confess to a profound astonishment at the humility and unprofessional good-nature of the sanctifying prelate, whoever he may be. He has evidently gone out of his way to give a blessing. We should as soon have expected a bishop to bestow a benison on the knee-buckles of the aforesaid Highlanders, as on their flags; and yet, reader, assure yourself of the exhilarating truth, such blessing has been given.

"May it please your Majesty, by the invitation of the Commanding Officer, and with the gracious permission of her Majesty, I have the greatest satisfaction in appearing before you on this occasion, to present to this regiment a new stand of colours. *These colours have been consecrated by one of the highest dignitaries of the Church.*"

These are the words of the Duke of Wellington spoken in the Grand Quadrangle of Windsor to the kilted brave of the Seventy-second.

We own to an insatiate curiosity in this matter. In the first place, we yearn to know who was the prelate whose orthodox breath hath given the odour of sanctity to the bloody flag of homicide and rapine; and next we desire—vehemently desire—to learn the exact ceremony performed on the now consecrated silk. Was it meek Exeter—was it apostolic, self-mortifying London? Did the blessing bishop watch and pray all night, calling on the Lord of Hosts to pour down his grace upon the banners of death—invoking the spirit of Jesus to bless and make holy the flag of slaughter? What was the form of consecration? By what order of prayer did a Bishop—good, pious, charitable churchman, vowed to a renunciation of the pomps and vanities of the world, with a heart gushing forth Christian love towards the meanest creature, dignified and made sacred to an immortal purpose by the stamp of man,—by what set of words, we ask, did he approach God, praying him to bless the colours of the Seventy-second Highlanders? Will the supplication appear in the next *Gazette*, to be forthwith inserted in the Book of Common Prayer? Shall we be permitted to read the orison, or will the bishop refuse to publish it until the question of copyright be equitably settled, and he shall then have the golden reward of his labours—such reward to be duly subscribed at Exeter-Hall towards the next iron steam-coffins to be despatched up the Niger? If the prayer of a bishop can consecrate* the flag of bloodshed and spoliation, the composition will be worth any money to the proprietors of the *Evangelical Magazine*. The Quakers—a rich body, too—will pay well for any wondrous piece of writing that may disabuse their meek and intelligent sect of an old, ingrained prejudice, that denounces war as bloodshed, and conquest as plunder; more, we have no doubt, that, as amends for their long errors of ignorance, they will raise among themselves an efficient corps for active service. Yes, we shall have the Volunteer Broadbrims and the Rifle Drabs. The stain and taint of blood being taken from the colours of war—the foul and reeking coat of Mars having been subjected to the great episcopal reviver—homicide becomes an agreeable kind of Whole Duty of Man, and pillage a sacred and most direct way of enriching oneself. We must, however, have the form of consecration published; otherwise men will uncharitably accuse the sublime prelate of selfish ends, as wishing to retain a monopoly of the process. We have, however, no objection to its being secured to him by patent, if he will fix upon a permission to use the same and a moderate price, to be brought within the means of even a Welsh curate.

Ayliffe (quoted by Johnson) says, "A bishop ought not to consecrate a church which the patron has built for filthy gain, and not for true devotion." Now the Bishop of the Seventy-second Highlanders could only consecrate a staud of colours in the fixed belief that they would not be used in work of filthy bloodshed, but for the increase of true devotion. Henceforward how pleasant will be the military life of the Scotch Seventy-second. Of late various regiments have had a favoured quadruped of some kind. One force has lavished its tenderness on a stag; one on an elephant—the animal marching in front of its military fondlers. We have no doubt that in a trice the stag will be killed for its venison and the elephant degraded to a show; and that henceforth the companion and favourite of every regiment will be—a bishop! The only difficulty in the way of this is the expense of lodging and feeding the episcopal pet; bishops not living upon herbs and pulse, whatever the apostles did. Some crack regiments, however, may assert their aristocracy and wealth in the person of their prelate. Lord Cardigan's stall, now in the Eleventh Hussars, will be an excellent appointment; and after the bishop has consecrated his lordship's new colours—for new ones he must have, his present being very dirty indeed—will it not be a cheering sight to the Christian and philanthropist to behold the prelate marching at the head of the troops, his lordship's fine band playing the while "This bottle's the sun of our table," occasionally varied with "The Dusty Miller!"

To take, however, a more enlarged view of the beneficent utility of the consecration of colours. Let us consider its humanising influence on the soldier in active service. Well, he loads his musket; but feeling that he fights under consecrated silk, he rams down the ball-cartridge with a mild and merciful arm, and the breath of the blessing bishop, like an air from Paradise, still around the flag. Charley Tomkins, private, sends a bullet through the brain-pan of his fellow-creature. Tomkins, like a primitive Christian, comes to the charge, and has at this moment dug his bayonet into the bowels of a French Colonel; as the Frenchman gives his mortal yell of agony, Tomkins casts a placid self-approving glance at the bishop-blessed colours, and sees, or thinks he sees, the incarnation of Christian loveliness smiling down upon the bloody work, and hallowing it!

The town is taken, and delivered up to the mild reproofs of the soldiery. Tomkins, with other generous spirits, has pressed his company on the hospitality of a rich, but, under the circumstances, somewhat petulant citizen, who, when asked for his watch and valuables, hesitates in his practical reply to the demand, Tomkins knocks his brains out with his musket, and pockets the dead man's chronometer. The citizen has a wife, or it may be, a young and tender daughter in the house. Tomkins makes love (the love of active service) and ends his pleasantry, it may be, by bayonetting the object of his regimental affection. When Tomkins next beholds his colours his heart dilates with joy, for he knows that to war and its incidents they are—consecrated!

Is it not glorious that the Seventy-second should fight under sacred colours—under a flag which by the benison bestowed upon it elevates the doings of warfare? for when we recollect what has been done by man upon man—the colours which the heroes bore, to accord with the deeds of the heroes, might have been worked by the harlots in Bridewell, and blessed by the hangman of Newgate.

We are, however, not content with the consecration of merely the colours. Why not consecrate the kilts of the Seventy-second?—why not their bonnets and philibegs? and, oh! why not—for to our ears they have "most need of blessing,"—why not bless the bag-pipes?

In Catholic countries they christen bells: why should not we, in the spirit of the consecrating bishop, baptize our artillery, respectable sponsors being found to answer for their good behaviour; to promise that the "adamantine lips" of our 68-pounders should not cry "death and destruction," but should lisp in powder like a twelvemonth baby?

It would really be a fine guarantee of peace if the various sovereigns of Europe would stand godfathers (and the Pope general godmother) to each other's guns, giving them pretty names, in promise of lasting love and amity. We have, it is said, cemented the friendship of Prussia, by getting its king to promise, as sponsor, to stick to the Prince of Wales. Well, France looks angry at us—Russia the same. Why not invite over Nicholas and Louis Philippe as sponsors to some piece of artillery?

The Prince of Wales is christened; why not baptize the Regent's Bomb? Q.

* *To consecrate*, to make sacred, to appropriate to sacred uses.—*Johnson.*

Punch's Dictionary.

Friendship—the temporary cement that binds mutual interests.

Advice—Philosophical physic—pleasant to give, but unpleasant to take.

Despair—the blighted fruit of hope.

Home—a good man's blessing, a bad man's hell; a rich man's pride, and too often the poor man's charnel!

Pride—the mist that vapours round insignificance.

Truth—read the above!

PAIRING OFF.

Sir Robert Peel evidently looks upon the visit of the King of Prussia to this country in the same suspicious light as the editor of the *Times*. The other day he invited Sir Martin Archer Shee, the President of the Royal Academy, to meet his Majesty at dinner, considering doubtlessly, that there could not but be a reciprocity of feeling between two persons equally noted for their *bad designs*.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXVIII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 4.

THE WET WALTONIANS.

"These strange fish may be caught in driving showers."—*Isaac Walton.*

THE SUNDAY AT PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS is peculiar at any time, but six times more on a Sunday. Every one imbued with English notions, and not free from English prejudices, must, if he have passed but one week at Paris, have felt no little astonishment at the motley characteristics of the first Sunday he spent there; not exactly for the Christian Sunday, the day of rest and religion, but for the citizen Sunday, the day for clean linen and white trousers—for finery and foppery,—in short, for the Sunday with its Sunday clothes on—for the Sunday Sundayfied.

On Sunday, Paris assumes a physiognomy quite *unique*. Moralists will speak of it hereafter, and regret the day that Paris ever had such a day as Sunday. The painter, whose *atelier* during the week is the sanctuary of art and industry, where *amateurs* meet to distribute their praise and patronage, is to be seen on the Sunday in the heart of a dense crowd waiting for six o'clock to open the doors of some theatre on the *Boulevards*, with his wife on one arm, and his children on the other. The composer, whose opera is running its fiftieth night, is parading six deep with the National Guard. He is intent upon military tactics, and is aching under the weight of his musket outside the *Tuileries*. There are certain friends that are only seen on a Sunday, that only borrow money on a Sunday,—certain beauties that are only tolerated on a Sunday, and thrown aside immediately with the Monday; there are certain books (with but ONE exception) that are only read on a Sunday, and the theatres have their performances for the Sunday, just as one has his visits for the Sunday, his dinners for the Sunday, his particular coat and gloves for the Sunday. The Sunday reigns everywhere.

It is on the Sunday that the reviews take place—that the drums beat loudest—that the washerwomen bring in their bills—that the wife takes longer dressing—that the children dine at table—that the cousins drop in to dessert—that the servants expect to "have their evening out." It is likewise the day, *par excellence*, for picnics and railway excursions—the day for balls, balloons, and fireworks—the day for stolen handkerchiefs and missing umbrellas, tight boots, oranges, cabs, roasted chesnuts, and omnibuses. More duels and disputes—more accidents and rows—more blows and black-eyes, are given and received on a Sunday,—more wet feet and indigestions—more colds and rheumatisms, are got on a Sunday, than all the other days of the year put together. It is a wonder the Revolution of July never broke out on a Sunday. However, it was on a Sunday that Fieschi first made his name terrible; and it was likewise on a Sunday (to say nothing of its being the first night of the production of *Robert le Diable*) that the *Duke de Berri* was assassinated; and it is too true to be doubted by any one who has passed a Sunday at Paris that more bad money is palmed off on that one day than the theatres can afford to get rid of the other six of the week.

And as for *intrigue*, the Sunday is a complete antidote to it. During the week the ladies are visible every day at three o'clock. Three o'clock is the busy hour of the Exchange, of the Chamber of Deputies, of the Courts of Law, in short of all the offices of Paris. The lawyer is pleading, the banker discounting, the deputy voting, the minister signing. Three o'clock at Paris on any of the work-days is the hour most pregnant, most palpitating with flattery and *finesse*. The young girl has just finished her morning lessons—just locked-up her piano, or covered her harp; the young widow has just sent her children to the Tuileries, and is sitting at home sentimentally alone. All life, all distraction, is in the streets; in the drawing-room everything is quiet and retirement; everything lends to a flirtation—everything contributes to a sentimental *tête-a-tête*. The little saloon, where *Madame* is reading yesterday's romance, and receives her visitor with a languishing air horizontalized upon the

sofa, is a sanctuary which business seldom invades,—a holy spot which the husband never profanes. Business chains him elsewhere.

But, on the Sunday, what a lamentable change! The courts are closed,—the lawyers, so abusive against each other during the week, shake hands, and walk arm-in-arm, like Pylades and Orestes, together,—the ledger is clasped for the day,—stockbrokers scour the country in gigs and English phaetons; and ministers give their official dinners. All sentiment is put to flight—all intrigue inhumanely extinguished! The wife stops at home—inspects her wardrobe—hunts after moths—collects her curl-papers—visits the pantry—takes an inventory of the larder—and scolds her husband and servants the whole day long. The little saloon is not once entered from morning to night; the sofa has a day of rest. The Sunday is the busiest day of the week, and the most disagreeable one—the husband is at home!

During the week there is nothing more picturesque,—more characteristic of the city—in short, nothing more than *Frenchy*—than the appearance of the Parisian shop-girls behind their counters. A great number of them are very pretty, for they are generally picked and selected for this profitable purpose,—or if not pretty, they study to cheat you into the belief that they are, by the *séduisante* prettiness of their dress. The little aprons, with their pair of pockets to hold thimble and thread, and all the tiny artillery of the sempstress—the fancy mittens—the silky hair—the pretty earrings—the showy scarf—the dress altogether is neatness itself—the *tout ensemble* is elegance peculiarly French and coquettish. But on the Sunday the shops are closed, with the exception of the *confiseurs*, *coiffeurs*, *cafés*, and such as are requisite to contribute to the stomach and vanity of a Frenchman. Instead of the large, rich, sumptuous, aristocratic, transparent shops, that glitter so joyously from the Monday to the Saturday, the streets present nothing but two long, interminable rows of dirty, blank, melancholy-looking shutters, girthed with ribs of iron, just as if each house was nothing but an immense strong-box. On the Sunday, the little shop-girls figure for four-and-twenty hours as great ladies, and are no longer recognisable under their new aggrandisements and folio shawls. They promenade the Boulevards in showy dresses, and with a modish air, and feathered bonnets,—or they spend the day in omnibuses and cabs, and go to the theatre in the evening, after having dined for forty *sous* at the *Palais Royal*,—or else retreat to the country in company with a melon and a cold pie, and eat it upon the grass, never forgetting to wind up the festivities of the day with a glass or two of two-franc champagne and a *bal champêtre*.

Many strangers coach it from the country to Paris, in order to visit the diamonds of Mademoiselle Mars. This is the reason why the *Théâtre Français* is always so full on a Sunday; no diamonds in the world ever possessed greater *attraction* than these. It is likewise the Sunday that the strangers select to risk their uninsured lives upon horseback. The *Bois de Boulogne* (the ridiculous rival of Hyde Park) is sure to be full of equestrians and accidents on that day from four to six o'clock.

It is only on the Sunday, too, that the poor debtor enjoys a respite of four-and-twenty hours from the duns or *huissiers*. It is the only day of the week he can fearlessly tread his natal Asphalte. In the morning he is a *connoisseur* at the *Louvre*, in raptures before Rubens' *Marie de Medicis*. In the afternoon he dines at *Very's*, and spends upon frogs and pineapples the sum that would go far to present him during the week with the liberty he enjoys only on the Sunday, and in the evening goes to the Porte St. Martin, and assists, pocket-handkerchief in hand, at the horrors of the *Tour de Nesle*. *La Chaumière*—the Grecian Saloon of Paris—which is always in full festivity at twelve o'clock on a Sunday night, shelters him till daybreak, when he sneaks into his lodging just as the rising of the sun puts a full stop to the period of the freedom allowed him by the law.

But nothing is more curious at Paris than

a *cabinet de lecture*—*or* reading-room on the Sunday. There are many lovers of literature who read romances only on the Sunday. They leave a dog's-ear at the chapter where the heroine is persecuted, and the Sunday following they find her at the end of the third volume at the very height of human felicity, and the mother of a large family. It is the same with many who gluttonize on the Sunday off the accumulated news of the whole week. During the six days of the week they are engrossed with railways, ribbons, calico, canals, the affairs of their business, and the Bourse; but on the Sunday they turn their thoughts to Algiers, and the question of home-grown sugar,—then they dedicate themselves entirely to the affairs of the nation, and are patriots for once in the week.

Formerly the Sunday at Paris maintained a religious tendency. The bells never failed to ring, the churches never neglected to open, and the citizens would have preferred an act of bankruptcy to the sacrilege of missing Notre Dame on a Sunday. The city always assumed an air of sanctity—a character of holy decorum and piety peculiar to that day. But since Charles the Tenth and the Jesuits have gone out, the sabbath has been expatriated with them. The Sunday is no longer a religious solemnity. It is a hole, an interruption, a hindrance in the progress of the week. To the Parisian the Sunday is a pretext for eating, and drinking, and dressing. Each of these corporeal indulgences he carries to an exaggerated degree. He will have his dinner on the Sunday, even if he eat the profits of a whole week with it. He will go to the theatre even if he go without his dinner for it, and will joyfully sacrifice both dinner and theatre sooner than be put to the indignity of appearing in public with a coat out of the elbows, or (equal enormity !) out of the fashion. Every Englishman ought to hug himself with delight that heaven has placed the cradle of his birth in Great Britain, and not in

LA JEUNE FRANCE.

PUNCH'S PICTURES OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

No. 1.—THE LATE KEEPER OF GOLDEN SQUARE.

We regret to announce the making of his final respiration, or, more vulgarly speaking, the drawing of his last breath, by the honourable functionary who so long presided over the garden and pavement of Golden-square, who expired one day last week at his official residence in Silver-street.

This extraordinary man was never known to have been absent from a row in the Square during the last forty years, and was never known to have done anything towards quelling it. It is impossible to trace his early career, but his first entrance into public life was on the step of a door, from which, at the early age of three weeks, he removed to the workhouse. Here he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of several of the Guardians, and in due time he was invested with the care of office, and elevated to the constabulary as High-keeper, taking up his station under the lamp at the corner—a post he continued to occupy until a few hours before his decease, which is said to have been hastened by a severe snow-balling of which he was made the victim immediately after Christmas.

In his high and responsible position he soon obtained the confidence of the lamplighter, with whom he formed a lasting friendship, which terminated only with the removal of the latter to another district. For several years, and during the publicity of the pump (not then inclosed) he had a very difficult part to play; and particularly during the whole of that exciting period when an iron spoon was attached to the spout, and which often placed it in the power of his adversaries to keep him at bay, by ducking him. Throughout the whole of these eventful times he was never known to forget what was due to himself, for he called every week for his salary.

A great deal has been said of late years as to his pusillanimity, particularly towards the close of his life; but it must be remembered with whom he had to deal,—a reckless and turbulent boyocracy, who had no respect for age, and no consideration for infirmity. It is true that he was rather too punctilious in the use of his power; and he has been a good deal ridiculed for having on one occasion, when his hat was knocked over his eyes, fumbled in his pocket for the Act of Parliament to see how far he could legally go; and he has often been known, while pursuing a troop of boys with considerable vigour, to turn upon his heel, just as if suddenly reminded that he had reached the limits beyond which his patrons could neither pave, watch, light, cleanse, nor otherwise repair, and beyond which, therefore, he felt that he could not legally wallop.

OF A RETIRING DISPOSITION.

He is succeeded in his office by somebody else, and has left no will, nor has he any heirs or personal representatives. His property is sworn to be under Ten Shillings, and the whole of it goes to the *Crown*—public-house, where he owed a score of some magnitude. In appearance he was very remarkable, for he was always spotted with mud from the peltings he endured in the discharge of his arduous duties. He was about the middle height; had had the small-pox, for which he had been a great deal pitied; and his nose, according to some, was inclined to be aquiline, but as it was a palpable pug, its inclination was, of course, never gratified. His habits were very regular, for he was regularly intoxicated by about three in the afternoon, and regularly fuddled until that period.

We understand that the trustees of the Square have expressed their determination to raise to his memory a root of daisies, if the utter want of fertility in the soil will allow them to raise anything.

THE RED-HAIR BELLE.

Mama ! see what a horrid thing's
Stuck in the paper here !—
" A gentleman, aged thirty-five,
With ninety pounds a-year,
Would fain in wedlock's bonds unite,
With some kind ladye faire.
He's not o'er nice, but none will suit
Who chance to have red hair."

Now, ma, I know I'm carroty,
I'd ne'er the truth deny,
But wherefore should this booby scorn
My vegetable dye ?
My cousin Joey whisper'd me,
Last night behind my chair,
I look'd like spring by autumn crown'd,
Because—I had red hair.

I can't see what there's to admire
In hair as black as night ;
There's Mary Gill has raven locks,
And isn't she a fright ?
And then that nasty dirty drab,
Which some folks *will* call fair,
La ! bless them, ma', I'm sure 'tis worse
Than e'en the reddest hair.

Your auburn locks, which poets prize,
Are just like rusty screws ;
If I'd the power to change for them,
I vow I would refuse ;
And then your browns which unto fogs,
Half day, half night, compare—
Give me a thing with character !—
I really like red hair.

If I were vex'd at what folks say,
Or were as vain as some,
I might, perchance, be dark as they,
So let them look at home ;
Spring-wigs are cheap, and *jaseys* hang,
Mark'd three-and-six the pair—
But I'll remain as nature will'd,
For Joey likes red hair.

A STOUT MAN-OF-WAR.

A QUEER QUERY.

Who was the man who first introduced *salt provisions* into the Navy ?—Noah ; for he took *Ham* into the Ark.

Punch's Theatre.

THE WINDMILL.

It is astonishing into what nooks and crannies dramatists are sometimes driven for the scenes of their plays. Those of the "Tom and Jerry" and "Elizabeth Lazarus" school dive into cellars; empty garrets have furnished forth numberless stage retreats for distressed poets; the hero of "His first Champagne" goes through a long dialogue from the hole of a coal-vault; an inaccessible cave is the stock property of every minor melodrame, for the more convenient exit and entrance of the actors; a cupboard or china-closet was never known to be absent in a farce; monopolologue Mathews, driven to despair for novelty, once took refuge in the Eddystone lighthouse; and the author of the above, not to be outdone in originality, or by Don Quixote, takes possession of a windmill.

To imagine success for a new farce, the leading incident of which is copied from an old farce; which has nothing more brilliant in the dialogue than may be characterised as pleasant; which is acted by two very good performers, one indifferent ditto, and the fourth about as unendurably bad as it is possible to be condemned to behold,—to be sanguine about such a production, so produced, would seem to imply a total ignorance of the laws of things theatrical; yet Punch will stake his own whistle, and his dog Toby's pipe, against Mr. Morris Barnett's so-called broken French, which is so badly broken that it will never mend (immense odds!)—that the sails of "The Windmill" are not spread in vain; and that they (as hath been frequently allegorised of yore) will be plentifully filled with the breath of public favour.

Of Millers, in the aggregate, it is usual to suppose that they take after the immortal Joseph, and that gentleman, who "once lived on the river Dee"—that they are in fact a jolly race. *Sampson Low*, though only a journeyman, is by no means an exception to this rule, the more so as he lives in jolly times, when the Merry Monarch was king. He is an orphan; but that don't trouble him: for his mistress, *Marian*, is his foster-sister, and he has pretty much of his own way. Indeed the damsel loves him with considerably more than foster-sisterly affection, to which he himself is perfectly insensible; a circumstance that convicts the author of taking "The Loan of a Lover," whether with intent &c., or not, we are unable to adjudicate.

As this couple move in high life—their domicile having to be reached by means of uncounted steps—they of course see very good society; the *Marquis* and *Marchioness of Rouéville* are their guests on and off throughout the piece; the former—because he is old, decrepid, and ill-dressed—speaks in an undescribable lingo which is meant for bad English, but is that, and bad French into the bargain—because he is thus richly-endowed by the actor, Mr. Morris Barnett, he tries to seduce *Marian*; while his wife very prudently visits the maid of the mill, to keep guard over her morals and the Marquis's good faith.

Sampson is an insensible fellow, but gets his wits sharpened by the Marquis's attacks upon *Marian*; they quarrel, and *Sampson* goes out and enlists in the army, out of sheer despair; the Marquis renews his attentions by presenting his lady-love with a good supper, which he is prevented from eating with her, being surprised by *Low*, who locks the nobleman up amongst the flour. The brother and sister (foster aforesaid) having made it up, sup away at a fine rate, and *Sampson* feels himself strong enough to declare his love, which till that moment he wanted a name for. He at last releases the Marquis from the flour-sacks, and the Marchioness procures his release from the army.

All the stage business of this farce is most artistically contrived; the actors have not only something to say, but something to do from the beginning to the end of it. Several touches of pathos, given by Mr. and Mrs. Keeley affected *us* more deeply than the throes of the fiercest tragedy, though—because given by comic actors—they were guffawed at immensely by the "house." When, however, the curtain fell, "The Windmill" did not want for *clappers*; and a terrible dust was raised for the floury hero and his wife, who came on to be *bran*ded with every mark of approbation.

Having, exclusive of the above atrocities, most liberally left the sacks, the grist (from which an immense crop of puns may be gathered), the meal, the wheels, the shaft, the hopper, &c. &c., for the facetious reader to joke upon, we conclude by stating that of course the Drury Lane "Windmill" will be published by *Miller*, of Henrietta Street.

MARRIAGE.

A comedy which takes four hours to act and the word "Marriage" for its title ought to be put down by act of parliament. The subject of matrimony is an awful one to contemplate under any form; but, when insidiously tortured into five acts, one of the "six acts" ought to be rigorously enforced against it—authors and actors deserve the severest penalties of the gagging bill—for no punishment can be too severe for persons who would make a jest of the misfortunes of so many of their fellow creatures.

Let this be a warning to others; the present would-be offender escapes; for, despite our unslackened attention during the aforesaid third part of a working day—after indulging in the most ingenious conjectures—we are entirely at a loss to know what the play is about. All we can venture to affirm is, that the piece does not concern "Marriage" any more than all the comedies which have been hitherto performed.

A modest puff preliminary, called a prologue, commenced the amusements with a sweeping sneer at all foregone comedies, and a promise that the new one was to be neither dramatic nor witty (a pledge most scrupulously kept), but a true picture of "West-End" life and manners. The curtain then rose to a London drawing-room, and a man seated in it appropriately attired in top-boots and buckskins. Two ladies then came on to give elaborate sketches of a couple of individuals, and after thus wasting a quarter of an hour of valuable time, disappear, arm-in-arm with he of the boots and bucks; leaving the audience with an ardent hope that the plot will begin soon.

In the next scene a gentleman stalks on, whose voice, manner, and dress are in the deepest mourning. He is accompanied by a friend of a more lively turn, who treats us with the first glimmer of plot. The pair are professional gamesters; the gentleman in black having moreover set up for a lady-killer. One victim is already mentioned by the name of *Clara*; another in perspective, whom we have seen before, is *Miss Adelaide Temple*. Towards this lady the sentimentalist in sables declares that he yearns as "the maniac tosses his arms to the stars;" an action he takes pains to express by imitating the sails of a windmill with charming exactitude. A plan having been settled for getting rid of *Clara*, by passing her off upon the hero, *Sir Harry Vivid*, the scene changes; but the plot stands still till the last scene of the piece; namely, from half-past seven till eleven o'clock.

A series of interludes fill up this long gap. One of them represents a charity bazaar, a literary lady, and the editor of a newspaper, who to depict the habits and manners of fashionable people pulls out of his pocket a broadside advertisement of his own journal, and is allowed to stick it up over one of the stalls—that is to say, against the walls of his hostess's drawing-room!

The quarrels of a Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful form another episode; a deputation to the M. P. of the piece; a third, the *Honourable Cavendish Pause*, who, because the comedy is patented as a true picture of good society, affects us with the running *gag* of, "such as it is," forms a fourth excrescence. In short, all the characters having amused themselves at the expense of the auditory till the concluding scene, we have at last the pleasure of seeing the injured *Clara* restored to the arms of the lugubrious person who tossed them about in the second scene at the thoughts of *Adelaide Temple*—that lady being allotted to *Sir Harry Vivid*. An epilogue, a great deal of applause, some virtuous hissing, and a gentleman in the pit, who, awoke by the noise, piteously complained that the comedy was too long, concluded the entertainment.

If a man be anxious to show his ignorance of any particular subject, daily experience shows us that the most effectual method is to write a book upon it; and the effect which "Marriage" must have upon all those who are rash enough to go and see it, must be that of convincing them that the author is totally unacquainted with the rudiments of the drama. The dialogue chiefly consists of treatises on various subjects. If one character mentions that Mr. and Mrs. Doubtful live unhappily, another commences somewhat after this fashion: "Marriage, when blest with concord, is a happy state; but, &c. &c." A third hints that Mr. Baldwin (the black-dose of the comedy) is a gamester; then comes—"gambling is a vice," and so forth. This is not confined to one individual supposed to represent a didactic person; but *all* the characters are essayists. Nor is this kind of prosing always introduced *in sequitur*, but frequently comes in pretty much upon the Air-castle plan of wool-gathering. A similar incoherence especially belongs to the succession of scenes. One follows the other without the smallest connexion, and the glimpses of story which break through the general mass of cloudy confusion, are few and far between.

There are, however, some lights which penetrate the deep shadows of this production—one or two brilliant ones. The author is manifestly a clever man; but he has made a bad choice of the department of literature in which to show his cleverness. Two or three points of general character are cleverly hit off in this comedy; some of the essays, though entirely out of place, contain truths which are in many instances admirably put. The language also sparkles here and there with something so very like wit, that it was often mistaken for it. Indeed, out of this four hours' drama enough material might be selected to form a good comedy, provided it could be engrafted on the semblance of a plot, and if the author would only take the trouble to learn compliance with dramatic conventionalities—(which the ignorant of them are fond of calling "stage tricks," but which nevertheless are perfectly indispensable,) and always keep his pictures of life within the range of his own personal experience; there is no question but he has all the capability for writing a comedy, that would not only do himself but dramatic literature some credit. Carelessness he has mistaken for smartness. He appears to advocate that style of composition known as the

SLAP DASH.

TO THE EYES OF EUROPE.

UNRIVALLED BRYANT is a happy man! The seal has been taken from his lips; and he now has permission to publish to the panting public that PUNCH, with his usual benevolent spirit, has determined to distribute to distressed lovers —of Fun a Number entirely devoted to Momus and Matrimony, and containing

PUNCH'S VALENTINES!

They will consist of Twelve Large Designs from the ever-pointed pencils and comic *crayons* of Messrs. H. K. BROWNE (PHIZ), ALFRED CROWQUIL, HENNING, LEECH, KENNY MEADOWS, and NEWMAN.

"PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY" will find this a very eligible threepenny investment, as the dull and most stagnant affection will be rendered bright and palatable by a judicious use of our patent *philtre*. For the next month PUNCH's Office will be converted into the Temple of Love, where BRYANT, in an appropriate costume, will officiate as the presiding CUPID.

Notices to Correspondents.

A mistake has accidentally been made in the date *of some copies of No.* 27, Jan. 25 *being substituted for* Jan. 15.

We are unavoidably obliged to defer the second act of "NORMA MADE EASY" *until the week after next.*

C. No. 1, is a tempting victim, for a balder head never invited our cudgel.

BRITANNIA! to thee thy children cry,
To thee their voices raise on high—
Their Patroness and Deity,—
"We all are famishing for bread,
Many are dying, many dead,—
Many there are without a bed,
Or place to lay their houseless head!"

PUNCH (*behind the door*).—Ay! ye may call—well may ye weep,
Your deity is fast asleep;
To wake her you must nearer creep,
Or take a note more loud and deep.

BRIT. (*aside*)—Why don't they such distresses shun?
I do believe it's all gammon;—
There's bread enough for ev'ry one!
"Our rulers say it is not so;
They all deny there 's cause for wo!
We're only kill'd by law we know,
But it can't be right to kill us so?"

PUNCH. Does Poor-Laws make the butcher's shop?
Does Corn-Laws keep away the crop?
Of whiskey can't you get a drop,
To help you off the bridge's top?

BRIT. A burning shame this, I must own,
That dozing I can't be left alone,
But must be teazed by ev'ry one.
"At home we're treated worse than slaves,
And thence are driven on the waves,
To seek abroad for wat'ry graves,—
There is no room in England's caves——

PUNCH. If these exceeding stupid staves
Are only such as friend C. *haves*,
'Twere well if he Parnassus *laves*
And some kind friend his *caput* shaves,
Which seems as hollow as Brit.'s caves.

C. No. 2, is evidently a near mental relation of C. No. 1.

FOR "PUNCH," IF HE LIKES IT.

Why does His Majesty of Prussia visit England?—Because, being tired of his "Spree" in Berlin, he wishes to have a "spree" in London. (Berlin is on the river Spree.)

It is usual for conductors to go before: why in omnibuses do they always go behind?

Why *is* an omnibus a safe place in a thunder-storm?—There always is a conducto.

"Now I am hard up—quite dry," as a friend of mine remarked after he had been taken out of the Serpentine. I'll try Another.

A Quaker who had been nearly drowned from breaking through the ice, exclaimed, "Whereas man swalloweth ice with avidity in the summer, ice doth ditto for man in the winter."

We were never nautically inclined, but after the two preceding communications we are heartily sick of the C's.

CLIO'S IMP wastes a sheet of paper and a penny with the following—

Most witty PUNCH, if the within
Should suit the *esprit* of your pen,
Then you are welcome to have it;
If not, then you're welcome to refuse it.

COMPLAINT OF THE HUSBAND.

An Eastern sage of old in his proverbs writes,
Good wives are jewels above all cost and price;
Alas! we not only cannot buy them,
But like the philosopher's stone, we cannot find them.

COMPLAINT OF THE WIFE.

That husbands are wretches all wives ever find;
But reciprocal nature, reciprocal mind;
Now Beezlebub and man being mortals alike,
That we have bad husbands is wonder but slight. CLIO'S IMP.

Will "Clio's Imp" oblige us by inquiring of his historical mistress in which of the dark ages the above was considered poetry. If the reply should be satisfactory we will forward the original to the "Percy Society."

JOE PIATOR informs us that the annexed communication contains "certain ideas." We have looked for them in vain.

DEAR CHARIVARI,—Being Christmas, we have punched with most of our friends, and now for the first time wish to approach the fountain; whether on our first application it prove to be of oblivion too, remains for his Comic Majesty to decide.

Certain ideas have entered our mind, which ideas are to ourselves thought worthy of a place amongst PUNCH's, and with due reverence beg to tender them for his acceptation or rejection, just as the "maggot bites." *Imprimis*—

Suppose we say the head of Bacon (a correct likeness), set on an extremely corpulent body, saying after it—"Did you ever see Bacon that fat?"

On eating bread and butter, you too often meet with hairs in the butter; would it suit to do the Miller here, and say, on holding them up—"Hairs of Grace?"

We will institute another time of asking, say the fourth, and claim your attention to a quantity of blacksmiths pummelling a piece of iron. Could not this be called "striking for wages?"

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof;" so I conclude with thanking you for the merry Christmas you have afforded us, and hoping for a happy new year; but why ask this, for PUNCH makes us all happy?

I have here only given the germs of the *jokes*, for, being no *dra*wer (on this occasion), I trust to yourself and your able illustrator for doing partial justice to our "stray uns."

I remain, I was about to say "A Young Guffaw," but I think it better to sign off with JOE PIATOR.

The above has been some time on hand, but as the jokes were in such an excellent pickle we felt assured that they would not hurt by keeping.

"12—17."—This literary infant, who "lisps in numbers," would have found a more appropriate cypher in—0.

Sir,—I send you, "*au pied de lettre*," a brace of cons., and have braced my nerves to the risk of rejection; however, as your liberality is far from contracted, I hope you will keep this far from your contractors. Your obedient servant, 12—17.

What profession resembles a monarchy? Notary public—(Not a republic).

What Bacchanalian exclamation can be used with propriety by a gent. who has borrowed an ounce of pigtail? Io Bacche!—(I owe Backey.)

Just come into my head "à l'improviste":—

In kicking a man down stairs,—"Now just you cut," as the grindstone said to the carving-knife.

It is not wonderful that the joke which got into this gentleman's head "*à l'improviste*" made so speedy an exit; for jokes (let them be ever so bad) have a natural antipathy to solitude.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

THE DRAWING-ROOM CAPTAIN.

Hero of a hundred balls!
Captain (like him of Eton's halls
At Montem-time) of fancy dresses!
Great in poussette and l'Eté dri ll;
Puissant commander of quadrille!
Bold whisperer under damsels' tresses!
For thee I wake the tuneful nine:
Wilt thou be my Valentine?

Though that envious girl Letitia
Denies thy rank, e'en in Militia,
Or in the Army—List!
O conqueror—at whist,
I love thee! for thy valiant martial air—
Thine eyes so languishing—thy face so fair—
Thy desperate bluster
When rivals muster—
Thine interesting tremour when they dare
To hint a Battersea field-day!
Lady-like Mars, my burning lay
Invokes thee! O make me thine,
Exquisite Valentine!

What though they say you ne'er smelt powder,
Save that call'd "violet"—that no prouder
Boast is thine of seeking "bubble reputation,"
But by a cannon made at billiards; nor rely
On any services you've done the nation;
Except inventing a new hair-dye
Warranted to make moustaches stand caresses
Sans peur, especially from *hair*-esses.
That ne'er was word of stern command
Given by thee, other than such demand
As, "Waiter, bring a glass of lemonade,"
Think you I'm of such ridicule afraid,
Illustrious lady-killer! No! In fine
I *really* wish you'd be my Valentine!

THE LAWYER.

Lend me your ears, thou man of law,
While I my declaration draw,—
Your heart in fee surrender;
As plaintiff I my suit prefer,
'Twould be uncivil to demur,
Then let your plea be—tender.

On certain promises I sue,
Given at sundry times by you,
Oh! does not it unnerve thee;
When urged by passion's boldest fits,
I issue one of Cupid's writs,
And with it boldly serve thee!

Appear in person I beseech,
Nor resignation idly teach
To one already lost, sir;
Proceedings I will only stay
Upon condition, that you pay
At once the debt and costs, sir.

Then take my heart, be not a brute,
But ask a rule—just to compute
The misery of its state, man;
Some people's minds are wildly thrown
At sixes and at sev'ns, I own;
Mine's all at six and eight, man.

List to the evidence that I
Of my affection here supply,
Examine well my heart, now;
It beats with such tremendous force,
That its mere motion ("quite" of course)
Is like a jolting cart, now.

My judgment by default is gone,
And I, alas! go raving on,
For fear you should forsake me;
There's no defence—don't be a brute,
I give you a rule absolute,
In execution take me.

By act of Parliament alone,
But by no action of your own,
A gentleman they call you;
What's that to me? though slander's rife,
I'm still prepared to be your wife,
Although disgrace befall you.

Your dirty pettifogging tricks
May on you others' hatred fix,
I heed not their reflections;
My passion now defies control,
I cannot strike you off the roll
Of my sincere affections.

THE PET PARSON.

Oh, darling of spinsters!—who, casting away
The earth and its follies, its pomps and its pother,
With footman behind them ride meekly to pray,
And lose this vain world in the joys of another!—
'Tis sweet in the pulpit to see how thou'lt stand,
All scented and curl'd before Heaven's high throne,—
To mark the soft wave of thy diamond-deck'd hand,
Th' odour of sanctity—*eau de Cologne!*

How cautiously, gingerly, lisp'st thou of death,—
With soft, under-tones dost thou *coo* about hell!—
The grim King of Terrors is—shortness of breath;
Perdition—a place where the vulgarest dwell!
And, tender physician of luxury's souls!—
When made to prescribe for their filthiest taints,
If brimstone thou *must* put in naughty men's bowls,
'Tis brimstone with treacle—a med'cine for saints

And how art thou welcomed to revel and rout,
Where claret runs brightly as martyrdom's blood!
An orthodox spell to keep naughtiness out,
An elegant piece of the pious and good!
When wealth—as wealth must—walk in wickedness' ways,
And take the bad breath of the pestilent hag,—
If straying with thee, wealth is safe as she strays,—
As babies midst fevers, with camphor in bag!

Thou dear Valentine to the "mis'rable" crew,—
The "sinners" in purple and cambric attire,—
Who shudder at death—in the family pew,
And think—once a week upon Sathanas' fire!—
Still make Heaven easy to those who have gold,
To be sought without doubtings, or faintings, or cares,
Not e'en by the ladder the Jew saw of old,
But up a broad flight of soft carpeted stairs!

THE LITERARY GENTLEMAN.

ILLUSTRIOUS scribe! whose vivid genius strays
'Mid Drury's stews to incubate her lays,
And in St. Giles's slang conveys her tropes,
Wreathing the poet's lines with hangmen's ropes.
You who conceive 'tis poetry to teach
The sad bravado of a dying speech,
Or, when possess'd with a sublimer mood,
Show "*Jack o' Dandies*" *dancing upon blood!*
Crush bones—bruise flesh—recount each festering sore—
Rake up the plague pit—write—and write in gore!
Or, when inspired to humanize mankind,
Where doth your soaring soul its subjects find?
Not 'mid the scenes that simple Goldsmith sought,
And found a theme to elevate his though;

But you, great scribe, more greedy of renown,
From Hounslow's gibbet drag a hero down.
Embue his mind with virtue; make him quote
Some moral truth, before he cuts a throat.
Then wash his hands, and—soaring o'er your craft,—
Refresh the hero with the bloody draught;
And, fearing lest the world should miss the act,
With noble zeal *italicize* the fact.
Or would you picture woman meek and pure,
By love and virtue tutor'd to endure,
With cunning skill you take a felon's trull,
Stuff her with sentiment, and scrunch her skull!
Oh! would your crashing, smashing, mashing pen were mine,
That I could "scorch your eye-balls" with my words,

MY VALENTINE

THE ACCOMPLISHED YOUNG LADY.

I am dying with ardent affection,
So I send these few verses to thee,
In the hope they will meet your inspection;
But I fear you're too clever for me,
And although in intense adoration
There can be no very great sin,
To address such a clever young lady,—
I'm really afraid to begin.

Yes, indeed, you're remarkably clever,
And of talents possess such a store,
That I'm truly unconscious if ever
I witness'd such knowledge before.
I would laud you beyond all conception,
But I fear at my praise you would laugh;
For I know you accomplish'd young ladies
Are sometimes too clever by half!

You sing with a thrilling expression,
That makes all your auditors tremble,
And warble out "Del cor tradisti,"
Like Grisi or Adelaide Kemble.
'Tis divine—though some illnatured folks,
Full of envy, snarl out in their rage,
"'Tis a pity this clever young lady
Wasn't brought up at once for the stage."

You embroider such exquisite patterns
For ottomans, sofas, and chairs;
And I hear you have finish'd a carpet
That stretches up two pair of stairs:
Though the same set of commonplace people
Opine 'twould be better by far,
If these wool-working clever young ladies
Took stalls at the Lowther Bazaar.

You write the most ladylike poems;
And I hear that (*incog.*), now and then,
The *Assemblée's* elaborate columns
Are graced by the fruits of your pen.
They are brilliantly soft, I allow;
But with all the respect for a blue,
The world thinks 'tis sometimes a pity
You find nothing better to do.

There are many opposed to such measures,
Who hint from the right you depart,
In cramming the *head* with such treasures
And wholly forgetting the *heart*:
But hearts have long ceased to exist,
So I deem your affections are free,
And the chance is not one to be miss'd,
Then, fair one, my Valentine be.

THE FOOTMAN.

They may talk as they will of the feeling that lies
In the flush of the face, or the glance of the eyes;
But, dearest of footmen, I'd rather by halves
Catch a fortunate glimpse of those exquisite calves
Believe me, my footman, my gallant, my bold,
In thy splendid accoutrements glitt'ring with gold,
When deck'd (*par* parenthesis just let me blush)
In those soft inexpressible things made of plush,
To me thou art quite an Adonis, and more,
For *he* such a costume as *thine* never wore.
Oh, turn not away from the tender appeal
Of one who her passion no more can conceal:
For I own I adore thee—yes, John, by the air
With which you perambulate Grosvenor-square,
Thou liveried Cupid, of Venus thou son,
Thou servant of Hymen—magnificent John.

By return of the post thy decision pray tell
Am I happy or curs'd!—sweetest, answer the *belle*.
Oh, what must thy feelings, exalted one, be,
When told by your mistress to bring up the tea!
And can there on earth be such terrible brutes
That would set thee to work, love, at cleaning the boots!
Ah, gladly a hessian, or highlow, I'd be,
If I might but be polish'd, my own one, by thee!
They tell me thou cleanest the knives and the plate—
Oh, had it been kindly permitted by Fate,
I'd change into silver myself pretty soon,
To be leather'd—*yes, leather'd* by thee as a spoon.
But now fare thee well!—With your ultimate breath
When you answer the door to the knocking of death,
On your conscience, believe me, 'twill terribly dwell,
If now you refuse to attend to the *belle*.

THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

Son of the scalpel! from whatever class
You grind instruction just enough to pass—
St. George's, Guy's, North London, or King's College,—
Thirsting alike for half-and-half and knowledge
Thou who must know so well, (all jibes apart,)
The true internal structure of the heart—
This heart—which you "a hollow muscle" call,
I offer thee—aorta, valves, and all.
Though to cheap hats and boots thy funds incline,
And light rough Chesterfields at one pound nine;
Though on the virtues of all plants thou'rt dumb,
Save the *Nicotiana Tabacum*,
(*Pentandria Digynia!*—Lindley—mum!)
Though thou eschew'st the hospital's dull gloom,
Except to chat in the house-surgeon's room,
And practically practise, in addition,
The "Physiology of Deglutition."
Yet much I love thee, and devoutly swear,
With lips that move controll'd by "the fifth pair,"
That I will ne'er know peace until our hands
Shall form a "ganglion" with Hymen's bands.
Then haste, my love, and let me call thee mine,
Precious and dear as sulphate of quinine,
Sparkling and bright as antimonial wine,
Sharp as the angles of a new trephine,
My reckless, noisy, fearnought VALENTINE!

THE MILLINER.

Of love and of band-boxes meek *pelerine*
Sweet sylphide of *chapeaux* and glances,
Thy faultless *corsages* make fat women thin,
While the favour of *roués* you fail not to win
By the leer which your beauty enhances.

I saw thee last Sunday in Kensington Gore,
Arm-in-arm with young Gusset, the draper,
Who, tenderly pressing your *gants brodés*, swore
That he'd give you his love—and a scarf—if no more
You'd encourage the smiles of Lord Vapour.

And when to your garret you stole—in your dreams
Lord Vapour his "first hand" had made you;
Instead of the gussets, the gores, and the seams,
Your coach (like your bonnet) was *drawn*—by four creams;
Full measure of homage was paid you.

You awake! Of its brightness the vision is shorn;
Poor Gusset you have to bewail;
"Stock-taking"—your ravishing charms to adorn—
He brought his light fingers and love t'other morn,
To the *Compter*—appropriate jail!

You turn to Lord Vapour—what less can you do?
Since to doubt that he loves you were treason,
And entreat him to cause your fine dream to come true;
But he answers your scrawl in words frigid and few,
That "he's off—out of town for the season."

Then mark me, sweet satin-stitch! *I* am the *beau*
Whose knot must be tied up by thee:
Refuse not—lest forced to the Borough to go,
With "plain work done here" in thy window to show,
If thou'lt not my Valentine be.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

Say who is the man with the Chesterfield coat,
And the fierce stock of satin embracing his throat,
All blue and gold sprigs, with a jewel therein,
That would serve for a drumstick as well as a pin?

With a gilt-headed cane, or a slight flimsy whip,
And an arch of soft down just o'ershading his lip,
As the Regent-street *trottoir* he strolls up and down—
'Tis the out-of-doors idler—the Man about Town!

Thou art he—though I know not the spot where you dwell,
For where Men about Town live, no mortal can tell,
But 'tis commonly whisper'd you roost rather high,—
In a parlour, like Fusbos, "that's next to the sky."

The boots of glazed leather, which fit you so well,
Are still owed for, I know, to Lehocq or Gradelle;
But what matter—your aim is to shine in the street,
And dream you enchant every girl that you meet.

And when day has departed, at night's guilty noon,
The smoke-clouded tavern and flaunting saloon,
That teems with forced laughter and hollow-cheek'd mirth,
You deem a true paradise found upon earth.

Then fever'd with wine, as fresh haunts you explore,
A knocker or bell-pull you wrench from each door;
And if you don't sleep at the Hummums' Hotel,
You are "safe" for a bed in the station-house cell.

I'm not going to preach; if I've nettled your pride,
It was all in good part—I meant nought else beside.
But Punch has been long upon town, and he knows,
From wine more of headache than happiness flows.

Then abjure such pursuits and respond to my flame;
You will find me, gay Valentine, *toujours la même*;
And a note at the Office, addressed to "A. B.,"
May be safely confided to Bryant for me.

THE POLITICIAN.

My own dear Turnstile,—You are above the prettinesses of poetry, and therefore deserve a Valentine of good, serviceable, wrought-iron prose. That you are dear to Punch—oh, most dear!—is manifest to the whole world. I look upon you as a bit of myself, a piece of my own wood, or chip sliced from my own heart: indeed, from Machiavelli to Peel, how often have the scions of politics been confounded with myself! How often has it puzzled the wisest of the earth to know the difference between Punch and the Politician, the Politician and Punch!

These, my dear Valentine, are portentous times. You must learn to speak another tongue,—you must, at least, affect a sympathy for man and his miseries,—you must "*have a heart*," an organ hitherto unnecessary to your species. You must listen with the profoundest attention to the complaints of misery; and though you have not the remotest idea of removing them, you must let your eyes moisten at the history. There was a time when salt-water was no more expected from the statesman than "milk from a male tiger;" now, an onion is indispensable to the politician. If he have the swallow of the crocodile, he must also have its tears.

I said you must learn another tongue: it is most true. You must forget the old conventionalities of political speech, the long-drawn sinuous nothings that have been the stock of your ancestors, and acquire the cant of benevolence. We have the Hamiltonian system for the easy acquisition of the dead languages; but the Stanleyian mode of teaching the jargon of philanthropy may be easily comprehended by the very narrowest intellect. The Greek radicals, under the best teachers, are hard to master; but the whole grammar of the tongue of Downing-street (as now published) is retained as fast as it is read. In one week the illiterate are erudite.

In times of terrible distress, when the people with surpassing complacency are mild and meek as the shepherds of Arcady,—when Famine herself becomes quiet and resigned as a six weeks' dowager,—when Beggary smiles wanly at the rags that hang about her, and Destitution, naked, but cheerful as Musidora, lays her down on the bare earth, and tries to dream away her pains,—oh! then, most dear Politician, exhibit the sympathy of politeness to the sufferers; then tell Famine that her ashy face has a most becoming hue; compliment the blueness of her lip, the dulness of her eye; swear that Beggary wears her tatters with the grace of a gipsy queen; and vow that utter Destitution is rendered so sacred by the dignity of her bearing, that you want the courage to make yourself familiar with her. Whatever may be the price of corn, surely there need be no sliding-scale for compliment.

Misery is feminine, and, like all of the sex, will swallow flattery, and sometimes think it solid pudding.

So to my words do thou thine ear incline,
And be mine own and Famine's Valentine!

Yours, your great progenitor,

Punch.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

VI. THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE FIRST QUADRILLE *(concluded)*.

E cannot sufficiently applaud the philanthropic spirit in which some humane dancing-master of other days invented *La Trenise* as a substitute for the very nervous *Pastorale*. There was only one good end attained by performing this latter figure : it occasionally enabled circumspect young ladies to form some small idea of the disposition of any young gentleman they took an interest in, by watching his conduct in this fearful quadrille. If he was naturally of a courageous turn of mind, the *pas seul* did not put him out in the least ; but he went through it with all the coolness imaginable, as if he had been dancing to his own image in a large cheval glass : if he was conceited, he now and then attempted an attitude, or twiddled his eye-glass about by its hair-guard : if he was timid or retiring, his deportment appeared to express the intense desire he felt to put his legs and arms into his waistcoat-pocket, or anywhere else out of the way, as he usually attempted to turn both the ladies : and if deceitful or fond of subterfuge, he pretended to smile placidly at some visionary friend, as a diversion to his awkward feelings during the solitary exhibition which he was affording the company.

But the constituent dancers of the first quadrille of the evening are seldom game enough to attempt *La Pastorale*, whatever they may do after supper ; and so, to Mr. Ledbury's immense relief, he finds *La Trenise* unanimously, and as it were spontaneously, commenced, which said figure is the most milk-and-water, unmeaning, saluting-your-sister affair of the whole set. The preceding quadrilles have infused an homœopathic dose of familiarity into himself and his partner ; and as soon as the side couples fairly begin he thinks he may venture upon a little more conversation. He therefore makes a pantomimical imitation of using his pocket-handkerchief, and gives a timid cough, just to collect an instant of composure, and then starts again as follows :—

Mr. L.—I wonder whom we shall have at the Opera this season instead of Rubini : I am dying to know.

[*This must be a point of extreme anxiety to Mr. Ledbury, who goes to the three-shilling part of the gallery about twice in the season.*]

Miss H.—So am I. What a sad loss he will be to us !

[*Miss Hamilton's friends are decidedly untheatrical, and the Opera is complete "terra incognita" to her. She ingeniously turns the conversation.*]

Miss H.—Do you play any instrument ?

Mr. L.—I play the flute a little ; do you admire it ?

[*General axiom.—All thin, pale young men, with turned-up wristbands, play the flute, and look as if they tootled all their lungs away through its finger-holes.*]

Miss H.—Oh, so very much !

[*Of course the same reply would have been made, had the instrument in question been the ophicleide or hurdy-gurdy. Slight pause.*]

Miss H. (in continuation).—Do you know the Wiltons of Eaton-sq. ?

Mr. L.—I think I know them by name. [*He has never heard of them.*] Are they related to the Wiltons of Camden Town ?

Miss H.—Oh, no—at least, I should think not.

[*Miss Hamilton can scarcely deem it possible that people living in Eaton-square can have any connexions in Camden Town. Mr. Ledbury feels that he has committed himself, and remains silent. To his relief, La Trenise concludes.*]

"Ronde !" shouts the piano as he finishes the first eight bars of *La Finale :* upon which word of command the company enact a species of refined "Bull in the Ring"—we believe that to be the proper name of a juvenile game ranking amongst the ancient sports and pastimes of the little boys of England, involving inquiries concerning the imaginary key of a chimerical park, and alternate references to a lord and lady. The double *L'Eté* then begins. Our two friends perform the advance movement with due precision ; but the opposite couple are not so happy in their effort. The gentleman is a small, withered man, like a date in a dress coat ; and the lady one of those half-masculine, ungainly-looking creations, of an age that no living soul could fix within ten or twelve years, who are presumed never to have had an offer, and who appear to stand up in every quadrille for the express purpose of "doing their steps." The lady is a determined advocate for the *galoppe*. The gentleman has not paid particular attention to that style, and so he is compelled to run backwards and forwards at her side, like a boy at the shafts of a donkey-

chaise. Anon the change of partners takes place, whereupon, in extreme confusion, he vacillates wildly about the quadrille until his lady returns, who drags him once more into order. It is almost needless to state that he smiles blandly on regaining his place, as he makes some pleasant remarks about "the new-fashioned way," and that he wears ribbed silk stockings, and pumps with round toes and very large ties.

At last the first set terminates : the gentlemen bow, the ladies bend ; and the whole party then begin to indulge in a promenade without the concert, by describing a large circle round the room, bearing as grave a demeanour as if they were priests and druidesses marching on for the commencement of Norma. The mistress is slightly fidgety. It is almost too early for her guests to go down for refreshment, because the tea and coffee cups still occupy the spoons and table, where the ice is to be at an advanced period of the evening. Besides, ice is expensive ; and since, as we have before stated, the most unimportant and least cared-for guests always arrive the earliest, it is not good policy to introduce anything above negus and rout-cakes before eleven. Whereupon she embarks across the room on a private mission to the leader of the orchestra, and desires him to be good enough to play a waltz. This is the most difficult part of the evening party tactics. A waltz is never established at any time without a prolonged desire on the part of everybody to relinquish the honour of commencing it ; but in the *froideur* of the first attempt, there does not appear the least chance of such a consummation ever taking place ; and the musicians play the *Nachtwandler* and *Aurora* all through before a single couple can muster up sufficient valour to commence. At last, the example is set by one daring pair, timidly followed by another couple, and then by another, who get out of step at the end of the first round, after treading severely upon the advanced toes of the old lady in a very flowery cap and plum-coloured satin, who is sitting at the top of the room, and who from that instant deprecates waltzing as a very strange amusement

for young ladies, and not at all consistent with her own ideas of feminine decorum. Mr. Ledbury does not waltz ; but, nevertheless, gets into a temporary scrape, by mistaking a gentleman who comes into the room in a white neckcloth for the waiter, and requesting he will be good enough to bring him a glass of lemonade.

A NEW MANIA

Has bitten the industriously-idle ladies of England. To enable a large wager to be gained, they have been indefatigable in their endeavours to collect old penny stamps ; in fact, they betray more anxiety to treasure up Queen's heads, than Harry the Eighth did to get rid of them. Colonel Sibthorpe, whose matchless genius we have so often admired, sends us the following poem upon the prevailing epidemic :—

When was a folly so pestilent hit upon,
As folks running mad to collect every spit upon
Post-office stamp that's been soil'd and been writ upon ?
Oh for Swift ! such a subject his spleen to emit upon.
'Tis said that some fool in mustachios has split upon
The rock of a bet,
And therefore must get,
To avoid loss and debt,
Half the town as collectors, to waste time and wit upon,
Bothering and forcing their friends to submit, upon
Pain of displeasure
To fill a peck measure
With the coveted treasure
Of as many old stamps as perforce can be *lit* upon,
To paper a room, or stuff cushions to sit upon.
Do, dearest Punch, let fly a sharp skit upon
This new pursuit, and an ass's head fit upon
The crest of the order of Knights of the Spit-upon.

LAW CHANGES.

It is said that one of the ushers of the Court of Queen's Bench will shortly resign, for the purpose of making way for another. This looks like a job ; but the question is, *Is it one ?*

A LAWSUIT.

The usher to whom we allude, has long presented a melancholy specimen of official infirmity ; and his "*Silence ! pray silence,*" is but the feeble wreck of what it formerly used to be. It is true that the terrible lack of jokes from the bar leaves the usher very little to do in quelling the laughter that used to ring through the court, in the days of some of those luminaries whom few of us now recollect ; and there is now little employment for the usher, but to cry out for silence when he is himself the only person interrupting it. Still, however, this requires physical strength ; and the functionary to whom we have alluded, has sadly degenerated in looks, lungs, and liveliness.

BRIGHTON BRIGHTENING.

The visit of her Majesty to this delightful watering-place has been preceded by several very natural phenomena. First floors have gone up amazingly, and attics, which have been rapidly coming down for some time past, are now as high as ever. Quartern bricks are diminished in size, and increased in price ; whilst cottages not half large enough for a single gentleman cannot be had under fourpence. Twists are found to be exceedingly small, especially by those gentlemen who, from the bracing effects of the sea-air, have twists of their own remarkably large. Donkeys have *risen* awfully, and shrimps have become lobsters—in price. Bathing machines are now the same as glass-coaches, and if you want a dip, you can't get over head and ears under a shilling. At the libraries literature is on the advance. "The price of Fame" is up to 6d. a volume, and the "Life of Jack Sheppard" is so dear that it can only be looked upon as a perfect robbery.

Everything is high down at the Devil's Dyke—so high that it ought to be a "celestial Paradise." Notwithstanding the cold weather, the flies have come out, and are sticking it into all the visitors.

The livery stable keepers are driving a very good trade with gigs, which go off at an unprecedented rate, and sea-side horsemanship is as expensive as precarious.

Having nothing more to say, we beg to subjoin the following cut as a rider :—

VISIT OF THE KING OF PRUSSIA TO THE PUNCH OFFICE.

It is not generally known (but now it will be), that His Majesty the King of Prussia, before leaving England, expressed a desire to visit the Punch office ; and accordingly Bryant received a note from Bunsen, intimating the fact that the monarch would look in at Wellington-street.

Our indefatigable publisher immediately began his preparations for receiving the illustrious visitor. The whole of our frontage was at an early hour swept by the functionary who presides at the adjacent crossing ; and before the deep-toned bell of St. Paul's had sounded the hour of eight, our extensive mat had been well beaten against the nearest lamp-post. Our boy was in attendance at an early hour with the tin vessel having one hole in the bottom of it which is used for laying the internal dust ; and, in fact, everything was done, under the immediate inspection of Bryant himself, to do honour to the foreign potentate.

The interior of our premises presented a very elegant appearance. Along the whole of the northern wall might be seen a display of our twelve-sheet poster, while the counter, which had been furiously scrubbed, presented an unbroken surface of Spanish mahogany. In

order to give an appearance of extent, our letter-box was thrown entirely open—thus showing, as far as the eye could reach, an uninterrupted view of every part of our establishment. A special messenger was despatched to some of our principal contributors; and as it happened to be a collar day (with some of them), they were soon in attendance to receive the Prussian sovereign.

At precisely 14 minutes 22 seconds and a half past ten Bryant took his station at the back of the till, and our boy, who wore the hat of the order of Saint Gossamer, to which was affixed the black ribbon of the Ancient Sandal, was stationed in the vestibule. After remaining in the positions we have described until a quarter to two, the boy was permitted to leave his post, and was in the act of taking from his pocket the saveloy which forms his customary meal, when a voice was heard saying something which sounded like "*Mein Gotzen der Ponchen isht von greaten werke*," which announced that German was being spoken, and that the Royal visitor was at the threshold. Bryant instantly bounded over the counter,

and received the King at the scraper; while our boy, having adroitly pocketed his saveloy, made a graceful obeisance to Bunsen.

The scene at this moment was particularly grand, but as descriptions seldom equal the situations they are intended to show, we shall refrain from entering into further particulars. On the King entering the office, a procession was formed in the following order:—

Bryant, (*carrying the Till of Maintenance.*)

The King of Prussia,

Supported on each side by

Six Pages (of our publication.)

Baron Bunsen, (*On a Special Mission.*)

Our Boy,

Bearing the paper knife of Justice.

In this order the procession moved slowly round the counter, and Bryant having deposited the till of maintenance in its proper place, proceeded to explain to the Royal visitor the various branches of our Establishment. The first thing that was brought beneath the King of Prussia's inspection was our paste-pot, and his Majesty having expressed his desire *to stick a bill*, his wishes were immediately gratified, and the King graciously laid the first sheet of our colossal poster that announced our Valentines. The procession was again formed in the same order as before, and moved towards our retiring room, or lumber closet. Here the desk, that occupies two-thirds of the apartment, had been made level by a temporary prop, and a small collation was laid out, consisting of every delicacy that had been obtained, and including a small German sausage, together with a choice selection of

one from the extensive batch of rolls of the morning's baking. The King partook somewhat sparingly of the luncheon, but Baron Bunsen (on a special mission) eagerly finished it.

Bryant now led the way towards our joke department, which is fitted up with fancy sketches by first-rate artists, and the King having intimated a desire to see a joke actually made, our obliging publisher, aided by our boy, attempted, but wholly without success, to manufacture one. By their fruitless efforts they had nearly done considerable damage, for having experimentalised with our galvanic battery of wit, and pointed our patent retort upon the King, they nearly exhausted the receiver, and almost split the sides of Bunsen. They also let off by accident some of our electric fluid; and the essence of Guffaw, having come in contact with the spirits of humour, caused an explosion that might have ended in something serious.

The ineffectual attempt to manufacture a joke did not prevent his Majesty from being informed how it was usually done, and it was explained that Punch could make the article from any material, for that he often did so out of old leaden stuff sent by strangers, and some specimens of answers to correspondents were shown to the King, who tried their effect upon his own risible muscles very successfully. His Majesty was then introduced to our contributors, and on seeing Sir Peter Laurie, asked what portion of the work was entrusted to him; when it was intimated that the knight in question only damped the paper. The author of the Physiology of a Medical Student had the honour of feeling the King's pulse, and Bunsen handed his cigar (which was respectfully declined) to the author of the Puff Papers.

Before leaving the premises the King conferred on Bryant the order of the Spread Eagle, as well as that of the White Bear, and placed in the hands of our boy a copper medal of the kingdom of Prussia.

The crowd outside the office manifested their loyalty by calling a cab, and one of the patent safeties having drawn up, the King of Prussia, attended by Baron Bunsen (on a special mission), stepped hastily into it; the procession then withdrew in the following order:—

BRYANT.
OUR BOY.

SONG FOR THE SENTIMENTAL.

The blighted heart *may* seek, in vain,
By other scenes to soothe its pain,—
And sadly droop in deep despair,
The grave its only shield from care,—
But more I pity *him* whom Fortune's frown
Has forced to change to "browns" his last half-crown!

Though deep the wound of woe or crime,
A healing balm is spread by Time!
Again is joy's bright verdure found
To spring from scathed and barren ground;—
But what shall aid the heart of hope bereft,
That has not got one single "tizzy" left?

EPIGRAM ON SIR ROBERT PEEL'S SHILLING SLIDING SCALE.

Upon a *slide*, the boy who slides the slowest, meets disaster,
So Johnny will trip Bobby up, if Bobby don't *slide faster*.

Norma made Easy.—Act. II.

Scene I.—Norma's Dwelling—a glance slight and cursory
Informs us at once that the room is the nursery.
On one side a couch, where the children repose,
Without any featherbed, mattress, or clothes;
But as they a bolster or pillow require,
One end of the couch than the other is higher.
The infants are sleeping, contented and good,
On a property bedstead, with bedding of wood.
Enter *Norma*, who carries in one hand a lamp,
Of the well-known theatrical butter-boat stamp;
While just at her waist, and her girdle within,
Is seen a bright dagger of double block tin!
She goes to the bed, and around it while walking
Is heard to herself to be earnestly talking.

PAINFUL SUSPENSE.

"They slumber," says she, "and their eyes being shut,
They 'll know nothing on't when their weazands are cut!
But no!—they're my darlings; and what have they done?
They are his!—that's enough, so I'll cut, and then run."
She raises the dagger, but then it occurs
To her mind, all at once, that the children are hers.
She fondles, embraces, and fervently blesses them;
She hugs, she hangs over, and wildly caresses them,
Then summons *Clotilda*, by calling out "Ho, there!"
As the coal-heaver, shooting a sack, cries—"Below, there!"
Clotilda comes in—*Adelgisa* announces,
And like a smart maid-servant out again bounces.
Then *Norma*, whose views are decidedly sinister,
An oath very solemn begins to administer
To fair *Adelgisa*, who, fearing to brave it,
Objects not to join the proposed affidavit.
The terms of the oath very clearly imply,
That *Norma* herself shall be suffer'd to die;
While her friend *Adalgisa* she begs will fulfil
The part of executrix to her last will,
And bring up the children—a charge that the other
Would find very likely a bit of a bother,
She therefore declines it, but says that soon speeding
To *Pollio she* will for *Norma* be pleading.
The priestess demurs: they join issue; but, lo!
Poor *Norma* withdraws the record that said "No"
To the offer just made. To the front they then get,
And warble together the well-known duet.
There over the lamps, with the gas turn'd on high,
They swear that "together they'll live—they will die."
Scene II. is a landscape where Druids appear,
For no other purpose but vengeance to swear;—
They seem in a terrible passion: they shout,
And awfully flourish their costume about;
Which has an effect that is somewhat sublime,
For their thirty white nightgowns are shaken in time.
Scene III. is the last—'tis a temple: there hangs
In the midst such a gong as the charlatan bangs
When he lets out his audience, bidding them go
To tell how they've been entertain'd at his show.
And then if they try to expose what is wrong,
Their voices he drowns with his thundering gong.

But now to poor *Norma* again we return:
She enters, and hears that her lover dared spurn
The overtures made in her favour; and so
She gives to the gong a most vigorous blow.
The chorus surprised by the terrible din,
To know what's the matter come hastily in;
She tells them the time for the battle is near,
And bids them get ready the sword and the spear.
A noise then is heard, it is *Pollio* caught
By the Druids, and now in safe custody brought.
His life is demanded—at once he declares
To his blood they are perfectly welcome—'tis theirs.
Says *Norma*, "I'll shed it myself." "Oh," says he,
"It's you, is it, *Norma?*" "Ay, *Norma*," says she.
She holds up the knife, but she falters, and so
She begs most politely the Druids will go.
They do so. Her victim she eagerly views,
And then a duetto between them ensues;
She says she alone can at liberty set him,
Then tries by a promise of pardon, to get him
Her rival to fly from. Her offer he spurns.
To rage and vexation her pity then turns;
She threatens—not only himself, but the children
She says she'll destroy in her frenzy bewilderin':
Besides *Adalgisa*—her heart seems quite set
On taking the lives of the hateful *quartette*.
But knowing that business, ('tis always confest)
When done by one's self will be managed the best,
He asks for the dagger—the desperate elf—
To do—like a single young man—for himself.
She summons the Druids: then, oh, what a row;
She tells them a priestess has broken her vow.
He begs her to turn not a common *informer*.
The name is demanded; she gives it—"'Tis Norma!"
Of course, when he finds on the pile she must burn,
His love in an instant begins to return.
He says he has wrong'd her; and curses his fate,
As heroes of operas will—when too late.
She pleads for her children; but no one knows why:
Oroveso turns glumpy and swears they shall die,
Which causes poor *Norma* to hang on the skirt
Of the obstinate fellow's white calico shirt;
A measure that never yet fail'd to assuage
The hardest of fathers—at least on the stage.
To the funeral pile the unfortunates turn,
Where, as the book tells us, together they burn.
Some spirits of wine on some fire they throw,
Which causes a glare, and lights up the Tableau.
Oroveso has fainted; for fathers whose hearts
Have been nothing but stones through the whole of their parts
Get soft as wet sponges, and tenderly cry,
Whenever the fall of the curtain is nigh.
The opera is finish'd; and Cooper comes out,
To be met, as he knows, by a general shout
For Adelaide Kemble: then Cooper retires
Like a bit of machinery hung upon wires.
And Mister Charles Mathews, whom gallantry bids
To sport every evening a clean pair of kids,
Comes forth ready dress'd for the arduous part
Of leading Miss Kemble; who presses her heart,
And seizes a *bouquet*, on which she bestows
Many kisses, as sideways with Mathews she goes.
Miss Rainforth is afterwards lustily bawl'd for;
The rest, like dead letters, are "waiting till call'd for."

A QUICK MOVEMENT WITH AN OBLIGATO ACCOMPANIMENT.

THE WORLD.

"The world" is a phrase of all-work—employed by everybody and in all places; yet there is none of more doubtful meaning in the English language. Truly this is an age of astronomy, for more worlds are mentioned in our daily conversation than ever were seen through Herschell's telescope. In our generation worlds, like other useful inventions, have increased to such a degree, that when Divines who keep their carriages emphatically tell us not to love the World, we are apt to wonder which of them they mean.

First, we have the Great World, inhabited only by the aristocracy. Byron calls them "Those for whom the earth was made;" and though some have had cause to suspect the truth of this doctrine, no doubt seems to remain on their minds that the world was intended solely for their use.

Next in order comes the Gay World and the World of Fashion, which are generally supposed to be synonymous.

Then the Scientific World, full of smoke and noise as the birthplace of steam ought to be.

There is the Literary World, illustrating the truth of Solomon's proverb, "Of making many books, there is no end."

A RUN UPON THE BANK.

We have also a Religious World, the noisiest of them all; and a Theatrical World, which is generally believed to be the proper name for all the rest.

There is likewise a Working World, occupied by the greatest and most useful class of mankind, but voted low by all the lovers of gentility, and far beneath the notice of politicians.

Which of all these, then, is by pre-eminence *the* World? The World which our godfathers and godmothers renounce for us? The World which serves for a universal scape-goat, and bears alike the burthen of our sins and sorrows; for who has not heard of respectable people being prevented from doing their duty by the opinion of the World? Does not Mr. Biter, when he is bitten, exclaim, with just indignation, against the treacherous World? Does not the Irish rector, who sells a sick widow's bed for tithe, declaim piously against the wickedness of the World? Listen to the wealthy merchant—the man of many thousands, who adds warehouse to warehouse, and ship to ship—who, having more than enough for life, toils on a willing slave of Mammon, for what he must lay down at the bidding of the Great Leveller; even he, amid the bustle of business, finds time to complain of the troublesome World. Tell us, O, ye philosophers! (and one cannot turn a corner now-a-days without meeting a Socrates) what particular World is the theme of so many voices. Verily it is a question worthy of the British Association!

TRADE REPORT.

Butter is not so firm as it has been during the severe weather; and new-laid eggs, having been released from bond, where they have remained for some time, preserved in lime, are a good deal lower than our last quotations.

Pigs were quite stationary when taken by the leg, and dealers who went the whole hog got enormous prices. Corn continues scarce; but the speech of Sir Robert Peel caused chaff to become very plentiful, and numerous specimens of rye were seen in the market afterwards.

The quotations of calf have been very dull since the members of parliament have begun to debate; and bacon has been greatly lowered by the sudden influx of gammon.

COLLARED BEEF.

Coals are done at a nominally low price, but customers are still done at a really high one. There has also been since our last a further reduction in the sizes of sacks, to meet the demand that has arisen.

EPIGRAM

BY SIR E. L. BULWER.

As a "bob" is a shilling, and Peel means to rob
By *a shilling corn-duty*, let's name him *Sir Bob*.

Literary Intelligence.

The lovely and accomplished Seraphina Sophia Snaggs has written a charade, which was read at a select party last week, at the house of her excellent father James Snaggs, Esquire, of the Oval at Kennington. Several literary gentlemen (who have written many volumes on various subjects, but who have not as yet favoured the world by publishing) were present at the *reunion*, which was literally "a feast of reason," for the worthy host, being determined to throw aside all ceremony, had made no arrangement for refreshments.

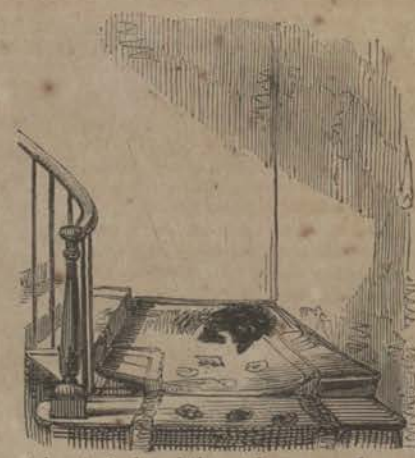
We are authorised to state that the gentleman who so long filled the post of Warren's poet, has not retired from the world of letters, but has just brought out another new work, called, *Portraits of by no means Unpopular Personages*, the materials of which have been collected during a long and painful acquaintance with the streets, and the acquirement of some very severe experience picked up in cheap coffee-shops.

"*The pictorial Catnach*" has been announced to appear, and the first number begins well with the popular ballad of "My love is like the red, red rose," to which there is an elegant vignette of a full-blown cabbage. A yard and a half of this truly national work is to appear every Saturday.

It is not true that Sir Peter Laurie has written a book. The worthy knight is the author of a variety of jokes, but as they are all collected in the earliest editions of Miller, it is thought by his best friends that it would be superfluous to republish them.

SUCH A LAURIE GETTING DOWN STAIRS.

We have received a great shock in the person of our own beloved Laurie. That eminent anti-suicide, a few days since, was precipitated by the immense weight of that vast "globe of thought" upon his shoulders, down his own staircase. Happily Sir Peter received no fatal injury; but the stairs with which the alderman's head came in contact, are in an alarming condition. Some idea will be conceived of the awful violence of the concussion, when the reader learns that Sir Peter left in the stairs he struck a fac-simile of his intelligent features. Punch immediately dispatched his artist to the spot, and the result of the visit is the subjoined:—



Sir Peter was taken to bed and the stairs removed on a stretcher to the hospital. Sir Peter is gaining strength daily, his head having had considerably the best of it. The oldest hospital doctors, however, fear that the stairs will never get up again.

APROPOS DU PRINCE.

Digerie, Digerie, Doge,
Le rat ascend l'horloge:
L'horloge frappe,
Le rat s'échappe.
Digerie, Digerie, Doge.

O! Fripon! Friponne!
Le Chat et le Crémone,
La vache sur la lune cabriole.
L'espagneul grimace
En voyant sa grâce,
Et le Châton la cuiller vole.

Le p'tit Tom Tuqueur,
Chante de bon cœur,—
C'est pour un souper du pain et du beurre.
Comment le couper sans avoir une lame?
Comment se marier sans avoir une femme?

UNREPORTED PARLIAMENTARY EFFECTS.

Coroner Wakley, the Member for Finsbury, during the whole of last session sat among the Tories, much to the annoyance of our friend the Colonel, who complained that he could not give Sir Robert the benefit of his advice. On the first night of the present session, Tom, on entering the House, gave a furtive glance to the Tory side, but veered to the Whigs; they would have nothing to do with him:

PRESENTING A CHECK.

In vain he implored Tommy Duncombe. Tommy would not budge an inch, but bundled Wakley into the middle of the floor. Wakley rebounded and fell into the arms of *Sir Somebody Clay* the Member for the Tower Hamlets, where he, as was naturally to be expected in such material, *stuck fast*. The Colonel led a grand cachinnatory chorus on the occasion.

Lord O'Connell made himself ridiculously conspicuous the whole of his first night by wearing five or six yards of *chain* about his neck and shoulders. Like St. Paul, *Dan* was proud of his *bonds*.

Robie Burns and Robie Peel.—On Wednesday night Sir Robert Peel introduced for the first time a new edition, with variations, of the popular ditty, "Corn *Rigs* are Bonnie."

MURDERERS AS THEY ARE,
AND
MURDERERS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

No. I.—EUGENE ARAM.

EUGENE ARAM AS HE IS ACCORDING TO SIR EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

All the authentic anecdotes of Aram corroborate the fact of his natural goodness to all things.

"The burning desires I have known—the resplendent visions I have nursed—the sublime aspirings that have lifted me so often from sense and clay: these tell me, that whether for good or ill, I am the thing of an immortality, and the creature of a God."

"I had been kind and loving to all things from a boy; there was not a dumb animal that would not single me from a crowd as its protector."

"*I looked on the deed I was about to commit as a great and solemn sacrifice to knowledge, whose priest I was.*"—Bulwer's mock confession of Eugene Aram—italicised in the original.

"There are several anecdotes to show that Aram was equally *humane* before the crime was committed."

EUGENE ARAM AS HE OUGHT TO BE, ACCORDING TO FACT.

"Being desirous to know what my husband and Houseman were doing, I heard Houseman say to Aram, 'She is coming.' My husband replied, 'We'll not let her—she knows nothing.' To which Houseman said, 'If she tells that I am here 'twill be enough.' My husband then said, 'I will hold the door to prevent her from coming.' Whereupon Houseman said, 'Something must be done to prevent her telling; if she does not tell now, she may at some other time.' 'No,' said Aram, 'we will coax her a little until her passion be off, and then take an opportunity to *shoot her.*'"—*Eugene Aram's Wife's evidence on the Coroner's Inquest.*

"He threatened me if I spoke of his being in Clarke's company that night; vowing revenge if ever I mentioned anything relating to the affair."—*Houseman's evidence.*

"Seeing Aram strike Clarke several times over the head and breast, lest I might share the same fate, I made the best of my way from him."—*Houseman's evidence.*

"I suspected Clarke of having an unlawful commerce with my wife."—*Eugene Aram's own confession the morning after his condemnation upon being asked by his clergyman what was his motive for committing the murder.*

"It is presumed that a scheme was laid by Eugene Aram, then a school-master, and Richard Houseman, a flax-dresser, to defraud several persons of great quantities of goods and plate, and that Clarke, who then lived in very good credit, and was lately married, should be the man to carry these schemes into execution."—*Genuine Account of the Trial of Eugene Aram, published at York*, 1759.

"Perhaps I am not without a hope that the Great and Unseen Spirit, whose emanation within me I have nursed and worshipped, may see in his fallen creature one bewildered by his reason rather than yielding to his vices."

"And now glance over the circumstantial evidence—how weak, how fragile! I almost scorn to *allude* to it. I will not condescend to *dwell* upon it. The witness of one man arraigned himself! Is there no chance that, to save his own life, he might conspire against mine," &c. &c.—*And then ensue two pages more of Mr. Bulwer's gratuitous interpolation in a document that he gives as authentic.*

"*I had destroyed a man noxious to the world; with the wealth by which he afflicted society, I have been the means of blessing many.*"—

"Knowledge was my dream; that dream I might realize, not by patient suffering, but by *active daring!* Was it not better and nobler to do this, even at my life's hazard, than lie down in a ditch and die the dog's death? *Was it not better for mankind that I should commit one bold wrong, and by that wrong purchase the power of good?*"—Aram's self-justification, as put into his lips by Sir E. L. Bulwer.

"It might have been expected that the prisoner, in his defence, should have remarked upon Houseman's testimony."—*Judge's Observations when summing up the Evidence.*

"It is generally believed, and upon good grounds, that Aram got all the money Clarke had received for his wife's fortune, viz., about 160*l.*"—*Genuine Account of the Trial.*

"That he murdered Clarke is beyond all doubt; and the excuse he afterwards made for it is greatly to be condemned, it being at the expense of an innocent industrious poor woman, whom he ever treated in an infamous inhuman manner."—*Genuine Account of the Trial.*

SO MUCH FOR BUCKINGHAM.

The Tory papers assure us that though the Duke of Buckingham has quitted the Ministry, he nevertheless has the greatest regard for the Cabinet as it stands. This is like Timkins, who always expressed the most devoted affection for his wife, yet always swore that no power on earth should make him live under the same roof with her.

ALL ROUND MY HAT.

RAILWAY CALAMITY.

The body of the unfortunate man who received such hard treatment from the tender has not been found. An inquest is to be held upon his legs, which were happily so jammed against the wall, as to be preserved entire; and they furnish sufficient "*remains*" for the purpose of the coroner. The unhappy legs have left a widow and a young family.

JONATHANISMS.

There is a man in Massachusets so straitened in his circumstances that he is obliged to get his waistcoats made at a lunatic asylum.

There is another who has lived so long in the State of *O-hi-o*, that he can't pay anybody.

Jonathan Briggs, of New York, has a memory so long that he is obliged to tie it in a knot to carry it about with him.

SIBTHORP'S CORNER.

Why is the present Lord Mayor like a pork butcher?—Because he always has "Fry" in the house.

"My heart is thine," as the cabbage said to the cook-maid.

Why is a percussion-cap like death?—Because it is a debt-o'-natur' *(detonator)*.

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

"Pit's full," as the Earl of Chatham said after dinner.

"Your pen wants mending," as the shepherd said to the stray sheep.

OUR LAST ADVICES FROM NEW YORK.

It rained so hard on Thursday last that the stones in the street were beaten into a jelly.

A shocking accident occurred near the Bowery Theatre on Monday. Mr. Pitts had grown so excessively thin, that his wife threaded her needle with him, and never found out her mistake till she had regularly sewn him up.

Miss Briggs of the Broadway is so exceedingly modest, that she always wears spectacles to avoid looking at anything with her *naked* eye.

LOOKING AFTER THE CHAPS.

Gazette Extraordinary.

Policeman K., No. 36, to be Sergeant, vice Snooks, cut in two on the Croydon Railway.

Postman Biffin, late Twopenny, to be General, by purchase, vice Grab, transported.

K. of the London and Birmingham Light Engineers, hitherto unattached, is to be in future attached to the heavy train, and will bring up the van, vice Figgins, blown to atoms.

A MAGNANIMOUS KING.

A Brussels paper says that at Ostend the King of Prussia was charged 200*l.* for his breakfast. It adds that the King "could not, of course, *stoop to bargain* about the matter, and so *submitted to the extortion!*" What a pity that the owner of the Hotel des Bains was ignorant of this magnanimous trait in the royal character, otherwise he might have charged double; for the more he had charged, the more it is evident his Majesty would have refused "to stoop!"

TEA AND COFFEE DUTIES.

PAUPER'S CORNER.

Disease and want are sitting by my hearth—
The world hath left me nothing of its good!
The land hath not been stricken by a dearth,
And yet I am alone and wanting food.
The sparrow on the house-top o'er the earth
Doth find its sustenance, and surely He
Who gave the mighty universe its birth
Would never love the wild bird more than me.

The rich must die and moulder with the poor,
The grave is universal! and yet man
Doth grind his fellow, seemingly secure
That life to him was not a finite span.
'Tis hard this wringing misery to endure,
When this good world is teeming so with joy;
But man upon its bounties shuts the door,
And says to Hunger, "Go thou forth—destroy!"

Punch's Theatre.

THE IRISH HEIRESS.

As Le Sage might be justly considered the parent of a genuine, natural school of comedy, so to the author of Gulliver's Travels may be traced the origin of such works as have been recently produced at the Hay-Market and Covent-Garden Theatres. Characters are now introduced upon the Stage that never did and never could exist in reality, any more than Swift's Yahoos and Brobdignags,—beings like nothing in life, save players, moving about and talking at and to each other without any earthly object or purpose—individuals devoid of individuality; for though meant as specimens of particular classes, they are like nothing but absurdity, of which they are true embodiments. Their creators, knowing little of the classes they pretend to paint, draw upon their ignorance for the outline and filling up, and on their imagination for the truth and nature of their portraits. Hence the origin of such comedies as "Marriage" and the "Irish Heiress;" the authors of which pretend to represent the actions and feelings of persons who move in what is called good society. Their *dramatis personæ* are vastly genteel—the very aristocracy of stagers; they all wear kid gloves, and talk about their carriages and horses;—whilst, to throw an air of reality over the scene, with which the authors fail to invest the characters, the managers engage upholsterers to decorate the stage, and real servants to teach the supernumeraries the art of handing a letter to a master or a mistress.* Few under the rank of baronets are admitted as principal characters, and they never go below a valet for their low comedy.

Yet, alas, though the externals of high life are rigidly aped, yet the lord is too often infinitely more vulgar than his footman, and the man far more like a gentleman than the master; because the dramatist, whatever his tact or talent may be as such, is profoundly ignorant of the originals he tries to copy.

The "Irish Heiress" is a comedy of this class. All the characters which are not broadly copied from the "School for Scandal" are, with the exception of a French valet, as unlike the inhabitants of elegant drawing rooms and the habitual lollers in carriages as it is possible to conceive. *Sir William Stanmore* commences the piece much after the fashion of those primitive performers who, without the smallest provocation, narrate with minuteness their birth, parentage, education, and present circumstances. Upon this soliloquy the plot is built, and a flimsy structure it proves to be; so much so that the author deserves considerable praise for spinning out so truly gossamer a web, even to the end of the fourth act, where the thread of the narrative breaks and is not mended in the fifth or supplementary act. *Stanmore* is a *roué*, who, having put his valet into orders, has deceived a certain invisible girl into the supposition that she is his wife. His circumstances are embarrassed, and he must marry in earnest to relieve them; so, as he has a cousin, a *Miss Merrion*, who is without any fortune whatever, the author makes him select her as his future bride, just as a lawyer comes to inform him he is an illegitimate son, and that *Miss Merrion* is the heiress to the property he now holds. From what we could discover, the upshot is, that he does not marry his cousin, who weds somebody else; but confirms his union with the unseen fair who has been behind the scenes from first to last. The other parts are *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, under the names of *Lord* and *Lady Daventry*, *Mrs. Candour*, now called *Mrs. Comfort*, and *Charles Surface*, newly baptized *Percy Ardent*. The only original creation being *Major Fuss*, whose representative did little more than duck his head from side to side and perform sundry bodily gyrations, edifying only to amateurs in the gymnastics of comedy, of which Mr. Harley is so eminent a professor.

As to the Irish Heiress herself, if it were not for the captivating, delicate, feminine acting of Madame Vestris, the author would assuredly be called upon to answer a charge of libel before an Irish tribunal, which generally consists of accuser and accused—placed twelve paces apart to prevent accidents—a couple of judges and a surgeon.

Despite its overwhelming defects, this piece is borne along by a valuable quality in comedy, namely—a strong current of animal spirits—of rattling dialogue which never breaks down till the real end of the story, at the close of the fourth act. It contains some smart sayings and verbal drolleries, but no wit. On the other hand, the author has had the *courage* to use some expressions too gross for ordinary, much less for polite, cambric-pocket-handkerchief, eau-de-cologne society.

The acting, which this comedy served to display, was, with one exception, excellent. It was even: there did not appear to be any individual striving after effect: there was no *starring*. As most of the performers in it are old favourites, we need not name them, but there was a new one to whom we feel bound to point. A Mr. Wigan played *Lenoir*, the French valet. This was the best performance of its class we have ever had the good fortune to see; besides the mere mimicry of the French-English—which was perfect—the actor contrived to express to the life that combination of respectful submissiveness, which is the main peculiarity of a valet, with the intense, unabashable assurance which always belongs to a Frenchman.

* This was actually the case at the rehearsals of "Money." The author brought his own servant for that purpose.

TO HER MAJESTY'S GOVERNMENT.

WE have received a letter from our esteemed friend the POSTMASTER-GENERAL, complaining of the sudden and enormous increase in the duties of his office consequent upon the publication of our last Number. With every respect for the present Government, we must confess that we did not think there was so much ingratitude existing in St. Martin's-le-Grand.

PUNCH'S VALENTINES did not emanate from mercenary motives, but were designed in the purest spirit of patriotism. We sought not to ensnare the idle threepences of our fellowmen; but, knowing the financial fix of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, we were determined to supply the two or three millions' deficiency in the revenue. We know we have succeeded; and our indignation is only equalled by that of BRYANT, who, instead of meeting with so illiberal a return, modestly expected to be presented with the next vacant garter. Catch PUNCH saving his country again!

Notices to Correspondents.

What ho! Bryant—a steel pen and gall.

L. S. B., Bart., has favoured us with the following tremendous outlay of genius and grammar:—

Sir,—Having taken in your publication of PUNCH since its commencement, and having been much pleased by the wit and humour which *has* been displayed in it, I was much disappointed at perceiving that the Number containing the Index has evidently been got up in a very slovenly manner. You will forgive, I am sure, my good-natured remarks; and your *re-using* the *pictorial* letters, must give general dissatisfaction; it showed such a poverty either of invention or capital, that I was sorry to see it. Besides many of them being really very stupid and difficult to discover; the butcher boy (F), and the lady in the wind (H), being very absurd.

As another instance of the carelessness of this Number, I might mention the illustration at the end of the address of "Mr. Augustus Swivel," where you have drawn PUNCH as making his bow, whereas it should have been a sketch of Mr. A. Swivel touching his hat; and again, your repeating your introduction, which you have so often advertised, showed either a great laziness in writing, or that your wit was at an end; some ill-natured persons say the latter. *However, whichever* it may be, the Number was very badly done.—I remain, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

L. S. B., Bart.

P.S.—I should advise you as much as possible to avoid calling names. Your correspondent, J. Muff, is very fond of doing that sort of thing. Country people seldom like being called "*grubs!*"

The above epistle is valuable for the sagacity of its advice, the independence of its grammar, and the rigmarolery of its composition. Our friend the Baronet fears that our wit is at an end. We must confess that we are sometimes deficient in brilliancy, from the want of a *foil*;—in such a capacity L. S. B. would be worth his weight in L. S. D.

OUR PET PETER forgets himself as follows:—

Sir Peter Laurie presents his compliments, and will feel obliged by PUNCH informing him from what country the young lady now exhibiting in Piccadilly comes, and if it is on account of her great size that she is called

MISS-OURI LEVIATHAN.

We have done much to secure Sir Peter a leaf in the "Biographical Dictionary," and this is the return he makes us. A word in your ears, Laurie—When next you draw for PUNCH, let it be a cheque.

Now comes "a deed without a name"—

THE CITY BANQUET—A MIRAGE.

O King! we like your gastric vein,
And may you ne'er grow thinner;
Though citizens of gourmand fame
Refuse *the* king a dinner.

Shade of *great* Curtis! where's the elf,
Whose parsimonious sin
Would keep the calf (a type of self),
And *give* away the *skin?*

Is the last stanza the result of parental injustice? Can the father of the author have made free with his son's clothes?

BEHEMOTH puts the Covent-Garden company into doggrel, under the title of—

A FRAGMENT.

(From an unpublished poem of Lord Byron's.)

Know ye the house in which Vestris and Nisbett
Are sparkling and bright as the pieces they act,
Where the wretch who wants money may safely make this bet
Five to one on Madame 'gainst the world—that's a fact!
Know ye the voice that so thrillingly rings
From the gods to the pit as Miss Adelaide sings,
And batter'd old Blazés pretend not to cry,
While "'Tis Norma!" floats wild o'er that hush'd company;
Where Miss Rainforth's chaste notes are uncommonly sweet.

* * * * *

Where Charles Mathews' gay rattle (who is, *entre nous*,
An excellent actor and gentleman too)
Appears always dressed in most exquisite clothes,
And Harley's so clever at rubbing his nose,
And Farren's perception of comedy's fine,
And all, save the cornet-à-piston 's divine!
'Tis the house of John Kemble—the temple of mirth,
The best-managed theatre found on the earth.
Oh! cursed be the blockhead that wishes it evil,
May he never drink porter, and go to the devil! BEHEMOTH.

This poetical hippopotamus seems to be out of his element in the Hippocrene. From the wishy-washiness of the lucubration, we should say, that if this animal be amphibious, it is between *toast* and *water*.

FORGERY! ONE PUNCH REWARD!—Whereas some malicious simpleton has sent the annexed as a genuine joke drawn upon Colonel Sibthorp: PUNCH hereby gives notice that he will pay the above reward on detection of the offender.

Our own Colonel, the other day, was describing to us Hume's calculating propensities, and he declared that, except Babbage's Machine, he had never heard of such

AN ADDER UP.

The above is decidedly a breach of privilege. If Sibthorp don't bring it before Parliament, we shall.

SOLOMON TURNIPHEAD makes the following modest proposition:—

Glasgow, January 14, 1842.

HONOURED PUNCH—DEAR SIR,—Below is a sample of my poetical powers; if you sanction it as good, I can furnish you with materials of the best poetical description every week, to fill up a small part of your amusing publication.

I remain your poetical servant,

SOLOMON TURNIPHEAD.

P.S. Let me know through your notices to correspondents.—S. T.

I'm fond of Punch, I'm fond of Punch,—
O! Punch is all my theme;
My mother is, too, fond of Punch,
And it often makes her dream.

But now, as I am growing up,
With pleasure I my Punch do sup;
I always drink it out of a cup,
And makes it walk down like any young pup.

Will Solomon Turniphead furnish us with his terms?—Judging from the above *sample* they must be next to nothing.

London: Bradbury & Evans Printers Whitefriars.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

VIII.—THE PROGRESS OF THE ENTERTAINMENT.

URING the last waltz and quadrille, the knocker on the street-door has not known an instant of repose; indeed, you would think it was attacked with a violent fit of cold shivers, did you not conceive that the constant percussion must keep it almost at a white heat. It is now that the really nice persons arrive — not the *quarter-past-niners*, who have no other object in view than to dart about in every quadrille like pith figures on an electrifying machine—to look exceedingly warm after every waltz—and to eat enormous quantities of cold fowl and collared eel at supper; but an effective importation of good-looking young men, and a corresponding train of handsome *demoiselles à marier*, whose dresses keep up a continuous rustling, as, shedding rays of beauty and fragrance around them in every direction, they ascend the staircase.

The rooms fill to a degree, which gives you a very fair idea of the hold of a slave ship, or the dungeon at Calcutta; fresh introductions take place, and budding flirtations are visible at certain intervals, which only await the influence of a few genial showers of champagne to bring them to maturity. Suddenly a subdued murmur floats about the room, indicative of a wish to obtain silence—sh-sh-sh-sh-sh! a young lady is about to indulge the company with a song. This announcement delights everybody—the guests are delighted because it is proper and imperative to be so, under such circumstances—the mistress of the house is delighted because the performance carries on time for ten or fifteen minutes—and the young lady herself is delighted, because it is a piece of allowable exhibition, and she anticipates several pretty compliments when she has concluded.

The process of singing a song at an evening party may be thus described:—The young lady, on being led to the piano, first throws a timid glance round the room—ostensibly to evince a gentle confusion—in reality, to see who is looking at her. She then observes to the mistress of the house, "that she is not in very good voice, having a slight cold," which she confirms by a faint sound, something between a sigh, a smile, and a single-knock cough. The hostess replies, "Oh, but you always sing so delightfully," the young lady answers, "that she is certain she cannot this evening," to strengthen which opinion, she makes some young gentleman exceedingly joyous by giving him her *bouquet* to hold; and, drawing off her gloves in the most approved style, tucks them behind one of the candlesticks, together with her filmy handkerchief, in such a fashion, that its deep laced border, or embroidered name, may be seen to the best advantage.

The top of the piano, which had been opened for the quadrilles, is then shut down by an active gentleman, who pinches his fingers in the attempt; the musicians form a series of dissolving views, and disappear no one knows where, nor ever will; and the young lady takes her place at the piano. As she plays the chords of the key she is about to luxuriate in, everybody is not perfectly silent, so she finds the music-stool is too high, or too low, or something of the kind, and the pedals appear exceedingly difficult to be found. At length every thing being still, she plays the symphony again, and then smiling at the hostess, and saying, "that she is certain she shall break down," brings out the opening note of a recitative, which makes the drops of the chandelier vibrate again, and silences a couple who are whispering all sorts of soft nothings on a *causeuse* in the back drawing-room.

We are going to hazard a passing remark: we think it bad policy for the young lady vocalists of the present day always to choose Italian music for their displays. The performance is but *pseudo-distingué* after all, for it is perhaps not going too far to state that two-thirds of the fair singers are more or less ignorant of the language they are pouring from those cells of pearl and coral, (which common-place people designate mouths,) except the knowledge derived from the elaborate and highly-classical two-shilling translations of her Majesty's Theatre; and in addition they generally provoke comparison by selecting the most difficult *morceaux* of the great singers. We are not one of those patriotic folks who snarl about "patronizing foreigners and Italian music," with the rest of the hackneyed subjects of discontent, for we acknowledge their musical superiority; but a pretty English girl may depend upon it she never looks so attractive as when singing a pretty English ballad. Let her attempt "Casta Diva" with all due style and execution, and of course her hearers will admire her power of voice; let her warble one of our own sweet songs with the same care and expression, and they will at once fall in love with her. And however correctly she may get through the first-mentioned air, the only candid impression left is that we have heard it much better done upon the stage.

When the young lady has concluded, and the gentle applause of the kidded palms has died away, the hostess expresses the intensity of her obligation for such a delightful treat, and says, "I am sure, Miss Mitchell, you must require some little refreshment after your exertions," whereupon useful Mr. Ledbury, who chances to be near the piano, and has danced once with the lady, offers his arm, and they glide down stairs. Fearful of again falling into his previous *contre-temps* with respect to the white neckcloths, he reverses his error, and now mistakes the waiter for one of the guests, blandly inquiring if he heard Miss Mitchell's charming song, which so confuses the poor man, that upon being asked for a glass of lemonade, or rather a custard-cup full, he pours some negus into an ice-plate, and dips a wafer cake into the jug of hot water which is close at hand to revive the tea-spoons. When Mr. Ledbury and Miss Mitchell go up-stairs again, they find a new quadrille has been formed in their absence, upon which they take possession of a vacant cane seat, and having observed that it is very warm, that the rooms are very nice for dancing, and that the music is very good, relapse into their own reflections.

By half-past eleven the proceedings of the evening are in full play, and the various motives and attributes which characterise an evening party pervade every portion of its constituent features. It is not all mere amusement; indeed, there is often much discontent prevailing. The old ladies have not received sufficient attention; the young ones have been eclipsed; the vocalists who brought all their music have not been asked to sing; the men have lost at cards, and other like vexations. Allow a quadrille to pass by without dancing; sit quietly in a recess of the windows, half enshrouded by the curtains; make a fair use of your eyes, and you will find much to entertain. You will

see the young men shuffling away when they suspect the hostess wishes to introduce them to some odd-looking partner; and the young ladies saying they think they shall not dance this time, until the favoured one asks them, when they stand up immediately. You will see the "speculative mamas," of whose species our own dear PUNCH has put forth so beautiful a type, all eyes and Irish poplin, telling their daughters who are flirting with younger sons on the landing that they will catch cold, and desiring them to come into the room: and you will not fail to observe the attention which the hostess pays to the great people of her acquaintance, how anxious she is for their comfort, although they are generally the queerest objects in the room, and what ingenuity she displays in getting partners for the unmeaning girls they have brought with them—for, cold, calculating mortals as we are, it is a hard struggle for wealth and ignorance to fight up against beauty and intellect. And finally, you will confess your inability to imagine what on earth the gentleman with the long hair and incipient mustachios, who is carefully balancing himself on one leg against the flowerpot-stand, and the pretty girl with the French scarf falling so deliciously off her shoulders, can find to talk about so long and so earnestly.

A RAILWAY SLEEPER.

WE read in the newspapers that "a man was fined 20*s.* for proceeding further on the railway than he had paid for. He fell asleep, according to his own account, and when he reached London he had no money to pay for the additional fare." Now we call this too bad! No railway can go on without its sleepers; and we think it something beyond a "fare" imposition that a gentleman, because he happened to be in the train, should be charged for sleeping faster than he ought to have done. Doubtless the individual in question had been accustomed to take his naps at the quiet rate of ten miles an hour, and had made no allowance for the difference of travelling between a four-in-hand and a thirty horse power engine.

GOING BY RAIL.

A SUPPOSITITIOUS BIOGRAPHY.

MR. GRUNT, THE AUTHOR.

THOMAS Grunt was born in Scotland, of a very old family, for his father and mother were far advanced in years, and he had brothers and sisters all arrived at ages of maturity. The elder Grunts deriving their income chiefly from capital in their own hands (manual labour), young Tom soon began to find how, in his own elegant phraseology, "the cat jumped;" and he had an instinctive idea that he must become the architect — though totally without the necessary bricks — of his own fortune. In after years he certainly succeeded in doing that with "dry rubbish" which many others have been unable to accomplish with good materials. But we are beginning to anticipate; and we must return to young Grunt, whom we now find picking up the seeds of education (of which he has to this hour retained the chaff) in a small seminary kept by an old woman who divided her time between Mavor and her mangle, and submitting alternately both linen and learning to the mangling process.

It was here that young Grunt first imbibed the predilection he has since so strongly manifested of combining occupations contradictory to each other; and as his early (we believe his only) instructor did before him, he to this day unites two trades; for he professes instruction, while he practises mangling in every volume that he publishes.

Having missed young Grunt for a series of years (for there are no memorials of his career since he was seen carrying home the clothes for his schoolmistress in the little village that gave him his birth (and nothing else), we find him all at once taking a glass of porter at the bar of a London tavern, in the company of a printer's devil attached to one of the morning newspapers. Again we lose sight of him, till we detect him in a garret in the New Cut; and here he enjoyed for some time the confidence of his landlady; for he was four weeks in arrear with the rent of his lodging. Grunt now began to feel the ground under his feet (for his shoes were sadly in want of soles; and, taking courage, he tasked his vigorous

UNSEEMLY APPAREL.

imagination for a flight in the regions of fiction, which he enclosed anonymously to the editor of *The Cab*, a halfpenny periodical then enjoying considerable credit—from the printer and stationer. *The Cab* was at that time edited by a gentleman who has never since been heard of, and thus the literary aspirations of the ambitious Grunt were overwhelmed in an instant, for his contribution never appeared, nor did the work he sent it to, nor did its editor.

Balked in his efforts, the enterprising Thomas repaired to the *Frog and Feathers*, the landlord of which knew something of him, and good-humouredly consoled him by chalking out what for the last month he had been chalking-in, and told him to pursue the path that was open—a recommendation he accompanied by pointing to the door, through which Grunt withdrew in a mood of exceeding dolefulness.

We now lose sight of our hero for many months, and meet with him at last in Great St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials, where we find him installed at the head of the literary department of the toy and marble warehouse presided over by the well-known Mr. Pitts, who retains for him to this day a strong and disinterested friendship.

Here Grunt had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of our leading writers—for the streets; and it is to his position at Pitts's that he owes the style of his compositions, which have been further improved by an engagement which he subsequently held under the well-known Mr. Catnach, the Mecænas of modern murderers.

It would be impossible to trace Grunt from place to place, and from attic to attic, during the period of his early struggles; it would be a search worthy only of a Levy or a Davis, and we therefore decline attempting it. During his latter years he has distinguished himself by the perfection to which he has carried the art of memory, by writing Recollections of people about whom he did not merely forget all he knew, but of whom he never at any time knew anything. He was afterwards engaged in the equally ingenious process of giving portraits of people whose features he is wholly unacquainted with, and executing copies without possessing the smallest knowledge of the originals. Grunt is personally of the middle height, but intellectually of the lowest stature. His face has a brassy complexion, and he carries in his eye all his talent—while he sees none the worse for it.

LOVE AND MAMMON.

Dear friend, I'm glad to meet you here,
But, scarce know what to say,
For such an angel I have seen
At your mama 's to-day!
Of fairer form than Venus when
She trod the Grecian shore;
And then such splendid hair and eyes
I never saw before.

Her air and manners were divine,
Above all petty arts;
Oh surely she was form'd to reign
The peerless queen of hearts.
Dear Bob, we have been college friends,
And friendship's still the same,
Now only tell me who she is—
Oblige me with her name.

"Fine hair and eyes! The Queen of Hearts!
Who can she be?—Oh, yes!
I know her now!—Why, Frederick, that's
My sister's Governess!"
Your sister's Governess! Indeed
I thought it might be so;
She looks genteel—but still there is
About her something low.

TOAST AND SENTIMENT.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

Lord Radnor, who is sometimes rather funny, one day last week congratulated their Lordships on the admission of turtle duty free; so his Lordship had been informed by *Gunter*—not he of the *scale*, but of Berkeley-square. The Earl of Ripon, on the popular notion that turtle partaking of the character of fish, flesh, and fowl, said there was a doubt how to class it at the Custom-house. That same Gunter once, when ice was scarce, sent to Norway for a shipful; the ice was entered in the Custom-house books as "dry goods." Gunter appealed against the duty; the Commissioners of Customs sent him to the Lords of the Treasury, who in their turn sent him back to the Customs. "Ay," observed Lord Jock Campbell, "by which time the ice had melted, and Gunter could *run* his *dry goods* in the face of the revenue officers."

Lord Campbell has not combed his head once *in the house* since he was made a Peer!

A POSITIVE FACT.

Our Bryant has a barometer of such surprising powers, that he can make it rain whenever he pleases.

A FEW LINES FROM MR. JOSEPH MUFF.

My Dear Old Punch, *Clodpole, Feb.* 20, 1842.

It is now two months since I last wrote to you, so I thought you would not object to see what I have been about. I know you take an interest in all my proceedings.

I got my surgery a little into order soon after Christmas, and hung up a lamp at my door: such a stunner—with red and blue shades, and a pestle and mortar on the top. The very first evening I put it up, Jack Randall took it down again, and carried it on to the railroad, where it stopped the down mail-train, the engineer mistaking the red bull's-eye for the signal at the station. Jack 's a splendid chick, but a little too larky. He fills my leech jar with tadpoles and water-efts; and the fellows he brings to see me have walked into all my Spanish Liquorice and Confection of Roses. He likewise never passes my house, as he comes home late from a party, but he pulls the night-bell almost clean away, and when I put my head out of the front second floor to know what's the matter, expecting nothing short of a guinea case, he sings out "Lur-li-e-ty," and asks if I have got any beer in the house. I am, however, obliged to put up with this, for he is a prime chap at heart, and will do anything for me. He quite lived on the ice during the frost, tripping everybody up he could come near; and whether he injured them seriously or not, I know the will was good, and was therefore much obliged to him.

Of course, at present, my patients are rather select than numerous, but I think the red lamp and brass-plate may entice a few. I had a glorious case of dislocation of the shoulder last week, and nearly pulled the fellow in half, with the assistance of two or three bricklayers who were building next door, and a couple of jack-towels. I have not been paid for it; but the best of the matter is, the other doctor tried first and couldn't reduce it, because he had no bricklayers at hand. This has got my name up rather.

I see a correspondent of yours, L. S. B., Bart., has been very irritated at my calling the country people *grubs*. What would he have me term them? I'm sure he is a tolerably fair specimen of the class. They are terrible Goths down here. Not one in twenty can read or write; and so all my dispensing labels which I tie on the bottles are quite thrown away. A small female toddled into the surgery the other day, and horrified me by drawling out—

"If you please, Sir, mother's took the lotion, and rubbed her leg with the mixture!" This might have been serious, for the lotion contained a trifle of poison; but Jack and I started off directly; and as it happened very luckily to be washing day, we drenched the stupid woman with soap-suds and pearlash, until everything was thrown off the stomach, including, I expect, a quantity of the lining membrane. This taught me a lesson that a medical man should always have his instruments in order; for if Jack had not borrowed my stomach-pump to squirt at the cats with, a good deal of bother might have been avoided.

As soon as I can get a little settled, you shall hear from me again. In the mean time, believe me

Yours rather much than otherwise,

Joseph Muff.

"Punch, do you know the root o'-four?"—Not exactly;—but I know the root-to-too.

GROANS OF THE PEOPLE.

THE subjoined paragraph is from the *Times*:—

"The Duke of Wellington yesterday went to the House of Lords on horseback, followed by a groom. Among the crowds of persons who are, most unwarrantly allowed to assemble on both sides of the street by the entrance to the House of Commons, so as to make it very inconvenient for passengers, whether members or others, to pass along, there are daily assembled, near to St. Margaret's Church, a roguish party, who apparently are the same persons daily collected at that point. As soon as they saw the Duke they treated him to *some groans, in acknowledgment of which he coolly and very deliberately walked his horse, and touched his hat, as if receiving the most complimentary applause.*"

The Duke of WELLINGTON's party have, time out of mind, been distinguished for the coolness and deliberation with which they have received the groans of the people. The Duke himself—the wrought-iron Duke—is, however, pre-eminently the hero of nonchalance in all matters wherein inferior men and poorer statesmen might show some touch of sensibility, and vindicate their sympathies with mortal suffering. The Duke of WELLINGTON is far, far exalted above such drivellers; he dwells apart from the mass of men; and in the majesty of his scorn smiles grimly at their littleness, and "touches his hat" at their groans.

Quatre Bras and Waterloo are, to the end of time, historical places; but the philosophic chronicler of human passions may find equal matter for contemplation in the recent doings of the Duke near St. Margaret's, Westminster. The genius and high-moral courage that out-generalled NAPOLEON have been duly said, huzzaed, and sung by thousands; but yet louder, deeper praise belongs to the Duke—the praise of pulseless indifference, the eulogy due to smirking stoicism. To conquer a kingdom has been held a vast achievement; but what is such victory to the conquest of self? What is the overthrow of battalions of dragoons, companies of grenadiers, to that stern relentless annihilation of every link of sympathy that makes man fellow to man—that binds and chains him to the great family of human nature—that makes him merely one amongst millions? There is a stronger, wiser general than HANNIBAL or CÆSAR—more subtle in its movements, made more stubborn by the ethereal temper of its armour;—we mean the human heart! The Duke of WELLINGTON is a great warrior—has achieved wonderful victories, and yet the greatest monument of his superhuman fame is not at Waterloo, but in his own breast. It was something to exile Napoleon to St. Helena—to cage the despot "far amid the melancholy main;" and yet how little the act in comparison with late achievements of the Duke, which incontestibly prove that he has removed himself far, far from the influence of poor human nature—that he has placed himself upon an inaccessible rock, whence, undisturbed by the groans and tears of foolish humanity he may, supreme in his loneliness, look down upon this pitiful world, with all its accidents, its hopes, and sufferings! The people groan, and the Duke of WELLINGTON "touches his hat!" Great is the courtesy of stoicism—sweet the magnanimity of contempt!"

We are told that when the battle of Waterloo was ended, the Duke of WELLINGTON "re-crossed the battle-ground and arrived for supper at Brussels." Mr. MAXWELL—the Duke's biographer—observes, "The excited feelings which such a victory must have produced are said to have suffered a re-action, and given way to deep despondency as he rode past the dying and the dead." It would appear that the searing-iron of politics has remedied that feminine softness of heart which, amidst fifty-thousand dead or disabled men, asserted itself on the field of Waterloo. How many more than fifty thousand Englishmen are, at this moment, dying the slow and torturing death of want? Paisley and Bolton can outnumber the horrors of Waterloo, and yet, it is evident from the political arrival of the Duke in the House of Lords—evident from his heroism so recently exhibited near St. Margaret's, that his Grace could "very deliberately walk his horse" through the grass-grown streets of the manufacturing town, and "touch his hat" to the groans of its famine-stricken denizens.

The Duke, however, is not solitary in his politeness to suffering. All his party are animated by somewhat of the same courtesy to destitution. In Sir ROBERT PEEL's Speech, as spoken by her Majesty, the fortitude and self-forbearance of national suffering received a very handsome compliment—yes, the Minister declared his satisfaction (great solace to the wretched) at the mildness, the meekness, the Christianlike endurance of starvation. Want was praised, and—(for since then Sir ROBERT has brought forward his Corn-law scheme)—remains in all its utter wretchedness.

Since LABAN was juggled out of his lambs, there has not—in the wide and universal history of political legerdemain—been so palpable, so shameless a trick committed as that which has made Sir ROBERT Prime Minister. "Call me in," said the Baronet, "and you shall see what you shall see. The nation is on the brink of bankruptcy—the whole social fabric is about to tumble to pieces; but I have a secret to bring back the golden age, a plan matured and ripe, to consolidate the best interests of society." Well, the timid, temporizing Whigs, by their vacillation—by their want of enlarged sympathies with the masses of the people—by the fatal leaven of aristocracy which leavens the whole—prepared the nation to receive the promises of Peel as assurances of returning prosperity. Sir R. PEEL is supreme at Downing-street: the nation pants with hope—hangs upon the corn-bestowing lips of the Premier, who at length speaks, but like *Juliet*, "says nothing!" On Sir ROBERT being reminded of the greatness of his assertions and the impotence of his deeds, he, with an assurance worthy of any stage at a country fair, replies in the following words—words worthy to be cut in brass, and hung up in the Temple of Impudence, whenever the enlarged philosophy of the time shall erect that much-needed edifice.

"It is easy for the hon. and learned gentleman (Mr. ROEBUCK) to call on me to discard all class prejudices, to show, not perhaps that I am in advance, but, at all events, that I do not lag behind the intelligence of the age, and to bring forward *some grand and comprehensive scheme that would stamp me at once with the character of a great statesman.* I will tell the hon. and learned gentleman what I think belongs more to the true character of the Minister of such a country as this. I think it would be more in keeping with that true character for me *to aspire to none of those magnificent characteristics* which he has described, and that the wisest and safest course for me to adopt is to effect as much practical good as I can, and not, *after announcing some great principle*, calculated to win for me a great deal of popularity, to find at last that the practical part of the subject was in precisely the same state in which it was before I began."

Why, Sir ROBERT obtained his place under the false pretence of being possessed of "some grand and comprehensive schemes"—people, upon his own word, gave him credit for "magnificent characteristics" of statesman's life,—he himself, again and again declared that, like Doctor Steers's Opodeldoc, *his* was the only "great principle" that would meet the national disease. Ay, but then Sir ROBERT was out of office. When the mountebank has after much bawling and bragging, vended his nostrum; with what defying eye and brazen cheek he meets the revilings of the bumpkins he has plundered!

Sir ROBERT PEEL, however, has courtesy to misery. The people groan, and the Premier, like the Duke, "touches his hat." Q.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.—No. I.

HERE's the twenty-third sheet of pink Bath, I declare!
And my crowquills all wasted but one!
And I've broken two penknives in hacking my chair,
Yet my note is not nearly begun!
Come, come—'tis a plain, simple matter to say,
Yet vainly I've tried every plan—
This is really a most purgatorial way
Of becoming a fortunate man!

"My dear Jane"—that's too warm: "My dear Miss"—that's so cold:
This blue fluid does nothing but drop!
"Forgive"—no—"Excuse if"—no—"Pardon my bold"—
Shall I date at the end or the top?
Had I better write Love with a capital L?
And then, how on earth shall I close?
"*Au revoir*" is so very ambiguous to spell:
But one *must* have *some* French, I suppose.

Come, I flatter myself this is pretty correct;
Just observe—"Ever yours, *if I may*—
(I think a dash there will increase the effect;)
That's turned not ungracefully, eh?
Now, the seal—my big Cupid—the wax must be pink.
Here, John, for an answer you'll tarry.
How dare you, sir, grin in that manner, and wink!
Do you think 'tis an offer to marry?

* * * * * *

Ah, this delicate note! yes—dear creature—she's mine!
Let me kiss it! my angel! my life!
What!—"grieved and astonish'd—must beg to decline
The honour of being my wife!"
I begin to suspect I've been playing the fool!
Yes! my feelings have been but her sport!
I'll go mad! I'll commit—no I won't! I'll be cool.
John, bring up two bottles of port.

"DID you ever take a trip to Paris?"—Not exactly;—but I walk into a French roll every morning.

THE PUNCH BANQUET.

WEDNESDAY, the 16th of February, 1842, will be marked in future almanacks as "The proudest day in the lives of the Proprietors of the Belle Sauvage," for it was at their highly-favoured establishment that the event took place, to which nothing but the pen of a George Robins, dipped in the ink of a Robert Warren, could possibly do one iota of justice.

At an early hour Ludgate Hill presented a very animated appearance: vehicles of every description were seen going to and fro, and the city police, under the entire control of D. W. Harvey, Esq., the commissioner, were on duty as usual. In the yard of the Belle Sauvage itself all was bustle and activity; the wagons were fitted up with canvas, and the various coaches that start from this establishment were drawn up to one side, so as to leave ingress and egress to the distinguished individuals who were about to present themselves. At precisely half-past five, a ringing by mistake at the ostler's bell announced the first visitor, who after having applied at the booking-office and the tap, where he obtained no information as to the banquet, clutched the wooden handle of the bell in violent despair, and brought to his side a dozen or so of stable-boys, who directed him to the door of the hotel itself, where the entertainment was given.

At six o'clock a flourish of cab-whips and a clattering of hoofs bespoke the arrival of the principal guests, who, as horses' heads were obstinately turned towards the stables, (though there had been no orders to that effect,) were compelled to alight in the middle of the yard, from which they proceeded at once to the door of the tavern.

The illustrious company passed through a short corridor, and were met on the staircase by a strong detachment of waiters, who conducted them through a passage, and down two steps, (which they were not aware of until they had descended them,) into a room,—their entrance into which was rendered particularly effective by the involuntary impetus their pace had acquired by the little circumstance alluded to. This gave a degree of cordiality to the first meeting, for each new comer seemed to bound in with lively alacrity to greet those who were assembled before him, and the formality of an ordinary entrance into a room was thus entirely avoided.

By a very ingenious contrivance, the apartment in which the company assembled was lighted from without by a gas-lamp opposite the window, and thus the awkwardness of seeing strange faces was prevented, and shadows were introduced to shadows, while long dark figures made bows to short outlines of indistinct human shape, in a style that the gloomy imagination of a *Caracci* would have literally gloated on.

At a quarter to seven, the introduction of a single candle added liveliness to the scene, and the party, preceded by a waiter, repaired in a body to the banquet-room.

A description of this apartment would occupy too much space to allow us to revel in the luxury of doing it justice; but we may be permitted to say that it was inclosed by four massive walls, and a huge chandelier, in a most confiding spirit, depended from a hook on the ceiling. A magnificent beauffet of plate occupied one entire side of the room, and we particularly noticed a plated waiter; while on a ledge immediately above it might be seen a row of highly-polished wine-glasses.

But the great attraction was the table, and here art had conspired with (good) nature to provide a scene of unparalleled grandeur. At each end was a tureen in the form of an ancient sarcophagus, and splendidly embellished by somewhat hieroglyphical devices in blue, which were filled with different soups—one being turtle, which in the pleasant language of cookery is commonly called mock; while the other contained a delicious decoction of ox-tails and other savoury ingredients. The bill of fare would, however, only excite the appetite of the reader, and we shall therefore pass it over by saying that it comprised all the luxuries of the season;

LEG OF MUTTON AND TRIMMINGS,

for it was constructed upon tables provided by the corporation of the city of London, with a premium at the rate of about ten per cent. added to the usual style adopted at the Mansion House.

Among the guests we noticed the Heir of Applebite, who filled the chair, supported on one hand by Q., and on the other by somebody else; while the table was lined on both sides by various individuals. At this moment the scene was almost sublime. The waiters, of whom four had been specially laid on, withdrew simultaneously the covers, while the guests presented an unbroken series of eyes and noses, turned with anxious expectation on the good cheer before them.

In order that nothing might be wanting, books of etiquette were placed in the napkin of each; but unfortunately these were not found until the entrance of the rose-water induced the guests to begin to convert their napkins into towels to wash their faces with.

The cloth being removed to the appropriate air of *Nunc dimittis* (take away the dimity), the following toasts were given:—

THE QUEEN. *Air*—She's all my Fancy painted her.

PRINCE ALBERT AND THE PRINCE OF WALES. *Chorus*—For they are jolly good Fellows.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL. *Air*—Does your Mother know you're out?

SIR ROBERT PEEL. *Air*—Corn rigs are bonnie.

The chairman now rose, and proposed success to PUNCH, when the cheers were literally deafening. Bryant was affected to tears, and a contributor was carried out in a fainting state into the wagon-yard. One of the artists went into violent hysterics, and a wood-cutter, who had been contemplating a new design, laid his head upon the block in a state of hopeless insensibility. While his head was in this position, one of the artists could not resist the temptation of striking it off.

After the excitement had in some degree subsided, the health of the contributors was proposed, and drunk with twice one, instead of nine times nine; when the compliment was acknowledged in a very argumentative speech, in which it was ingeniously urged, that as thanks were to be returned, some one must return theirs, with a few other equally striking observations, which seemed to convince every one present of the perfect accuracy of the views of the orator, who accordingly retired into the privacy of his chair, amidst a considerable clatter of glass, and a somewhat subdued vibration of knife-handles, against the leaves of the table.

Upon the health of Bryant being proposed, and drunk with rapture, the publisher of PUNCH pronounced a most eloquent panegyric on his own exalted situation, and declared it to be his pride and his pleasure—the summit of his ambition, and the pinnacle of his hopes—to preside every week over a ceremony so fraught with honour, and so redolent of glory, as that of dealing out PUNCH to an admiring metropolis. Bryant resumed his seat amidst a shower of laurel leaves, and sung with much taste and feeling the following melody:—

There is not in all London an *endroit* so sweet
As the office of PUNCH, in famed Wellington Street,
Oh, the last ray of feeling and life will depart,
Ere the love of that office shall fade from my heart.

(*Here* Bryant *violently assaulted his waistcoat, and otherwise betrayed deep emotion.*)

It is not that painters have spread o'er the scene
A coat of red paint, while the shutters are green;
'Tis not the vile lucre that chokes up the till—
Oh, no! it is something more exquisite still.

(*Here* Bryant *threw his purse indignantly on the floor.*)

'Tis that PUNCH, the beloved of my bosom is near,
Making every dear inch of the office more dear;
And which shows how the worst-furnished rooms will improve,
When we see the shelves loaded with works that we love.

(*Here* Bryant *produced a number of* PUNCH, *and affectionately hugged it to his bosom.*)

Sweet office of PUNCH! oh, how calm could I rest
In thy little back room! though for space rather press'd;
When publishing time should be over and cease,
And my frame, like that artist's, shall slumber in peace.

(*Here* Bryant *pointed to a designer on wood, who was engaged in a full length on the deal boards, under the table.*)

The effect of this song was, as might be expected, electrical; and the gaiety of the evening was kept up to a late hour.

We had almost forgotten to say, that the arrangements for the press were on a very liberal scale, and that the *Times* was taken to Printing-house Square on a *stretcher*—an article much used by the leading journal;—the *Herald* went to sleep in its own permanently enlarged sheets;—the *Sun* set at an early hour under the table;—the *Atlas* carried home the *Globe*;—*John Bull* went off hand-in-hand with the *British Queen*;—the *Dispatch* was sent off by the *Post*, in charge of the *Courier*;—and the *Lit. Gaz.* having suddenly gone out, never came in again.

Parliamentary Proceedings.

Colonel Sibthorp, in allusion to the Acts against cruelty to animals, merely wished to know if provision had been made for donkeys?

Sir Robert Peel replied, that asses of every description were protected.

Colonel Sibthorp declared himself perfectly satisfied.

The Earl of Coventry gave notice of his intention to move in the House of Lords, that the subject of the Corn-laws should be considered in conjunction with a remission of the duty on leather; for he felt that the pressure of the latter article greatly affected the corn growers; and that, in fact, the House would thus be able to ascertain where the shoe pinches.

PEARLS OF PARLIAMENT.

"Captain Rous considered that cheap bread and cheap wages would be found together. At present a mechanic, say a stonemason, (or shall we say a weaver?) with his wife had on a Saturday night their beefsteaks, their two pots of porter, and gin to keep the porter warm. But if the Corn-laws were repealed, they would have nothing but bread and onions, and a suck at the pump."—*Captain Rous on the Corn-laws.*

We extract the above from the *Examiner*, as a specimen of Parliamentary rhetoric. To discover under what style it can be classed we have referred to *Blair's Belles Lettres* and *Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric*, without arriving at anything approximating to a model. With the same view we purpose making an excursion to Billingsgate, where we have no doubt our curiosity on the subject will be satisfied.

"Mr. Ferrand contended that the Anti-Corn-law manufacturers obtained signatures to their petitions by means which were a mockery of religion, and compelled their workmen by gross tyranny to join in the agitation. Lord John Russell had taken his place in the house, as a member for London, by a majority, some said, of nine dead men; but Sir Robert Peel was supported by a majority of ninety-one living representatives of the people. (A laugh.)"—*Arguments in favour of the Corn-laws.*

For the satisfaction of the enlightened constituency, who sent Mr. Ferrand to Parliament as a sample of their "collective wisdom,"

BE-TRAYED,

we have consulted Dr. Whateley, in order to see to what kind of syllogism the above argument can be reduced. The Doctor is shamefully deficient upon this point, and, according to his rules, we find it impossible to *convert it into reason*.

The nearest syllogistic form that we can give to it is as follows:—"The Anti-Corn-law manufacturers obtained signatures to their petitions, by means which were," &c. And "Lord John Russell had taken his place in the house by a majority, some said," &c.

Ergo, the Corn-laws should not be repealed. Q. E. D.

THE PAUPER'S CORNER.

Rejoice! Hope dawns upon the poor;
The rich man 's heard our prayer;
He'll open wide the garner door,
And bid us come and share.

He feels the bread-seed was not given
Alone to swell his pride;
But that God sent it down from heaven
For all the world beside.

Wail! wail! the rich man's word has proved
A Syren sound alone!
He look'd upon the wealth he loved,
And then his heart was stone!

Oh! would the dull insensate clod
Give forth its yearly store,
If our Great Father and our God
Had thought not of the poor?

NOT TO BE BORNE.

Dr. Bowring, on his way to St. Stephen's last week, laden with sundry petitions to the House of Commons, was stopped by the sentry on duty in St. James's-park, on the plea that no burthens were allowed to be carried through the royal demesne. Upon the Doctor complaining to Lord Lincoln, he found that the sentry was perfectly justified, as the people's petitions being merely *waste paper*, they could only be looked upon by the executive as *parliamentary burthens*.

THE COURT (AND ALLEY) CIRCULAR.

The party at the palace court consisted of several Jew attorneys, in addition to the usual circle of rogues and vagabonds.

Duke Humphrey gave his last grand dinner for the season in Red Lion Square, on Saturday. Several hundreds were in attendance, and partook of the Duke's hospitality.

Master Snooks walked for an hour on the barges at the Adelphi yesterday, for an airing, and took a watering by his foot slipping while he was engaged in the manner alluded to.

Sir Peter Laurie gave an artist a sitting on Tuesday last. The portrait when finished, it is understood, will be removed to the *Bull and Mouth*, where it will remain as a sign-board.

There is no truth in the report of Figgins having been called to the bar; he continues to carry out the beer and call for the pots as usual.

SOUP FOR THE POOR.

Much anxiety has prevailed in the Court of Aldermen for some time past, owing to the oppressive tax upon that necessary of civic comfort—Turtle.

An *Anti-turtle-law association* was formed, and several eloquent *gourmands* pointed out the dreadful state of distress to which many of the freemen were reduced in consequence of the barbarous duty upon this genteel staff of life. We are happy to state that their sufferings have touched the sympathies and stomachs of her Majesty's Government, who, with a praiseworthy commiseration for the sufferings of their fellow-creatures, have removed the prohibitory impost.

This will be glorious news for the weavers of Paisley, who must necessarily feel that, being relieved from the duty on turtle, they can have no objection to pay the tax upon bread.

PROBABILITY—A FABLE.

"The perpetual fear that foreign corn would be introduced would compel the home grower to bring his corn to market at an early period, and before a great rise took place; the perpetual fear of the home grower would prevent the importer keeping back his store of corn to a late period."—*Sir James Graham's Speech in favour of the new Sliding Scale.*

Two sneaking rogues, who had the charge
Of Mr. Bull's possessions,
Both long'd to filch; but each rogue fear'd
The other at the sessions.

Good Mr. Bull thus got his dues,
Till one rogue whisper'd, "Brother,
Let us be wise—shake hands—rob all,
But don't rob one another."

HARDWARE PHILOSOPHY.

We have seen in some of the daily papers an advertisement of a "*Reflecting Oven.*" This says a great deal for the march of intellect, and we have no doubt that we shall soon have an "Imaginative Gridiron" and a "Sensible Warming-pan."

Punch's Theatre.

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

The dramatic "Prisoner of War" that hath made his appearance at Drury-Lane theatre, is one of those rattling, fearless, high-souled, intensely honourable characters, which always stand upon the stage for sailors. Indeed if we were to judge of the Royal Navy by the samples of it always produced upon the British stage, a ship-of-the-line would be presented to our thoughts as a paradise of social happiness, manned by the cardinal virtues, as an ark of chivalry—a floating beacon to guide us, fallen sinful landsmen, to honour and exemplary conduct.

Lieut. Basil Firebrace, R. N., is not behind his class. He is, "thanks to a land wind and a lee shore," fairly run aground at Verdun—the French Marshalsea of our Fleet during the war. A man of his conspicuous virtues becomes a bone of contention with the ladies of the prison-town the moment its gates are locked upon him, and we behold him dragged on by *Mesdames La Rose* and *Violette*, who are lodging-house keepers, and both outrageously anxious to take him in; for, knowing him as an indomitable sea-warrior, they think he is sure to be an eligible *lourder*. A delicate regard for the feelings of the fair sex is always supposed to be a salient point in the character of the roughest tar; and as *Firebrace* cannot embrace both their offers of protection—as he cannot sleep in two beds at once, or daily stow away a double allowance of meals—he hits upon the happy expedient of making the ladies play at fright, and "whoever first turns up the knave is to win him." This good fortune falls to *Madame La Rose*, who presents her damask cheek to her prize to seal the bargain.

A truly theatrical midshipman, by name *Tom Heyday*, now makes a rollicking recognition of *Firebrace*, as an old messmate. They mutually "overhaul their logs," (we are bound to ship-shape our phrases when writing on nautical subjects), and get under way with the plot. The *Lieutenant* is delighted to hear that a certain *Captain Channel* is also a prisoner; which delight at another being in durance vile is very naturally explained when we hear—which we do soon afterwards—that the *Captain*

has a daughter, to whom *Firebrace* has been secretly married two years ago.

When introduced to *Channel* we find him a blunt old tar, of the thunder-and-grog school, with a shattered hull and

A BALL'D HEAD,

as bluff as the bows of a Dutch brig, and as obstinate as a seventy-four embedded in a mud-bank—(this, after six lessons out of Tom Cringle's log). We see mischief fast brewing; for a gentleman in black is presented as a suitor to *Miss Clarina Channel* (otherwise *Mrs. Basil Firebrace*), upon whom *Channel* insists that she shall smile. *Mr. Beaver* is a merchant and a villain; who, having overheard an assignation between the husband and wife, watches them, and when they are together alarms the house, although it is midnight. *Channel* is furious, and threatens to shoot his young friend, the Lieutenant; but is prevented by the town-guard, who entering to arrest both the officers for breaking their parole, put an end to the quarrel and the act.

We now find that *Madame La Rose* has a new and successful rival in a jailor, who has secured *Firebrace*, and gives him house room at a much cheaper rate than the lowest terms taken at her establishment. A crowd of prisoners are seen singing "Rule Britannia," having by dint of great labour, rusty nails, pen-knives, and perhaps tooth-picks, just succeeded in excavating a long subterranean passage by which to escape. *Firebrace* is called upon to head the party; but no! he scorns to be a ring-leader until he can make it up—we beg pardon—square the yards, with the old Captain. *Channel* will not surrender, and determines to part company with his son-in-law (for he knows him as such by this time) and head the retreat. All is ready for a clear run, when lo! a new obstacle—the troublesome Captain of the guard appears. The prisoners have been betrayed. By whom! can there be a doubt when there is a civilian in black introduced into a nautical piece! Of course, *Beaver* is the delinquent. *Channel* now veers round, forgives *Firebrace*, and fires a voluble broadside at the merchant for his lubberly treachery. Finally, that this fair-weather denouement shall not be obscured by a single cloud, an exchange-list of prisoners arrives from England, in which everybody is included except the villain and the supernumeraries.

These materials—old and well-worn as they are—have been polished up by the author into an exceedingly agreeable and pleasing drama. It abounds with comedy of the choicest kind; for besides the persons concerned in the main incidents—faintly outlined above—there are Mr. and Miss Pall Mall, that fit the Keeleys to a hair. Both are prisoners, not of war, but of accident. The gentleman is a genuine London particular, who looks with benign contempt upon France and Frenchmen. He pities them, down even to their rats; which he finds, as they crawl over him in prison, are not nearly so well fed and burly as their fellow rats of Great Britain. To be sure he occasionally deems it right to exaggerate concerning his birth-place; but he holds, that while it is a sailor's duty to die for his country, the civilian is bound in honour to lie for it. *Miss Pall Mall* is also as rich a little bit of comedy as ever was wrapped up in white muslin and romance. In short, the whole of the first act consists of a rapid fire of smart clever dialogue, most of which is allotted to the Keeleys, but a good proportion falls to the share of the other performers; particularly to Mr. Anderson as *Firebrace*, and to Mr. Phelps as *Captain Channel*. In the second act the interest, which is well sustained, is of too serious a cast to admit of much comedy, but the little that is thrown in tells with double effect.

The "*Prisoner of War*" shows the proficient dramatic artist. The characters never talk idly or without purpose; the dialogue is studded with little incidents which interrupt it at the moment, when there is the smallest chance of its becoming dull. A continued activity prevails amongst the characters from beginning to end, and they are always employed in actions that never violate probability. Though the incidents are essentially old, they are handled in a novel and masterly manner. For these reasons, and despite the one drawback, "*The Prisoner of War*" may be looked upon as the best drama of its class we have yet to boast of.

MARY WHITE, OR THE MURDER AT THE "OLD TABARD."

We have been frequently shocked at the Victoria Theatre. The other night we went to be electrified; having been attracted by the announcement of "A new Drama, in three acts, combining with its intensity of interest such powerfully *electric* situations and effects as have never before been attempted in dramas of this description. "The conductor" of this stage electricity was to be, we further learnt from the advertisements, Miss Vincent, who, "after her recent indisposition," has newly come out as "the acknowledged heroine of domestic tragedy."

The Tabard—immortalised by Chaucer and the Victoria playwright—was an inn in the Borough, doing a good stroke of business in the middle ages. If we may trust the latter authority, its barmaid in the year 1543 was Mary White, the heroine of the piece—and of domestic tragedy. Of course she is lovely and extremely virtuous, in spite of a host of suitors—two of whom open the play with a little small sword exercise, which is accompanied by the orchestra, and meant for a duel. As might be expected, Miss Vincent rushes on in the utmost distraction at a critical moment to part them, and then curtsies her acknowledgments to the audience for the applause with which they greet her as "the heroine of domestic tragedy."

A gentleman in a dress exactly like that of the late Mr. Blackmore when he danced on the tight-rope, of an exceedingly staid and sententious deportment, but who is described as "a wild and idle gallant of the town, a reprobate, and a betrayer;" having been foiled in his attempt with the foils upon his rival's life, now invokes the aid of Anthony Baynard, a third rival, and they enter into a treaty to carry off the barmaid by force. There is little apprehension that this abduction will take place; for in this scene a procession of gipsies passes over the stage, headed by "Savage Sam," who fulminates an anathema against Baynard that seemed to make him shake in his shoes. Striking an attitude copied from the statue of Hercules and the Nemean Lion, *Sam the Padder*, alias *Savage Sam*, solemnly exclaims, "The cadger's curse be on you!"—jumps into a donkey-cart, and exits therein, discharging all the while (in pantomime) a volley of the most frightful denunciations.

The next "powerfully-electric situation" is where Mary White takes a walk on purpose to be run away with, in the recesses of "Finsbury Wood, on the road to Bethnal green (1543)." *Anthony Baynard* duly makes his appearance, together with his ally, *Sir Lionel Lenmore*, the very grave and reverend-looking "wild and idle gallant of the town." They seize the heroine of domestic tragedy, who utters the usual quantity and piercing quality of shrieks, while being torn away; when, in the most unexpected manner, her favoured lover, *Edward Allworth*, darts down to the footlights sword in hand, and returns the obligation Mary has laid him under in a previous scene, by rescuing her from her adversaries.

When the nerves of the audience are sufficiently recovered from this "electric shock of powerfully intense interest," another of a milder kind is administered. *Mary White* has got safely home, and receives a visit from her uncle, to whom she presents a basket of good things. But the eye of her evil genius is upon her. *Baynard* steals a silver tankard, places it in the basket, and straightway accuses the barmaid of the theft. All the characters come on, and the heroine of domestic tragedy is arraigned for pilfering; so as to get up one of the situations which we are assured was "never before attempted in dramas of this description."

Exactly upon this plan a murder afterwards is committed by *Baynard*, and for which *Mary White* is tried and all but executed. The last scene is thus pleasingly described in the bills "Smithfield (1543)—the stake and the burning pile" (otherwise a canvas screen painted over with a bad imitation of bundles of firewood), "prepared for the execution of *Mary White! Savage Sam* madly drags forth the villain by his throat! Confession of the real murderer—and—innocence triumphant!" The electric battery of powerful situations and effects, "never before attempted in dramas of this description" being now exhausted, the non-conductor, or curtain, is let down, to separate the electrifiers from the electrified; and the latter recover their spirits.

Although *Mary White* is infinitely below the intellects of even a Victoria audience—though it is full of the lowest modern slang—though its author commits himself in every scene by evidences of the grossest ignorance, yet we regard the subject of the piece as evidencing one degree in taste above the Old Bailey experience which has previously emanated from this house. The smallest glimmer of amendment shall never be lost upon Punch.

We cannot, however, join in acknowledging Miss Vincent as the "heroine of domestic tragedy." Without the smallest disrespect to that lady's talents, we cannot conscientiously admit of her being "*the* heroine of domestic tragedy," while the vivid impression remains upon our minds of Mrs. Keeley's "Betty Finikin."

LAURIE AND LETTERS.

Sir Peter Laurie has written to the Postmaster-General, saying that there is a gentleman who advertises to cure stammering, and also to "remove all defects in the delivery," which Sir Peter thinks is a great desideratum to those who wish to receive their letters with punctuality.

VEGETABLE CURIOSITY.

Mr. Snooks, of Hammersmith, had on his table last Sunday a plate full of mustard and cress, grown in his own bed-room, in a broken wash-hand basin. What makes this more remarkable is the fact, that this is the second year in which Mr. Snooks has successfully tried the same experiment in the same room, at the same time, and in the same crockery. He has sent the basin to the *Gardeners' Gazette*.

TO THE FASHIONABLE WORLD.

A CARD.—Mr. BRYANT begs to state that he shall be "AT HOME" during the ensuing week, and will be glad to see a few thousands of the Subscribers to "PUNCH," with their Threepences, as frequently as convenient.

Carriages to set down with the coachman *vis-a-vis* to the toll-collector of Waterloo-Bridge.

Notices to Correspondents.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following letter, enclosing two tickets for a Fancy Dress Ball, from our friend the Baron.

The Baron Nathan to the High and Mighty Punch, greeting.—Your high mightiness having condescended to bestow a portion of your imperial consideration on the illustrious individual now addressing you, and in consideration of your having made the first advances, he says, "Shake hands and be FRIENDS." PUNCH'S wit-inspiring streams oft solace him in his important labours. May the columns that PUNCH rears outlive the pyramids. In proof of his high regard the Baron presents invitation to a knightly carnival and ball at his baronial residence, Kennington, on Wednesday, March 2nd. PUNCH will meet jolly fellows and happy faces; his namesake will be there to greet him in his best guise, with more ingredients in his composition than colours in his coat. COME—my friend. COME, a right jovial welcome awaits you, for I vow by the honour of my house that your merry conceits have caused me much merriment and delight; and let PUNCH come as minister of light, or as angel of darkness, a gorgeous reception is prepared.

We have ordered a new suit of motley from Stultz, and have been practising *Pastorale* with two arm-chairs and a plate warmer for this week past, in order to do honour to our early preceptor, the Baron, and ourselves. We shall come upon one understanding only—that the Baron does not go to the expense of providing an extra case of *Lafitte*, and a barrel-organ, upon our account.

C.M.H. tests our humanity as follows:—

Will the Majesty of PUNCH exercise its fairest prerogative, by dealing mercifully with the annexed trifle? C. M. H.

Why does his Grace of Buckingham
The Ministerial ranks shun?—
Because they show forth their *old habits*,
Which as Duke of *Bucks*, he cannot sanction.

C. M. H. appeals to us in vain. Mercy is one thing, but justice is another. For the sake of our literary dignity, we cannot pardon so great a criminal. We therefore sentence him to six months' hard labour at the mill of Joe Miller.

I. LASH makes the annexed bold assertion:—

SIR,—Almost every time I take up your clever publication, I feel as though I could give you a good *punching*. Several of your "Sayings" are among my own originals; and lest you should take all the merit to yourself, I send you a few, which I believe never have appeared in print. Yours obediently, I. LASH.

"By your leaves, gentlemen," as the winds said to the trees in autumn.
"I'll be shot if I do," as the sparrow said to the hedge-popper.
"It's werry dirty," as the shovel said to the scavenger.
"Well, it's no use talking," as the deaf lad said to his daddy.

TRAVELLER.

Waiter, make haste and bring the *tray*,
You know I cannot *wait*.

WAITER.

Yes, Sir, I know 'tis not your *trait*,
But I am here to *wait*.

The only defence we shall condescend to make to the above impertinent accusation is, that we should scorn to have been a *pupil* under such an *I. Lash*.

M. S. has insulted our marital feelings, by an insidious attempt to undermine the affections of the beloved wooden partner of our bosom.

London, Feb. 9, 1841.

DEAR JUDY.—I send you a few scraps for your journal (vide below):—

Far West there is a man who is so fat, that the inhabitants are accustomed to grease cart wheels with his shadow.

"Time is money," as the fellow said who stole the patent lever watch.

"If you knowed who was near you, you would change your tune," as the hawk remarked to himself, with a cheerful chuckle, when he heard the Robin Redbreast singing round the corner. I remain, a Friend to PUNCH, W. S.

A friend indeed! We are happy to state that M. S.'s nonsense has been innocuous. From the force of contrast WE have risen ninety-nine and a half per cent. in the estimation of Judy and ourselves.

MR. THINGAMY WHAT'SHISNAME, inspired, we suppose, by the success of Punch's Valentines, has been absurd enough to attempt to compete with them. We subjoin the failure:

VALENTINE.

FROM JOHN THE FOOTMAN, TO MISS KNEADUM, COOK.

DEAR MAID,—Do not my boldness blame,
Nor treat with scorn my fervent *flame*,
But pray attend while I declare
My unfeigned love for thee, O *rare*
Soup-herb, delicious, charming *fare!*
With constant love for thee I *burn*;
My proffered *heart* then do not spurn;
Nor deem it *meat* for you to *turn*
Your *head* away, and take amiss
My vain attempts your *chops* to kiss:
* Which often puts me in a *stew*;
And robs me too of all my *pluck*.
Then Oh! relent my dear, my duck;
And kinder prove, *sweet maid*, to one
Who loves you thus, or he is *done*
Completely *brown!* deny me not,
Or all my hopes will "go to *pot*."
But Oh! the happy day appoint
When we by Hymen shall be *joint*.

Feb. 1, 42. THINGAMY WHAT'SHISNAME.

As frequently, alas! you do;—Insert this line where the above * is.

We would advise this gentleman to apply at the *Black Doll* in Dyot street, as the worthy proprietor thereof publicly undertakes to give "the very best price for *Kitchen-stuff*."

HY. SLIMKIN has honoured us with the following wonderful discovery:—

MR. EDITOR,—The subjoin'd is submitted to your discretion,
For admission or rejection.
Your constant Reader, HY. SLIMKIN.

To Daniel O'Connell, Esq., M.P.

We've just discover'd that *Repeal*
Cannot enhance our common weal,
Without an *I*; ah! think, dear Dan,
What a most helpless thing is man.
Union is strength; here we agree,
O! that we could persuade you see
This truth, with unbeclouded eyes,
That, whilst UNITED, *we are* WISE.
Yours, &c.,
Wales, Ireland, Scotland, England.
W I S E

We should say that if there be any truth in the axiom "That whilst UNITED *we are* WISE," there cannot be a doubt that Hy. Slimkin is a single gentleman.

NOMLAS JUNIOR is a silly *fish* and decidedly *backward*.

PUNCH,—I insist on the accompanying lines being inserted. I know their merit—so refuse them *if you dare*.—Yours, &c, NOMLAS, Junior.

SONG OF THE SENTIMENTAL.

Not yet, dearest Ellen, nay you must not depart;
You shall not, by Heaven, I swear;
Whilst a frowning look casts such a blight o'er my heart,
And gives me to wasting despair.

There's no hope, my own love, that thy father will smile
On the vows which you pledged me in tears,
For he deems I have sought from her truth to beguile
The prop of his fast fading years.

What is left us then, Ellen, to soothe our sad lot?
Must we callously bear with our fate?
Must the love which has cheer'd us till now be forgot?
Though we swore it should never abate.

But ONE purpose remains—one alone—'tis to free
Ourselves from thy father's proud dome;
We must fly this drear land—we must skim 'cross the sea;
Italia will find us a home.

Dost thou waver, my love? dost thou wish then to stay?
And break the last pinion of Hope?
Why that sigh?—You are faint—Oh! speak, Ellen, and say—
"*Walker! How are you off for soap?*"

NOMLAS, Junior.

"Dearest Ellen" seems to have had a just appreciation of the author of the above lines. Can Mr. Nomlas oblige us with an introduction? She is the girl exactly after our own heart.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

IX.—OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

RESUMING that everybody has at length arrived, let us quietly note down the peculiarities of a few of the guests. As evening parties composed of elderly people alone would be remarkably shady affairs, the younger portion of the assembly, who form its most important part, shall have our first attention.

Place aux Dames. From the speech of the country showman to the address of the London manager—from the days of Brantome and centuries before, to the days of Bryant, and we hope centuries after, the ladies claim the first consideration. We discard our steel-pen and rough draft outsides—we take scented post and quills from the dove's wing; and we write with sparkling Burgundy, in which we can toast (and perhaps roast) our fair subjects as we proceed.

And first of THE UNINTERESTING YOUNG LADY. Those who frequently indulge in evening parties must have observed many hundred specimens of this class. We never went to a *soirée dansante* ourselves but we discovered several of them; and, nevertheless, they are difficult to describe, so slight an impression do they leave upon the memory. The uninteresting young lady is of the middling stature, with nothing very remarkable in beauty or *tournure;* and if the face be an index of the mind, her own proves of what a small table of contents her intellect is formed. She is generally expensively dressed without producing the least effect, her clothes looking as if they were dropped on over her head, and then shaken down to their proper places; and she is addicted to loading her hair with camellias, wreaths, *chenille* impossibles, and all kinds of floricultural embellishments. She comes very early and stays very late; and should you dance with her, you would find it a most pumping uphill task to establish a conversation. She will either acquiesce with every remark you make, or give a mere monosyllabic reply, and was never yet known to start a subject. She has not been to any of the theatres lately—she does not waltz—she knows little about new books—and she is aware of nothing to the contrary but that it is Persiani who dances the *Cracovienne*, and Guy Stephan and Fanny Ellsler who sing *Deh con te* in "Norma." Your attempt at a *bon mot* is received with the most undeniable tranquillity; and at the close of the quadrille you lead her at once to the spot from whence you took her, bowing gravely, and mentally thanking Providence for all things. It is possible, when seated, that she will put a little nipped-up old-maidish looking figured gauze scarf over her angular shoulders; and it is also probable, should you care to make any inquiry about her, that you will hear she is "extremely well connected."

THE OLD YOUNG LADY.—Every one who has visited families where there is a sliding scale of children, must be perfectly aware how unpleasant a period of their lives that is, especially if they be what the world terms "sharp little things," when they get too old for the nursery, and too young for the parlour. It is just as awkward with the old young lady. She is getting *un peu passée* for the ball-room, and yet does not deem herself quite advanced enough to be bottled down all the evening with testy and turbaned dowagers and shrivelled up old husbands of young waltzing wives, to squabble over the last trick but one, at the card-table; and being, moreover, enormously addicted to dancing, she is rather looked at with a slight inward dread by the young men. When not actually engaged, she joins the female wallflowers who border the apartment, and consist generally of antique mamas, the host's maiden sisters, and the odd relations of the family, who were obliged to be asked, but who are only expected to sit still in a corner, look pleasant, wear smart caps, and hold their tongues. When the time for supper arrives, if no cavalier arrives with it, the Old Young Lady walks down by herself very placidly, and when there, pretty plainly convinces you that she does not live upon Rondeletia and rout-cakes, whatever she might wish you to believe.

THE YOUNG LADY JUST OUT is a timid, delicate creature, scarcely knowing what answer to make to your polite speeches, and afraid to take any refreshment. The meaning of the term "out" is not perfectly understood, although generally used, not only by the aristocracy amongst whom it originated, but by those in the middle ranks of life who ape their manners. It is usually supposed to mean, "open to an offer," "beginning to stand in the way of the elder sisters," or, taken in a different sense, "making the mama more than seven or eight and thirty." On these interests does being "out" depend; and when a young lady *is* "out," from increased wants and expenditure, *her mother generally knows it.* Our young lady in question does not waltz, except a few gentle turns with her brother, or with another young lady of her own age, after supper, whilst the gentlemen are waging terrible war against the legs of fowls (all the wings and breasts have flown) and the barley-sugar temples. As soon as the quadrille has finished, the young lady just out drops down by her mother's side as you pass in the first round of the after promenade; and mama usually bends for her with a patronising smile, in return to your obeisance, as you thank her for the honour conferred.

THE LOQUACIOUS YOUNG LADY is a most extraordinary person; she not only keeps up a constant rattle all the time you are dancing with her, but even during the waltz; when your right arm appears to have some intention of leaving its socket, yet your gallantry will not permit you to stop without she wishes it, and you would give the world for another couple to knock you out of the circle. We met a splendid specimen of this class the other evening at a house in——no matter where; if we stated it, they would not ask us again, which we should much regret, as their parties are always very pleasant, and you are sure of something besides negus and nobodies. From the time we were introduced to this young lady to the period we quitted her, she never ceased talking. When we first took up our position in the quadrille, we were meditating some remark about the company present, or the French plays, or something of the same interesting class, when she started off as follows like an alarum, and never ceased until the quadrille had run down.

"How exceedingly warm it is to-night, and the rooms are so

crowded. People should not give such large parties unless there is accommodation for everybody. Have you been very gay yet? *I* have —considering how early it is in the season; in fact, mama says I go out too much. I have been up every night this week, and once to Covent Garden; but I don't like 'Elena Uberti' so well as 'Norma,'—do you? I hear the Germans are coming when Madame Vestris finishes the season—what do you think of them? Staudigl was the best, certainly, but I did not see much in any of the others —did you?"

"Why, to speak the truth"—

"Exactly; you mean they were overrated. But what is your opinion of 'Acis and Galatea' at Drury-Lane? Everybody is talking about the sea in the first scene, and Phillips's mask; but what a number of times he says, 'Oh, ruddier than the cherry!' I thought we were going to have nothing else—a regular pottle of them. Do you not think it a pity, with such beautiful scenery and dresses, that they did not have some pretty ballet instead?"

"Indeed, to speak the truth, I think—"

"So do I. I wonder who that young lady is opposite. I don't much like her dress,—*tulle* over rather-too-dirty-to-be-worn-again white satin: it looks as if it had just made its appearance from the rough-dried box. I'm afraid you are a quiz by your laughing; I like a little quizzing now and then—good-temperedly, you know. I think it is your turn to begin 'L'Eté.'"

Here was a little pause; but as the figure concluded she commenced again, and continued to the last with an uninterrupted series of remarks and unanswered questions about Baden-Baden, Exeter-Hall, the Spitalfields weavers, the Polytechnic Institution, Prince Albert, Miss Rainforth, Kensington-gardens, and Bellini.

MOANS OF THE MYSTERIOUS.

Who is it looks from that lone chamber,
And casts his eye from earth to heaven;
As if his soul aspired to clamber
Up to the last—from the former driven?
Who is it utters a deep-drawn moan,
A sigh from the bosom—not the throat:
Who is it? 'Tis Snooks! he is all alone,
Expecting the tailor to bring his coat.

Who is it that stands in the midnight gloom,
While a flickering light on his features falls,
And through the air we hear the boom
Of his loud and long self-echoed calls:
Who is it? His gestures are full of despair,
And fainter grows his angry shout:
Who is it! Oh, who? 'Tis Snooks, I declare,
Return'd from a party—they've lock'd him out.

OUR OWN DEAR COLONEL'S LAST.

"Colonel," said the luminary of Knaresborough, "I've just been asked why I am like Salisbury Plain?" "I can't guess," replied Sibthorp, "unless you are supposed to be the *greatest flat in England*."

THE MUFF DESPATCHES.—No. III.

Dear Ancient Brick, *Clodpole, February* 28, 1842.

You will, I am sure, be delighted to hear that I have caught two fresh patients since last week. One is a nervous old girl, who takes four draughts a day of gin-and-water, coloured with cochineal; and the other is old Mrs. Pinkey's housekeeper, who says, "she 've got such a fluttering at her stomach as quite terrifies her into the no-hows." I appear to have done her a great deal of good by the cautious use of my new "life pill," which, *entre nous*, is composed of equal parts of linseed-meal and gingerbread beaten up with a few drops of treacle. Jack Randall and I have made nearly a peck of them against I get to attend the Union. They will keep in any climate, if the mice don't get at them, and are unimpaired by age—with the exception of getting as hard as bullets; but even then they are not useless, for Jack sits at my first-floor window, and shoots them through a stethoscope at Mrs. Pinkey's blackbird, that hangs out next door but one. This he only does on cloudy days; when the sun shines, he gets my dentist's mirror, and dazzles the bird out of its wits, by making jack-o'-lanterns on the cage.

Of course, with this increase of business, I must have a footboy with a gold band around his hat. I got the crier to say I wanted a stout active lad, and I was immediately overwhelmed with candidates for the sixpence a day and grub themselves which I promised, finding them in clothes, occasional physic, and vaccination. I send you a portrait of the one we think of engaging.

PLEASE, SIR, DID YOU WANT A STOUT ACTIVE LAD?

I should like your boy above all others, only I do not think Bryant could spare him. Besides, I fear he would find Clodpole precious dull after the excitement of your office; and the occasional visit of a Punch to the village might have the same effect upon his mind as the *Ranz des Vaches* upon the Swiss exile, and cause him to walk his chalks.

The present specimen is certainly rather a slow coach; but he is the best we could get; and Jack Randall says, whenever the servant-boys hereabouts get stupid and drowsy, the people cut their hair, and give them a black draught, which wonderfully revives them. I shall dress him in green, with a confluent eruption of buttons on the regions of the thorax.

We intend buying a basket for him with an oilcloth top, to take out physic with, or rather to look like it; and Jack and I mean to drill it into him never to go out without it. Three draughts in a boy's beefy hand look like nothing else but four-and-sixpence; but with a basket no one can tell the extent of medicine it conceals, although in reality it may only be a pound of short sixes or a dozen shop eggs.

With all sorts of good wishes, believe me,
Yours, very extensively, Joseph Muff.

ON DITS.

"I'm a 'tickler friend to you," as the snuff said to the nose.

"I shall be glad to hear from you at all times," as the deaf man said to the ear-trumpet.

"Let me collect myself," as the man said when he was blown-up by the powder-mill.

"Loaded with slugs," as the gardener said to the wall-flower.

UN CALEMBOURG NOMPAREIL.

Pourquoi est-ce que le nom familier en Anglais de Sarah revient à une contradiction en Français?

Parce que son nom qui est *propre* est celui qui est *Sal*.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

It is expected that the flowers worn in the bonnets will be full blown, and the shawls will be sometimes carried over the back of the head, so as to come down in a point between the eyes, and occasionally into one of them, and not a few will also be

TAKEN A-BACK.

Umbrellas will be much carried about on dull mornings, and the sun will probably shine when they are brought from home, so as to render these articles merely ornamental appendages to the pedestrian. It will be advisable to have them lined, as it is probable that, when put up, they will be turned with the inner portion outwards. If veils are worn they will most likely be carried in the style of a feather, standing almost perpendicularly above the bonnet.

Gentlemen's coat-tails will be kept out stiff, something *à la* Charles the Twelfth, or Peter the Great. To those who prefer the more compact style of toilet we may recommend the slouch hat, or the gossamer may be trimmed with a piece of twine depending from the ribbon, and terminating in the button-hole of the waistcoat. It sometimes has a pretty effect to hold the *chapeau* tightly on with the hand, particularly when turning a corner.

There is nothing new in boots. We have seen a few ankle-jacks, but the great run is still upon high-lows.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Mr. Jones had a friend to dine with him at his lodgings in Amwell-street. Covers were laid for two. In the evening, Put was played until a late hour.

TAKING THE HODS.

Mr. Snooks visited his tenantry in Fulwood's-rents. The whole of them preceded him with their goods to another part of the town; he followed them with considerable good-humour and activity, attended by a broker. When the procession stopped the broker took possession, and Mr. Snooks amidst much noise and tumult, and highly gratified by the result of the day's proceedings, retired.

MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

PARCELS' DELIVERY COMPANY.

A detachment of the Cold Bath Fields' Indefensibles bivouacked under the Adelphi arches, having first succeeded in making capture of several valuable articles.

The light-fingered Infantry were thickly posted towards nightfall in such positions as to command the entrances to all the theatres, and they performed numerous feats of valour and dexterity.

SIR PETER'S MAIDEN EFFORTS.

Why is the following proverb, "He who doeth everything he has a mind to do, doth not what he should do," like a greengrocer's shop?—Because there are potatoes (put 8 O's) in it.

When is a person who receives a sum of money like a gentleman handing a chair to a lady?—When he gives her a seat (a receipt).

THE NEW "ORANGE MOLL."

COLONEL SIBTHORP

Begs to inform Members of Parliament that in consequence of the approbation bestowed upon his polite attention to Mr. Ferrand, he intends to set up

A GENERAL CAKE STALL

And Orange Lodge,

AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE LOBBY,

Where Members may rely upon being served with appropriate Refreshments.

LIST OF ARTICLES.

Civil Oranges, adapted to the wants of Irish Gentlemen.
Parliament Cakes, in great variety, with Medallions of Peter Borthwick, Mr. Ferrand and the Illustrious Proprietor.
Short Bread, manufactured after a recipe from Sir Robert Peel.
Cheese-Cakes for the Members of the Principality.
Puffs (the largest ever made) for Mr. D'Israeli.
Turnovers, suitable to Sir James Graham and Coroner Wakley.

*** A large Stock of Oratorical Ginger-Beer always on hand, warranted to supply plenty of *Froth* to Members before speaking.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 8.

HE WORE HIS BEAVER UP.

Their brilliant hue, alas! has faded,
For envious time has o'er them thrown
The gloom by which they now are shaded—
A gloom that was not once their own.
That I should gaze on them delighted,
As once I did—their state forbids;
Their day is past, their beauty blighted—
(I'm talking of my yellow kids.)

Alas! how lapse of years can sever
Things that were firmly, closely knit;
And unions that should last for ever
Are in one fatal moment split.
But how dares man—himself deluding,
Indulge in wild and happy dreams!
All things must part—(I'm now alluding
To my old coat—that's burst its seams).

Yes; e'en the fondly-cherish'd token,
That love or friendship has bestow'd,
In some soft hour when words were spoken
Too light for sorrow's sombre load,
May be neglected. Laura's locket,
Enclosing one dark glossy braid,
Is gone (the ticket's in my pocket;
The twelvemonth's int'rest still unpaid).

THE FOLLOWING RACERS ARE ENTERED FOR THE DERBY.

Scandal, got by Small-Talk out of Little Wonder.
Jumper, got by Blue-Bottle out of Double Gloucester.
Notoriety, got by Dick Turpin out of Black Bess.
Original, got by The Colonel out of Joe Miller.
Logic, got by Oxonian out of Sir Fra cis Bacon.

FELONS AS THEY ARE,

AND

FELONS AS THEY OUGHT TO BE.

No. 2.—JACK SHEPPARD.

JACK SHEPPARD AS HE IS ACCORDING TO MR. W. H. AINSWORTH.

"Over the chimney-piece was pasted a hand-bill, purporting to be '*The last dying speech and confession of* TOM SHEPPARD, *the notorious housebreaker, who suffered at Tyburn on the 25th of February*, 1703.'" —*Jack Sheppard.* Vol. i. p. 6.

"When I have traversed the streets a houseless wanderer, driven with curses from every door where I have solicited alms, and with blows from every gate-way where I have sought shelter; or worse than all, when frenzied with want, I have yielded to horrible temptation and earned a meal in the only way I could earn—" &c. &c.—*Mrs. Sheppard's* account of herself as *given* by Mr. Ainsworth. Vol. i. p. 11.

"Ever since the discovery of his relationship to the Trenchard family, a marked change had taken place in Jack's demeanour and looks, which were so much refined and improved that he could scarcely be recognised as the same person."—Vol. iii. p. 60.

"The younger of the two LADIES could not be more than seventeen, though her person had all the maturity of twenty. She had delicate oval features, light laughing blue eyes, a pretty *nez retroussé*, teeth of pearly whiteness, and a brilliant complexion, set off by rich auburn hair, a very white neck and shoulders—the latter, perhaps, a trifle too much exposed. The name of this damsel was Edgeworth Bess." —Vol. ii. p. 38.

"The other *bona roba*, known amongst her companions as Mistress Poll Maggott, was a beauty on a much larger scale—in fact, a perfect Amazon. Nevertheless, though standing nearly six feet high, and correspondingly proportioned, she was a model of symmetry, and boasted, with the frame of a Thalestris or a Trulla, the regular lineaments of the Medicean Venus." —Vol. ii. p. 18.

"'I should never have been what I am but for you.'

"'How so?' inquired Winifred.

"'I loved you,' replied Jack: 'don't start! I loved you—I say as a boy—hopelessly, and it made me desperate.'"—Vol. ii. p. 222.

"'I'll not go,' answered Blueskin. 'I love you like a son, and will follow you like a dog.'"—P. 154.

"'And so this is the reward for having made you the tip-top cracksman you are,' muttered Blueskin." —Vol. ii., p. 155.

JACK SHEPPARD AS HE OUGHT TO BE, ACCORDING TO FACT.

"His father's name was Thomas Sheppard; he was a man of an extraordinary good character, and who took all the care his narrow circumstances would allow, that his family might be brought up in the fear of God, and in just notions of their duty towards their neighbour." —*Life of Jack Sheppard, Birmingham*, 1742.

"My father was a carpenter by trade, and an honest industrious man by character; and my mother bore and deserved the same."—*Narrative of Jack Sheppard, written by himself during his confinement in Newgate.*

The history of this worthless vagabond affords no evidence of his connexion with the Trenchard family, or of any change having suddenly taken place for the better in his demeanour and looks.

"Amongst the chief of his mistresses, there was one *Elizabeth Lion*, the impudence of whose behaviour was shocking even to Sheppard's companions. This Lion was a large masculine woman, and Sheppard a very little slight-limbed lad; so that whenever he had been drinking and came to be quarrelsome, Bess would beat him into better temper."—*Lives of the Greatest Criminals. London*, 1735.

"A more wicked, deceitful, and lascivious wretch than Elizabeth Lyon there is not living in England. She has proved my bane."—*Sheppard's own confession.*

"The creature he picked out to supply the place of Betty Lion was one Mrs. Maggott, a woman full as wicked. She had a very great contempt for Sheppard, and only made use of him to go and steal money for her to spend in company she liked better."—*Ibid.*

"After all, I may justly lay the blame of my temporal and my eternal ruin on Joseph Hind, who kept the Black Lion ale-house in Drury Lane. The frequenting of this house brought me acquainted with a train of vices, as before I was altogether a stranger to."—*Sheppard's Confession*, p. 6.

"In short, Blueskin was a worthless companion, a sorry thief, and nothing but the cutting of Jonathan Wild's throat could have made him considerable."—*Sheppard's Confession*, p. 15.

"Ah! I shall never forget the figure Jack cut on that occasion. What a buzz of admiration ran round the court as he appeared! And how handsome and composed he looked! His firmness never deserted him till his old master, Mr. Wood, was examined. When sentence was passed there wasn't a dry eye in the court."—Vol. ii. p. 272.

"He was handsomely, even richly, attired in a scarlet riding suit, embroidered with gold; a broad belt, to which a hanger was attached, crossed his shoulders; his boots rose above his knee, and he carried a laced hat in his hand."—Vol. ii. p. 212.

"The man looked hard at him."

"'Answer me one question, first,' he said. 'I half suspect you're Jack Sheppard.'

"'I am,' replied Jack without hesitation.'

"'You're a bold fellow, Jack,' rejoined the blacksmith, 'You've done well to trust me.'"—Vol. iii. p. 228.

"Just as the attendants were preparing to lower the corpse into the earth, Jack fell on his knees beside the coffin, uttering the wildest exclamations of grief, and invoking the vengeance of Heaven on his own head. Such was the violence of his grief, that all but one looked on with an eye of compassion. That person advanced towards him. "You are my prisoner," cried Jonathan Wild, laying a forcible grasp on his shoulder. "Let me see the earth thrown over my mother's grave," implored Jack, "and then take me when you please."—*Mr. Ainsworth's account of his capture*, vol. iii. p. 242.

"His step was firm and his demeanour dignified. His countenance was pale as death, but not a muscle quivered; nor did he betray the slightest appearance of fear. On the contrary, it was impossible to look at him without perceiving that his resolution was unshaken." —Vol. iii. p. 291.

"Between the two officers Jack Sheppard was conducted to the cart. He looked around, and as he heard that deafening shout—as he felt the influence of those thousand eyes upon him—as he listened to the cheers, all his misgivings vanished, and he felt more as if he were marching to a triumph than proceeding to a shameful death."—Vol. iii. p. 295.

"Not long after Sheppard was apprehended for robbery, and tried at the next sessions at the Old Bailey. His appearance there was very mean, and all the defence he could make was—that Jonathan Wild had helped to dispose of part of the goods, and he thought that it was very hard that he should not share in the punishment. Sentence being passed upon him, he hardly made a sensible petition for the favour of the court in the report; but behaved throughout as a person either stupid or foolish."—*Life of Jack Sheppard*, 1742.

"He did wear a light bob-wig, a light coloured cloth coat, and white waistcoat."—*Description of him in the advertisement for his apprehension.*

"The master came in, and seeing my irons, asked me—'*For God's sake who are you?*' I told him 'an unfortunate young man, who had been sent to Bridewell about a bastard child, as not being able to give security to the parish, and had made my escape.' The man replied, 'He did not like my looks, and cared not how soon I was gone.'" —*Jack Sheppard's Confession.*

"No sooner had he taken care of the booty, but he went amongst his old companions, the pickpockets and bad women, in Drury-lane and Clare-market, where, being accidentally espied fuddling at a little brandy-shop, by a boy belonging to an alehouse who knew him very well; the lad immediately gave information, upon which he was apprehended, and reconducted to Newgate, being so much intoxicated with liquor that he was hardly sensible of his fate."—*The Daily Post, Nov.* 17, 1742.

"Mr. Watson told the prisoner that he must put on a pair of handcuffs, for his security. He vehemently resisted the same, flying into the greatest passion, and endeavoured to beat the officers."—*The Daily Journal, Nov.* 17, 1724.

"I beseech the infinite Being of beings to pardon my numberless and enormous crimes, and to have mercy on my poor departing soul." —*Sheppard's Confession.*

TURNING OVER A PAGE.

"Can you plough?"—Not exactly; but I know the way to Harrow.

PUNCH'S PICTURES OF POPULAR PEOPLE.

No. II.—MR. SAPPY, THE BARRISTER.

The name of Sappy is not so well known at the Bar as that of Follett, Pollock, or Kelly; but if assiduous attendance on the Courts during the whole time of their sitting, and unwearying vigilance at Chambers, entitle a man to professional repute, Sappy certainly deserves the eminence which is (not yet) awarded to him.

We shall not trace our hero further back than the period of his call to the bar, which took place twenty years ago; and though Sappy has never yet been heard of, his best friends (consisting of his uncle and his clerk) all concur in regarding him as a rising junior.

The professional qualities of Sappy have never yet been put to any considerable test, but from the bold and vigorous tone of his signature, when he is called upon (which rarely happens) to attach his name to a plea, we are justified in anticipating for him a career (should the opportunity ever arrive) of dazzling brilliancy. Some men at the bar are content with the signature alone, but Sappy, with that instinctive energy of character that has distinguished his whole professional life, always adds the date—and thus, what is in most men's hands, a mere form, becomes in the vigorous grasp of Sappy a truth and a reality. In Court, our hero's opportunities have been few, but when called upon by the judges (as he invariably is every day during the sittings) to move his negative, is not a mere formal bow, but with peculiar tact he is sure to rise, and exclaiming, "Nothing *to-day*, my lords," he sits down, leaving a powerful impression on the minds of the Bench, that he will have something to move *to-morrow*. An anecdote of Sappy's presence of mind and power of repartee is often told in the robing-room. It runs thus:—Lord Tenterden knowing Sappy's manner, and desiring to have a laugh at the promising junior's expense, asked him the usual question in the following terms, "Anything to move *to-day*, Mr. Sappy?" thus anticipating our hero's favourite phrase; but the ready wit and undaunted courage of the young advocate were not to be subdued, and, drawing himself up to his full height, with a wink at the associate, and a shrug of the shoulder that displayed to great advantage the ample folds of his gown, he coolly ejaculated in his usual dry manner, "Not *to-day*, my lord," and resumed his seat amid a burst of laughter in which the puisne judges good naturedly joined.

AN UNUSUAL FLOW OF SPIRITS.

Tenterden, however, never forgave Sappy, for this latter but most felicitous sally, and always took care to avoid him when going through the back rows during the remainder of his existence.

Our hero never tells the anecdote, and, we believe, bears no animosity against the late Lord Chief Justice, to whose judicial worth he appears always ready to testify.

As an orator, Sappy has had few opportunities of display, but of these he has made the most; and his celebrated speech on rules to compute, on the occasion of a motion generally handed in, would, if he had been permitted to speak it, have proved one of the most effective things ever heard within the walls of a Court of justice. He had gone into the early history of these rules, and had drawn a vigorous *tableau* of the purposes to which they were applied in former times; but he had no sooner commenced his address than the Judge bowed and retired, while the Usher snatched the necessary affidavit from the hand of the impassioned advocate.

In private life Sappy is the delight of a limited acquaintance. He gets up at nine in the morning, but has no settled hour for retiring to rest. His reading is very extensive, embracing all the police reports, some of the magazines, and Punch, which he has subscribed to since the appearance of the first Number.

The Sappys are a numerous family. There are several of them at the bar, all of whom, but for the fact that the constitution only provides woolsacks for one, might calculate on becoming Lord Chancellors.

"Have you got a lock of Jane's hair?"—Not exactly;—but my governor has got a lock of Bramah's.

Foreign Correspondence.

Our letters from Chelsea are dated yesterday, and contain nothing. A despatch bearing the Battersea postmark has been received; but it adds little to the intelligence we were already in possession of. The whole of the police were on duty in turn during the past week; but there were no symptoms of an outbreak.

In the Turnham Green districts the lamp question is still causing the greatest excitement; and our latest dates speak of an estimate from the Gas Company, but the vestry are said to have fastened on it like wolves, and torn it to pieces.

Some idle rumours are afloat as to the alleged deleterious qualities of the water of the Thames. A well is talked of, and several influential people are said to be at the bottom of it.

The war with Kensington is being pursued, but with greatly abated vigour; and it is thought there will be a treaty for ceding the pump, of which a draft is said to have been offered to the Chelsea ambassador.

A POLYGLOTTICAL TRIBUTE TO NORMA.

Adesso ben puo l' Inghilterra dir
Die Sänger-Kunst besitzt wohl eine Zier:
Ἐστὶ ὑπ' οὐρανόν τις νῆσος νῦν
Longtemps abattue de sa triste fortune,
Agora rica como esta? Não,
Ik weet, profetes, wij zijn rijk in u.
Digamos, que contigo para horma,
England at last has something like a Norma.

DISHONOURING A BILL.

ANOTHER ARCADIAN.

The eloquent Mr. Ferrand has expressed a strong desire to take a place in our pages beside Laurie and the Colonel, and as proof of his capabilities to maintain so enviable a position has forwarded us the annexed as an illustration of a

PULL-IT AND CAPE-ON.

TRADE REPORT.

The business done in the vegetable market has been limited. Potatoes have suffered from a disease in the kidneys, and the growers have been fairly beaten out of the field for want of champions. Parsley was firm at a halfpenny a sprig, and a good deal of thyme was lost by a misunderstanding among the principal dealers. Rhubarb was flat during the rains, but rallied at the end of the week on account of the fine weather. Horse-radish was in a feverish state until the close of business, and some transactions in onions under the very eyes of some inexperienced people produced a very powerful effect on their mode of looking at the market in general. Roasted chesnuts *without the coupons* were uncommonly active in the early part of the day, but those who had anything to do with them only burnt their fingers. Spanish (nuts) were freely taken, while the owners turned their backs, by some doubtful parties in the market; and grapes were exceedingly sour at a shilling a pound to those who could not purchase them.

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HOSTILE CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN SIR WILLIAM SINGSMALL, MESSRS. SKULLTHICK AND FLEA, &c., &c.

Mr. Peter Skullthick presents his compliments to Punch, and feeling that the following correspondence is more peculiarly fitted to Punch's columns than to any other, begs his immediate insertion of it.

The facts are briefly these :—Sir William Singsmall thought proper to say something very severe about somebody abroad, when the expression was taken up by Mr. Flea, a friend of the insulted party, who happened to be within reach of Sir Wm. Singsmall. Mr. Flea waitedon Sir William, who refused to retract, when ulterior measures were hinted at by Flea, who was answered by an allusion to Bow-street, which led to the following series of hostile notes and messages :—

AGREED UPON A STRIKE.

1.—*Mr. Peter Skullthick to Mr. Flea.*

Sir,—Understanding you have imputed cowardice to my friend Sir William Singsmall, I call on you either to retract, or refer me to a friend. As the matter presses, I beg, on the part of Sir William, that you will answer this when I return from Paris, where I am going for three weeks.

Yours obediently,

To Sir James Flea, Esq. Peter Skullthick.

2.

Sir,—I received your note and immediately went into the country; but on my return to town you shall hear from me with the least possible delay. Yours obediently, James Flea.

3.

Sir,—I have got your note, and will see about it.

Yours obediently, Peter Skullthick.

4.

Sir,—I have waited every day at the club from 10 A. M. till 12 at night for the last month, hoping to hear from you.

Yours obediently, James Flea.

5.

Sir,—My object in writing to you was not on my own account, but on behalf of Sir William Singsmall, to whom you have most offensively imputed cowardice, and alleged that you threatened to cane him, while he was hidden in the larder of the Donkeython club-house.

You will see that as a man of honour he must take some notice of this. I am going out of town for a few weeks, and as soon as convenient after my return shall be glad to hear from you.

Yours obediently, Peter Skullthick.

6.

Sir,—I did go to the Donkeython with a hockey-stick under my Chesterfield, for the purpose of pitching into Singsmall. I had the solemn assurance of the porter that Singsmall had entered the Donkeython, and had not left it ; but on searching the house he was nowhere to be found. I can only presume that your friend was under the sink, or in the copper, and I therefore cannot think him entitled to anything better than the severe drubbing I mean to inflict on him when I meet with him.

Yours obediently, James Flea.

7.

Sir,—I expected you would have referred me to a friend, and shall wait at the Club until I hear again from you, unless I am called away by other engagements. Yours obediently, Peter Skullthick.

After this correspondence, Flea sent a friend to Skullthick, who declared he had no quarrel with any one, but only wished his friend Sir William Singsmall to have the opportunity of being shot through the body by Flea, whose friend insisted that he (Flea) should fight no one but him (Skullthick). Skullthick, on the contrary, had no quarrel with Flea ; but although a married man, was ready to fight Flea's friend, who threw himself into the hands of somebody else, who would have nothing to do with them.

Here the matter rests at present ; but Flea's friend's friend has fastened himself somewhat savagely on Skullthick, who is quite ready to act as second to any one involved in the affair, but wholly declines figuring in the character of a principal.

RUMOURED HONOURS.

There is a report that the vacant ribbons of the Brighton Coach are to be given to the driver of cab No. 112,233.

The Princess Royal is washed every Saturday night, and the Prince of Wales is to be made a companion of the bath as soon as he is old enough.

Baron Nathan is to take a step in the peerage, by dancing a new pas on the steamboat pier at Westminster-bridge.

We understand the Baron's eldest son is styled by the usual courtesy Viscount Fiddlestick.

Sir Peter Laurie is not to be made a baronet at present ; for until that order has been swamped to about six times its present extent, it is not thought advisable that Sir Peter should be thrown into it. Laurie's great recommendation is the encouragement he has given

HARE DRESSING.

NEW VERSION OF 'A TEMPLE TO FRIENDSHIP.

"A challenge to Wraxall," said Symons enchanted,
"I'll send by a second : the thought is divine."
The second was found, and they now only wanted
To meet with Sir William before he should dine.
Ley flew to the club, and his message deliver'd
In language the plainest his suit could invent ;
But so cold was Sir William, who said, as he shiver'd,
That fighting with Symons was not what he meant,
"Oh, how," he exclaimed, "could I think of a meeting
With a fellow whose claims are so horribly dim ?
But the rascal who threaten'd to give me a beating
I'll fight, if you please sir, a duel with him."
The bargain was struck ; of a challenge each full is ;
Ley, Borthwick, and Robertson, twaddle and write :
"Adieu," said the public, "you're not the first bullies
Who prate about honour, but don't mean to fight."

Punch's Theatre.

BUBBLES OF THE DAY.

ROPERLY speaking, a satire in five acts may make a very good comedy ; but such a one as "Bubbles of the Day" is no joke, for its components are truth as well as wit. The vices of mankind — which constant habit or fashion calls mere foibles — are laid bare with that kind of pleasantry which causes the auditor to wince while he smiles ; to utter the kind of cachinnation forced out of a man who is made to laugh at himself. Hence those "Bubbles of the Day" who are inflated by pride, wealth, or hypocrisy, may sit on the Covent Garden benches as a faded beauty stands before a finely-polished mirror—to see their faults brilliantly reflected.

None of the bubbles which float over the surface of society are more numerous than those of the class to which *Lord Skindeep* belongs. In words he is a very pattern of benevolence—of solicitude for the good of his species ; yet he has allowed a woman's heart to break from neglect, herself to die of starvation,—and his son to owe his early education to the parish. Money-lenders (pseudo-wine-merchants) and money-getters at any sacrifice have also their truly bubble reputation exploded in *Malmsey*, *Shark*, and *Spreadeagle*. Auctioneers will not be exceedingly delighted with *Sir Phœnix Clearcake*, Alderman and Knight, who has retired upon his laurels, and the profitable results of his puffs ; while men about town of the scheming class will have to exclaim "'tis true 'tis pity—pity 'tis 'tis true" at the words and actions of *Captain Smoke*. Even the minor

characters are sharpened up to a very fine point, and probe to the very marrow the vices they satirise.

The plot of this comedy need not be detailed—it is a secondary matter—it is the mere string upon which the diamonds of wit that cut their marks upon the flimsy glass of mammon-morality are strung. Indeed as a story it is by no means interesting, nor apparently meant to be so until the fifth act. Strange as it may appear, an exciting story is not needed in this play, for it is borne along by the brilliancy of its dialogue.

This want of interest exists not only in the plot, but in the characters—we cannot sympathise with them. Except *Skindeep* and *Shark*, none of them talk in a way which men or women, having similar characters, and moving in the same stations, talk in real life. They are continually discharging the well-winged arrows of satire, and it is *Skindeep*, *Shark*, and sometimes *Spreadweazle*, who receive the bolts. They are the butts, the others the archers. Some of the sallies had a curious effect upon the audience; after delivery by the actors applause and laughter did not immediately or unanimously follow; the wit being in many instances too subtle and deep to be comprehended in an instant; so that one or two persons would catch the spark more quickly than others, and explode in merriment; slower apprehensions followed, till at last the joke radiated, as it were, over the whole audience.

The dialogue which can uphold a piece and delight an audience in the absence of the smallest attempt to enlist their feelings, must be good to an excess which outstrips the best efforts of former comic dramatists. We should not exactly like to place "Bubbles of the Day" above the "School for Scandal" in this single respect, because we have only seen it once, and because we feel assured that this comedy must be *read* before all its merits can be appreciated; inasmuch as it does not appeal to the passions or exhibit manners so strongly as it addresses itself to the intellects and to the reason. Hence "Bubbles of the Day" is not nearly so good as a play as it is brilliant and severe as a satire.

Its severity detracts somewhat from the *pleasure* to be derived from it. The author has not opened an account with virtue as well as vice. A crowd of hideous objects, of specious rascals, affords no gratification to the spectator; besides, his own object, as stated in his preface, is in a degree defeated for want of contrast. Even one generous act or one benevolent character would have brought out the evil dealings and sayings of nearly all his *dramatis personæ*. He says, with no little humour:—

"In New-street, Covent Garden, there is or was a tradesman of great practical benevolence. It was the happiness of his temperament to recommend to the palates of babes and sucklings the homeliest, nay, the foulest shapes by the lusciousness of their material. The man made semblances of all things in *sugar*. Fieschi's head, bruised and bleeding from 'his own petard,' frowned like a demon from the shop window: still the demon was—*in sugar*. The abomination, though appalling to the eye, would yet melt sweetly in the mouth. The thing was called a murderer; yet, taste it, and 'twas pure saccharine.

"The author of 'Bubbles of the Day' confesses to the charge that in some places has been preferred against nearly every character in his comedy. He has taken for his theme the absurdities and meannesses of fools and knaves; and he has not—at least, he trusts he has not—exhibited the offenders—in sugar."

Few, we apprehend, would wish to see the wolf, vice, clothed in the skin of the lamb, virtue. But the fold of our species is composed of both. We are among the number who would have been better pleased to see in "Bubbles of the Day" an equally impartial representation of the good, with the more abundant exposition of the bad.

GISIPPUS.

A FIVE-ACT play, with the scene laid at Athens or Rome, and denominated "classical," threatens to be a bore. As one reads the list of parts, visions of actors covered with togas and black wigs, mouthing forth stilted commonplaces in inflated sentences, flit, or rather strut and bellow, before one's imagination. Past experience induces one to anticipate, even at best, characters as cold as the Elgin marbles, whose passions are regulated according to the turn of a sentence; whose feelings are meted out in prosodial feet; incidents amplified from some outrageous act of virtue or crime scrupulously attested by history, and scenery consisting of the eternal "capitols," "streets in Rome," &c., long since worn out by repeated exhibition in "Julius Cæsar" or "Virginius."

Fortified by an early dinner, and an extra glass of punch (brewed by the affectionate hand of our dear Judy) we drove early on the first night of "Gisippus" to Drury-lane theatre, and secured a box-seat with exactly the same feelings as a few days ago we were despairingly inducted into the *fauteuil* of our dear "Medical Student" to have a tooth out; but with the uncomfortable assurance, that our agonies would, on this occasion, be more protracted.

The curtain drew up, and a twinge of *ennui* afflicted us; for the first scene was dull, though acted by that lively gentleman Mr. Hudson (whose performances resemble those of Captain Barclay, for he is always walking about as if for some wager that would be lost were he to stand still for a single instant), by the energetic Mr. Anderson, and by the manager. The last (*Gisippus*) is not in the best spirits, for he is going to be married: his friend *Titus* (Anderson) wishes him joy, without the shadow of a trope; at which we wondered, and hoped he would continue to honour the poetical custom in that case made and provided "more in the breach than in the observance" during the rest of the play.

In the next scene an expansive white veil came upon the stage, 'folding the heroine in its "chaste embrace." By some accident *Titus* the friend makes his appearance, and soon afterwards the acquaintance of the bride elect. But he has known her before; they are old lovers! The flame re-kindles instantly; whilst the sounds of a chorus which herald the approaching bridegroom strike upon the ear. *Gisippus* enters as chief of the bridal procession; *Titus* upbraids him with deceit—the nuptials are postponed, and the act finishes.

Judging by the formulary of dramatic action seldom departed from by modern authors, it was easy for us to anticipate the rest of a plot arising out of the events of this first act; to say to ourselves, "We know what is coming;" to arrange, in fact, every turn of the story down to the last speech. It was thus, indeed, we amused ourselves during the between-act. But a dozen lines of the following scene had not been spoken before the whole of the plot which we had been constructing according to precedent was exploded; we were for once entirely mistaken. Delighted to be thus disappointed, ennui gradually subsided; a glimmering of interest in the story stole into our minds, which, as the action progressed, was ripened into an absorbing sympathy with the characters, and a deep attention to all their actions. When the second act was over, we thought we had seen a whole play, and wondered how the musicians could be so cold and patient as to be grinding away the *entr'acte* music without "striking" for more—not of wages—of *Gisippus*.

In truth, the contents of this second act showed us that we were witnessing the work of a master, not only of art in dramatic writing, but of human emotion. We will attempt no description of it, because we should fail. All that can be said is, that *Gisippus* cedes *Sophronia* to his friend *Titus*, who marries the lady. Subsequently *Titus* rises to great honour, while his friend sinks so low as to be sold for a slave to pay his debts, and to all appearance *Titus* appears the most ungrateful of men.

The first three acts occur in Athens, the last two in Rome, whither *Gisippus*, having changed masters, is brought. Tired of life on account of his former friend's apparent ingratitude, he seeks death, and goes to the Necropolis to find it. There he sees a murder committed, of which he accuses himself, and is condemned for it. It is only when under the hand of the executioner that *Titus* claims *Gisippus*, and proves his own innocence of neglect, and his friend's of murder. Through the agency of *Sophronia* both are reconciled.

The management of this fable, the nice discrimination of character, and the natural unpretending gracefulness of the language, places "Gisippus" very high in the scale of dramatic excellence. The interest of the auditor is not allowed to slacken for an instant, for some new, probable, almost inevitable circumstance, continually springs out of a former one, so as to lead up to the incident of the reconciliation by means of the heroine—a climax which, as it is managed, appears to be true poetry in action.

The Greeks and Romans who carry on the play are not of the usual stamp; they are genuine flesh-and-blood beings, with whose woes and happiness we can sympathise. No chilling historical associations damp our interest; the story is truly ideal, being taken from one of Boccaccio's tales.

The play was done justice to by the performers; especially by Miss Helen Faucit, who did not overact a very natural and truly womanly character.

THE MARKETS.

THE price of sprats is merely nominal. They are still quoted at a halfpenny a plateful; but there was not one transaction during the whole of yesterday. Oysters were dull at the opening, and declined greatly in consequence.

The pressure in the money-market caused watches to go up on Saturday night, and they are not expected to come down again—at present. The *coupons* for the annual interest were made out in the names of the holders.

CRICKEN HAZARD.

NOT EXACTLY.

"Do you draw at all?"—not exactly;—but I have a blister that does.'

"Do you owe much?"—Not exactly; but I live within the Bills of Mortality.'

"Have you ever been among the Blacks in Africa?"—Not exactly; but I've been among the moors in Scotland.

TO ATTENTIVE MILLIONS.

PRESUMING that the excitement caused by "PUNCH'S VALENTINES" has in some degree subsided, we have, with a liberality characteristic of ourselves, and (with indignation we say it) of nobody else, already made arrangements for the production of a NUMBER EXTRAORDINARY, which we doubt not will be received by our Subscribers with commensurate gratitude and tremendous roars.

BRYANT, who has passed twice through the fiery ordeal of secrecy, hopes that no person will tempt him with a Fifty-pound Note to betray the confidence again reposed in him, as he has never yet had an opportunity of testing the truth of Walpole's remark—"that every man has his price."

Notices to Correspondents.

NEGUS forwarded us the annexed some weeks ago :—

We understand our friend Sir Peter is so well satisfied with the success of his late *barber-ous* experiment, that it is his intention to make application to the Government, to induce it, if possible, to order a renewal of those innocent recreations formerly observed on

CROSSING THE LINE.

By the application of the tonsorial skill of Messrs. Neptune and Co. to the heads of emigrants, convicts, and others, it is expected that much improvement in their morals will ensue; their vices, embodied in their locks, dropping into "the deep bosom of the ocean," in a manner very similar to that in which the load of sins dropped off the shoulders of Christian.

The immense advantage which will accrue from this plan, should it be carried into effect, is so obvious, that it would be an act of supererogation were we to dwell upon it. Suffice it to say, that the brain of a Laurie alone could conceive such a vast and magnificent design as that of turning the equator into one universal shaving and hair-cutting shop.

If the above merits the approval of PUNCH, its insertion will oblige his cousin-german, NEGUS.

We blush for the delay which has occurred, but the elaborate nature of the illustration was such, that it could only be entrusted to our illustrious Landells himself. Will "Negus" accept our apology, and for the future take care that his communications are not so expensively embellished.

G.H.T., who tells us that he has an extensive angelic collection of relations, and that he "cannot say farewell" (a weakness which we trust he will try to overcome as far as regards ourselves), obliges with the following lacrymose lays of life :—

LAYS OF LIFE.—No. I.

THE EXILE'S LAMENT.

AND must I leave my native land,
And quit this peaceful shore?
And must I bid adieu to friends,
And never see them more?
Then down my cheek the flowing tear
Streams from its crystal cell;
My faint heart beats; I fear 'twill burst;
I cannot say farewell.

While love and beauty round me shine,
And smiling eyes appear,
Oh must I *part from angels fair*,
Relations ever dear?
That home which long has shelter'd me
From ev'ry unkind blast
I leave; and ev'ry beam of joy
With rapid flight has past.

Mine own green hills, in glory clad,
And must I leave you too?
My English bride, I love you still,
But I must cease to woo;
For I must rove o'er ocean's breast
To dwell in climes afar,
And ever, ever bid adieu
To hope's bright guiding star.

A monarch's doom has seal'd my fate,—
I cannot but obey;
I know, alas! the hour has come,—
I must, I must away.
My sea-girt home, I love thee still,
I quit you with a sigh;
I go, alas! to other lands,
With broken heart to die.

G. H. T.

The last line is quite refreshing. We cannot refrain from repeating it: "With broken heart to die;" and adding, *poetically* speaking, "a consummation devoutly to be wished."

12—17 cuts a very wretched figure as follows :—

'Mid the *high brows* of Snowdon I wander alone,
Though rain'd on and *snow'd on* till wet to the bone;
But I care not for that, and still onward I rove.
For *I browse* on the pastures of desolate love.
I sigh like a furnace, no rest can I get,
For she won't make me happy—at least, not just yet.
When the subject I broach'd, 'twas but yesterday morn,
Her *eyebrows* she lifted—'twas very like scorn.
Oh, I wish—no I don't—she had never been born.
With those brows so enchanting, so lovely, so fair,
Nought on earth save a rainbow can surely compare.
With singing their praises my lips are quite parch'd,
She herself is so *arch*, and her eyebrows so *arch'd*.
Their delicate *pencilling* injures my rest,
So I've *pencilled* these lines down, to lighten my breast;
Perhaps they won't please, but I can't help that now,
For good verses I'd write, if I did but know how,
And pin 'em—no, pen 'em—to Jenny's fair brow.
When that vagabond Cupid, on mischief intent,
Attack'd me, his bow in sly readiness bent,
Though his *bent bow* discharged in my bosom a dart,
Yet the *bent brow* of Jenny produces more smart!
Then, dearest, those beautiful eyebrows unbend,
And cause all my woes and my sorrows to end.
Let a smile mantle over instead of a frown,
And *my mistress' eyebrow* my happiness crown;—
If I an't happy then, my name isn't

J. BROWN.

12—17 assures us "that although Shakspere had delineated his lover as perpetrating 'sonnets to his mistress's eyebrow,' no such ballad had ever been written." The attempt of 12—17 to supply the omission of the Bard of Avon is a beautiful exemplification of the celebrated line that—"Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

YOICKS FORWARD's communication has afforded us a fine five minutes' burst. Can it be by Nimrod?

FOXHUNTING.

EDITED BY YOICKS FORWARD.

HUNTING in England is one of the noblest sports; it beats the ancient wolf-hunting or hawking, or the modern French wild boar hunt. Let us in a few words ask this question—What can equal fox-hunting? I shall now say a few words on different packs of hounds; first, the Yorkshire packs. The Durham and Wynward hounds are now kept by Lord ——. They had, it will be allowed, ONE good day's sport; but where was the noble Lord and his whips? why, far, far away from the field of battle. He had out that day his six horses, that is, all his stud; he tired three himself, but still was far behind. Can a man hunt hounds three days a week with six horses? Impossible. Certainly when Mr. W. had them, they were much better; but how soon did he leave off worshipping Diana and take to the worship of Venus! The Lambton hounds, kept by that true sportsman, Ralph Lambton, they were indeed the flower of England; he hunted them in true old English style; but we are happy to say Sir M. White Ridley, of whom we shall speak presently, is following his noble example. The next we come to is the C., which are hardly to be spoken of as hounds; A., the huntsman, having only two horses, one of which runs sometimes as forehorse in the team. The hounds are real gooduns, and with a good master might be brought to perfection. Why do not some of the Yorkshire gentlemen rise—one keep them, and the rest handsomely subscribe to it? And we may say the same of the Durham and Wynward. Lt.-Col. ——, for harriers, very well managed, but he is rather a slow coach, although improved since first we knew him; but what is in the bone, &c. Why does not *he* keep the C. instead of pothering harriers? The Harworth is the next, but of them we shall speak of in our next, as well as the York and Ainsty Bedale, &c.

Not if we know it.

L.D. has decidedly not a genius for conundrums—the reader shall judge.

Deer PUNCH,

Why is an only infant child like a well-known city?—Because it is Baby-lon.

Why must a railway of necessity be the slowest possible conveyance?—Because it is stationary * *or* stational †.

(* Appertaining to stations. † Whichever you think the best answer.)

As the above are of no use to the owner, he begs your acceptance of them, or a place in your fire. L. D.

L. D. is very charitable in forwarding us that which he says is of no use to himself. A man in such a state of mental destitution should domesticate his charity, for he assuredly cannot have a grain of wit to spare.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS—THE LADIES' GALLERY.—During the past week a dozen of these rare birds (*Procellaria Pelagica*) have been accommodated in a small cage behind the strangers' gallery in the House of Commons. They are called Mother Carey's chickens, because their presence prognosticates a stormy debate. They are all of the Conservative breed—and—PUNCH says this without disparaging the politics of man or woman—belong *to the Miss Martineau class*—i. e., they think nothing of sitting eight or nine hours "cribbed, cabined, and confined," keeping up a constant gabble. Their food is chiefly bits of lump sugar, upon which *eau de vie* (Punch, you humorous rogue, speak the truth) *eau de Cologne* is dropped.

PUNCH VICTORIOUS.—Dan O'Connell, when he was invested with the Dublin Lord Mayor's chain of office, told his friends the *Liberty boys*, that he would spout the *goold* in St. Stephen's. This Daniel certainly did, like a true Milesian. PUNCH, who is ever first to discover an absurdity, pointed it out. Dan doffed the chain, and only wears it now in his *lodging* during his *morning levees*.

Does Lord Campbell, when he goes to the theatre, continue to take off his *Bluchers*, and sit during the performances in his stocking feet?

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

X.—OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE (*continued*).

ROOM for beauty! the *belle* of the evening claims our next attention: the lovely dark-eyed girl, so plainly and yet so elegantly dressed, who wears her hair in simple bands over her fair forehead, unencumbered by flower or ornament of any kind, and moves in the light of her own beauty, as the presiding goddess of the room, imparting fragrance to the enamoured air that plays around her. How many quadrilles deep she is engaged for!—how earnestly an introduction is requested!—how fortunate it is even to be her *vis-a-vis!* and what a thrill of inexplicable happiness pervades our sense—what an ecstacy of admiration—what a mesmeric throb of pleasure as we take her hand in the *chaîne des dames!* And for the waltz! those brilliant intoxicating moments, which come so rarely to brighten our dim career, are cheaply purchased by hours of unpleasantry and disappointment! And who does not associate the fairest portions of his life with the shadowy remembrance of some exquisite creature, who endowed him, for the time, with a species of Daguerreotypic existence by the light of her presence alone, her absence forming its shadows?

We appear to be getting philosophically poetical:—we are not often taken so, and must plead in excuse the exciting cause of our present indisposition. The beauty of the ball has sometimes one uncomfortable characteristic, which her very position generates; she is an out-and-out flirt. At one party she will talk softly to you for half-an-hour together in the conservatory, with no other witnesses than some flower-pots, paper camellias, and a Chinese lamp; at another she will all but cut you for a new cavalier with an imperial, which you do not wear. In the first situation you will think evening parties the poetry of society: in the last, you will pronounce them to be very indifferent amusements, after all. She is, moreover, very capricious; and having refused all invitations to waltz, on the plea of giddiness, will eventually stand up with another handsome girl, and twirl away for a quarter-of-an-hour. Possibly this is for the express purpose of tantalizing all the young gentlemen in the room, upon the same principle that makes young ladies kiss babies so rapturously before company.

The professed flirt is not always the beauty of the room, but still sufficiently good-looking to attract several *pro-tempore* lovers. And it is remarkable what diplomatic ingenuity she puts forth in carrying on a flirtation with three or four young gentlemen at the same time. The mere shade, the very idea of a gentle pressure of the hand as she meets you in the chain of the last figure of the Lancers, induces you to believe yourself the favoured one. But you are mistaken: she has made three or four others equally self-satisfied by the same proceeding; and just as she has half given, half allowed you to take a lily of the valley from her *bouquet*—which you intend to treasure up in your dressing-case for an indefinite period, amidst a similar collection of *gages d'amour*, such as old rose-leaves, odd sandals, shrivelled violets, three-cornered notes (scented with that odd perfume the women are so fond of at present, which resembles a cocoa-nut oil lamp that had gone out), locks of silky and odoriferous hair that have made the paper which envelops them very transparent, and perhaps a vinaigrette or turquoise ring—you find she has offered to mark some other happy swain's handkerchief with his initials and her own hair. Wherefore you set her down as a heartless coquette, and the gentleman as a thorough muff; but you do not throw away the lily of the valley notwithstanding. And even when she waltzes with him, and asks you to hold her delicate scarf, which resembles point lace in a consumption, you are still gratified by the honour. The flirt does not admire being cooped up in the ball-room all the evening. She is very fond of going down for refreshment; not that she stands in need of any, but it removes her from the *espionnage* of her *chaperon*; and if there is one situation she prefers more than another, it is sitting on the staircase outside the drawing-room door, under pretence of enjoying the cool air.

The flirt has different opinions formed of her. Old mamas, with unmarriageable daughters, pronounce her "an exceedingly forward young woman." Young ladies who are a little jealous, think her "a very strange girl in her manners;" and the young gentlemen speak of her according to their temperaments and ideas of perfection as "a splendid creature," "a girl with no humbug about her," or (unfeminine yet expressive appellation) "a thorough-going brick; and no mistake!"

With this fair lady we lay down our dove-quill, and resume our Tidmarsh for the young gentlemen.

And first, of the WALLFLOWER.—The Wallflower of a party usually makes his appearance at an early period of the evening. You generally observe him as you enter the house taking off a pair of clogs, which appear difficult to unbuckle, in a corner of the hall. These he stuffs into the pocket of his great-coat, which he artfully conceals under a chair, together with his hat; and having accomplished this undertaking to his satisfaction, he enters the refreshment-room, and in excessive trepidation, asks for a cup of coffee, which he swallows 'hot without'—declining milk, cream, lump sugar, or powdered candy, not on account of its being his custom, but because he does not exactly know which he ought to take. He next produces from his pocket a pair of kid gloves, still enveloped in paper, the left-hand one of which he puts on with much labour, and then holds the other in it. This concluded, he announces his name, and walks upstairs, as if he was ascending the platform of the guillotine.

"Mr. John Parkins!" shouts a footman, and the wall-flower enters. Mrs.—(what shall we call the hostess? Whatever name we give her, there will be some one certain to say it is personal: we think "Smith" is tolerably safe)—Mrs. Smith, then, is engaged at the moment, and has left her station at the door; consequently Mr. Parkins walks into the centre of the room, looking very affable and mildly benevolent, with his

glove still in his hand, and, not finding anybody to receive him, blushes up to his ears, blows his nose for the sake of doing something, and then sinks back to the post of the folding-doors between the front and back drawing-room—the position in which wallflowers mostly abound.

They occasionally attempt a quadrille, but they rarely waltz. Nevertheless, we once knew one who made the attempt, but then it was after supper, when they at times 'come out' in most extensive style, as a very little wine has a very great effect upon their brain. The wallflower in question had evidently miscalculated his abilities, for after treading on his partner's toes, losing the step in the first round, getting out of the circle, and knocking the man who was playing the piano completely off the music-stool, he desisted and reeled giddily to his seat—a melancholy instance of misdirected vanity.

The wallflowers appear, like corks in a water-butt, to have an instinctive manner of getting all together; for, after a time, they generally congregate in coteries, making small jokes and retailing third-rate anecdotes, or quips from the week before last's Punch, which they applaud and admire exceedingly, until they are interrupted by an enthusiastic couple, flying round to the *brandkofen*, and knocking them, very unexpectedly, all up in a heap together.

THE "POODLE" HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE *Times* of Saturday has an article devoted to the phlegmatic wisdom of Sir Robert PEEL, and the canine docility of the House of Commons:—

"We know not whether more to admire the deliberate and determined phlegm with which he restrains his own official statements to the public within the very *minimum* of communication, or the admirable skill with which he has brought the House of Commons to acquiesce in his meagre allowance. That wild animal which but a few years since was ready to tear to pieces everything, keepers and all, which came within reach of its claws, has been subdued by some wondrous discipline to the temper *of an obedient poodle*, which will jump and snap *at precisely what is given it*, without a chance of even biting the fingers which so sparingly and gradually mete out its fare. It is truly instructive to see the placid statesman carve out his policy in his own way, *and toss a bit over his shoulder, when it suits him, to the noble animal that stands on its hind-legs by his side as quiet as a lamb—swallowing contentedly what is given it, and only licking its lips for more.*"

This may be true. The House of Commons may or may not be a poodle; but of this we are sure, it is not the people's poodle. We have little doubt of the suppleness of the beast—of the quickness of its nose for ministerial tit-bits; but we repeat it—the poodle is not John Bull's poodle. He disowns it—renounces it—and has resolved to take his collar from its neck, and at the very first opportunity to obtain another dog. No longer to be pestered with a whining cur that, as our excellent friend *The Times* declares, is content to stand upon its hind-legs, and wag its tail in gratefulness at a few crumbs dropped from the sliding-scale of the minister,—John is determined to possess himself of a stern, uncompromising mastiff; of a tyke, that if the minister balk it in its feeding, will on the instant show its teeth, and bite his fingers to the bone. Sir Robert may, for a time, amuse himself with the poodle; but he may take our word for it, the mastiff that shall worry him is already pupped!

"Were you ever at sea?"—Not exactly; but I have been in the *Fleet*.

"What's *that* to *yew* (you)?" as the old cloth-yard shaft said to the modern Lancewood bow.

ST. GILES'S PARLIAMENT.

THE St. Giles's Parliament was opened by the King of the Cadgers in person, who delivered the following speech from the beer-barrel:—

"PALS,—I am glad of this opportunity of meeting you again for the purposes of business. I continue to receive friendly assurances from the police powers, and the great principle of non-intervention has been formally recognised in the Bloomsbury districts.

"I regret to say that I am not yet able to announce to you the entire concession of the right of search into other people's pockets, upon which our welfare and prosperity chiefly depend. We however still continue to exercise that great and glorious privilege with comparative safety and freedom from interference.

"With regard to the right of visitation, we frequently put it in force against private dwellings after nightfall; and we have carried off many trophies of our success in these exploits.

"I have ceded to my uncle a part of my possessions by a treaty, of which I shall cause the duplicate to be immediately laid before you; and I rely on your loyalty to redeem whatever pledge I may have given.

"I am sorry to call your attention to the prevailing distress, and I particularly lament the causes of it. They consist chiefly in the excessive production of gas and the use of mechanical contrivances, by which the pockets of the public—our great sources of wealth—are placed out of our reach; and we are thus shut out from some of the most important avenues to our prosperity. It will be your care to diminish protection to such an amount as will promote activity among our own people, by holding out a hope of reward to diligence and industry. The estimates have been prepared, and will be laid before you as soon as possible."

His Majesty the King of the Cadgers spoke the above speech in a hoarse tone of voice, and was several times compelled to have recourse to a pewter pot before him, for the purpose of imbibing some liquid which had been previously placed in it.

We give a summary of the parliamentary proceedings on the day following:—

A new writ was moved for, for Petticoat-lane, the late member having entered into the service of the government, by assisting to turn the wheel at Brixton.

Ben Bolt attended to take the oaths and his seat; but finding his seat occupied by some one else, he hastily took the oaths and retired.

David Dumps had been requested by the landlord of the house in which they were then assembled to bring in a bill, which he now begged to lay on the table. It related chiefly to beer and spirits, but there was a clause on the subject of tobacco, and another touching broken glass, which he thought should have been kept separate.

Simon Snooks observed that with regard to the beer and spirits, he had great reason to complain of the measure, and as to the broken glass, he thought a select committee ought to sit upon it.

Peter Popkins was for treating the beer as a separate measure, and taking it altogether upon going into supply. Here the matter dropped.

An honourable member seeing the premier in his place, begged to know whether it was the intention of the Government to propose any plan of education. It was a lamentable fact that persons were walking the streets in a state of destitution and ignorance, when a slight knowledge of the elements of the art (of picking pockets) would render them useful members of that community.

The premier replied that the matter was now under consideration. (*Hear.*) There were, however, difficulties in the way, and it had been proposed that lay figures, dressed in coats having the usual number of pockets, should be introduced for the purpose of elementary education. His own opinion was in favour of a more practical course. (*Hear.*)

A short discussion arose on the subject of Emigration. The Minister declared he did not intend to recommend an extension of Emigration beyond Epsom and Ascot.

The House then adjourned.

A NEW VERSION OF ALICE GRAY.

SHE 's all my fancy painted her,
(Each cheek proclaims carmine!)
Her tin, although I dote on it,
Will ne'er, I fear, be mine!
I've woo'd her, as men often woo
Who will not take a "nay:"—
Oh! my purse, my purse is empty,
And I sigh for Alice Gray!

I've summer'd 'neath the Queen's Bench sun,
I've winter'd in the Fleet!
Again my credit's almost done,
My ruin's nigh complete;
And when the bailiff comes once more,
E'en he must pitying say—
"Vell! a seedier cove I never seed
For to dream on Halice Gray!"

THE APPROACHING EARTHQUAKE.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The earthquake is, it seems, definitively fixed for Wednesday next, and we are happy to be enabled, from private and exclusive sources, to furnish the following very interesting particulars.

Coachmen are to set down with their horses' heads under ground, and will be expected to draw up as closely as possible to the centre of gravity. The whole of the police will go down in a body to the appointed spot, and the company having the *entrée* will be expected to prevent confusion by keeping as far apart as possible. It is to be hoped that owners of houses in the line of the earthquake will keep their doors and windows quite fast, and that the fixtures, which go with the house, may not be removed on any consideration whatever.

A DOWN BED.

The following are a few of the arrangements which it is contemplated may be effected by the earthquake.

It is thought that one of Mr. Ferrand's enormous stories about the manufacturers may possibly be swallowed.

The leading articles of the *Herald* are expected to go down—when the earthquake happens.

There is every reason to hope that the Whigs will be shaken back into their places by the convulsion alluded to.

It is expected that Highgate Hill will go down into Camden Town, and that the ministerial majority will fall so low that it never will get up again.

St. Paul's Cathedral will be driven into the Thames Tunnel, and the House of Commons will be carried into the common sewer, to the great disturbance of the rats in both places.

But the most miraculous effect of all is, that the circulation of *Punch* will fall, and itself sink when (*but not until*) the earthquake happens.

INTENDED ROUTE OF THE EARTHQUAKE.

The earthquake will start early in the morning on the 16th from Downing-street, where there will be a slight convulsion, and having looked in upon Sir Robert Peel at Whitehall-gardens, it will proceed *pêle mêle* along Pall Mall, taking in the Carlton, and stopping opposite the Duke of Buckingham's for refreshment.

CROSSING THE LINE.

It will then proceed, by a round-about way, to the Houses of Parliament, where its violence will be expended, and it is then expected to cease altogether. The earthquake will be entirely of a political character, and originates entirely in the displacement of a large clod from the ground about the Treasury.

THE "DELICATE" NICHOLAS.

We extract the following touching story from the *Times*. Let the reader twitch his handkerchief from his pocket, ere he begin the perusal of an unparalleled tale of imperial softness and sensibility.

"The Emperor Nicholas.—The young and lovely Princess of Hesse Darmstadt, who has lately married the heir to the throne of All the Russias, was most agreeably surprised on her arrival at St. Petersburg, *by a delicate attention*, or rather *a spontaneous effusion of real heartfelt kindness, from her imperial father-in-law*. On being conducted to her apartments, she found them completely furnished, *even to the most minute details of footstools*, &c. exactly in the same style as the suite of rooms at the Castle of Darmstadt, in which she had laughed away the happy hours of childhood. On the drawing-room table was placed a small silver bell. The Emperor requested the Princess to try whether the bell had the same sound as that which it had at Darmstadt. The Princess shook the bell, when suddenly the doors were thrown open, *and all the old and faithful servants to whom she had bid adieu, and who she thought were then in the Castle at Darmstadt, rushed in, and overwhelmed the Princess with their acclamations of joy*, at being still allowed to serve her whom they had watched over from the hour of her birth. The young Princess was overcome with joyful surprise, and poured forth in glowing terms the expression of her gratitude to her imperial father-in-law!"

A very pretty book might be written, illustrative of the "*Sensibility of Scoundrels;*" and in such a tome the above affecting history would surely find a fitting corner. What a butter-hearted emperor! Soft, gentle, kind-hearted Nicholas; how has Rumour, that foul-mouthed strumpet, belied him! How delicate the sense of kindness that "even to the most minute details of footstools" busies itself, to give another joy! And then the delicate incident worthy of a Russian fairy—if there be such things—of the "silver bell." How many stories have been told of Nicholas—how many slanderous lies of his childstealing—of the desperation of Polish mothers who, in agony of heart, flung themselves beneath the wheels of the waggons loaded with their children, doomed by the imperial kidnapper to Siberian wastes! All these narratives are the wicked inventions of mercenary penny-a-liners—the vile forgeries of a miscreant press. Yet could some thousands of silver bells be placed on certain tables in Warsaw, how many frantic hands would be stretched towards them, if at their sound, the husbands, fathers, and children, torn by the despot from their homes, might rush into the arms of wives, daughters, and parents! Nothing so touching as the sensibility of tyranny! Nero slaughtered his mother for a well-known purpose; yet, with some, this slight indiscretion would be wholly forgotten in admiration of Nero, let it once be proved of him that he was especially tender to his horse or hounds. Tyranny may tread on bleeding hearts; what then, if it show its sensibility in "footstools!"

Scarcely, however, had the *Times* dispersed to all the corners of the earth the above affecting instance of the "delicate attention" of the Russian emperor, than—alas for the full heart of imperial measure!—the self-same journal put forth the subjoined:—

"Our private correspondence from Vienna of the 20th ult. states, that the wife of the son and heir to the Emperor Nicholas had (although *enceinte*) determined to quit her husband, and return to her father, at Darmstadt, *in consequence of a series of brutal treatment to which she was exposed.*"

There has been a vague rumour that the Emperor of Russia, in imitation of his brother of Prussia, contemplates a visit to London. We earnestly hope there is truth in this. With what glee would *Punch* receive the autocrat at Woolwich! With what pride would *Punch* show the emperor St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Brixton tread-mill, and all our other national establishments! With what exquisite delight would *Punch* escort the emperor to Newgate; and having got the imperial thief of Poland safe in the fortress of the Old Bailey, how great—how intense the satisfaction, to turn the key upon him, and keep him there!

PAUPER'S CORNER.—No. 3.

Oh! gold *must* be a blessed thing
To claim a love as deep
As thousands to its worship bring—
A love that will not sleep!
For still to pile the burthen'd altar up,
They take the poor man's crust and drain his cup!

Oh gold *must* own those sympathies
Which form the thousand chords
That Nature touches, and supplies
The heart (as 'twere) with words.
Or would the rich man for this *idol* sell
His brother's hope and love, whose loss makes earth a hell?

COUNTY COURTS' BILL. INIQUITIES OF ENGLISH LAW.

ENGLISH parchment has more to answer for than Turkish bowstrings. This is a creed which — were every departed Lord Chief Justice, now disporting in fields of asphodel, sent back to this world to refute—would still remain within us. Great is our abhorrence of foreign tyranny! loud and deep our indignation at the fantastic despotism of exotic princes, from the Russian Moloch in his furs, to the naked human ebony on his throne of bamboo. Our hatred of the foreigner is in a great measure born of our self-complacency. We see no brother Briton placed in manacles at the will of a tyrant—we hear not the screams of Englishmen writhing beneath the scourge of wayward cruelty. Were Queen VICTORIA (may all good thoughts attend her!) to command the noses of sundry of her subjects to be cut off, or (in imitation of the laughter-loving Charles the Second) slit to the bone, it is our belief that the nation would rise as though the whole kingdom had but one nose, and that the mutilated *nasus*. Hence our sympathy with those of our wretched fellow-creatures, the subjects of the Tartar and the Turk. They have no nose to call their own—they wear

"——that which is the grace
And prosœnium of a face"

only during good behaviour; they have noses only *quamdiu se bene gesserint*.

But John Bull's nose is a sacred member. He believes he has a right to poke it any or everywhere. Now, is he irreverently sniffing with it in all parts of our blessed constitution; now is he taking his nose to good and gracious mother Church, and by certain irreverent contortions of the face indicating that many stalls and deaneries have about them something that is neither myrrh nor frankincense. Now, he thrusts his nose into Parliament; and oh, how the member quivers with indignation and changes purple and red like the nose of a mandril, when John stumbles upon the foulness of—a job! How lustily he calls out, and bringing all the neighbourhood about him, how he holds forth upon the abomination, and having done so, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, passes on, leaving the foulness just as it is! He is quite content that he has shown a wickedness, and the wickedness remains. Come what will, he has asserted the delicacy and the high constitutional privilege of his nose. Hence, John Bull is, in the freest sense of the term, a free man. He thinks upon the Chinese, and pities them. He remembers the Russian, and the thought sublimates him with a sense of his Britannic superiority.

But John Bull is either an ass or a hypocrite. Let the truth be said—he is a slave; but as WORDSWORTH says, he wears

"The fetters in his soul."

He is cut, and striped, and lacerated; but his wounds bleed *inwardly*; and so John, with a half-smirking, half-bullying face, declares himself to be free as mountain winds—to be whole, intact, perfect as Apollo. Whilst John pities the wretch of Pekin and of Petersburgh as the victim of capricious despotism, he himself—for all his bluff, outstaring looks — is the serf, the bondsman of the English lawyer. It is true, John may defy the bowstring; but can he laugh at that more fatal ligament—red tape? He may snap his fingers at the knout; but can he smile at that Beelzebub's blister, parchment? He may scorn to strike his forehead in the dust at the look or beck of king or kaiser; but, taken in execution, can he, with light conscience and unimpeded larynx, chirrup "Britons never shall be slaves" on the debtors' side of the Fleet?

Turkey has her eunuchs, Russia her Cossacks, and England her attorneys! There is for the sins, or rather the supposed sins of men, the bow-string, the spear, and the writ!

Well, suppose it is again proposed to reduce the amount of torture daily inflicted by the inquisitors of the Law list — the benevolences blessing happy Britain—the sages who, in the holy name of justice, fatten on the flesh and blood of their fellow-creatures, and, otherwise doubtless very respectable men, many of them keeping their carriages and pineries, and duly confessing themselves one day a week really "miserable sinners," are, the remaining six, true Anthropophagi,—yea, veritable man, woman, and child eaters!

Lord BROUGHAM's "Local Courts Bill" goes very far to put the cannibal Costs (Sawney Bean was a sucking-dove to that pet ogre of the Inns of Court) on something less than half allowance of flesh—to very considerably limit his draught of blood, taken warm by writ or cognovit from the living animal. Of course, there will be another shout of horror—another roar of indignation loud enough to make the bones of Jeffreys rattle in the grave—at the attempted enormity. The cannibal will still plead for his monopoly of heartstrings—will still groan for his "vested rights" in the very marrow of his victims. To be sure, the Duke of WELLINGTON, who, on the passing of that infamous and revolutionary measure, the abolition of arrest for debt on mesne process, stoutly advocated the rights of despoiled sheriff's officers, contending that the wounds of a *Nathan* and a *Levi* should be dressed at the expense of the State with the salve of indemnity,—the Duke is still in the House of Lords, and may stand up for the sacredness of Costs, for his vested interests in the heart's-blood and bowels of all present and future Englishmen. We once more may hear Achilles pleading for the innocent civilian, attorney Polyphemus!

Let us suppose that a bill shall have jurisdiction in all matters of debt from cases of 40*s.* to 20*l.*, such debt to be recovered at a small expense. This would, we fear, bring Justice into great contempt among the people, inasmuch as she would be made much more familiar to them than heretofore. Lawyers, it is well known, have a great horror of cheap Justice; and many of them, to their own satisfaction (albeit they have failed to convince their clients) have proved that Justice when made cheap must be a very dowdy. Their only notion of Justice is Justice decked out like a dowager—with stomacher of diamonds, rustling satins, cobweb lace (typical of the fine mesh of law), and plenty of paint! She is then a presentable Justice; but to make her cheap is to make her infamous. When Justice is thus arrayed, then is she fine, majestic; a very Madame POMPADOUR; the deity of palaces. Her slight peccadillos are merged, forgotten in the wealth that blazes about her. Make her cheap, and you make her worthless; the POMPADOUR (the companion of Kings) becomes a BETTY SLAMERKIN. It is because lawyers are not wedded to Justice, that, like other profligates with their nominal wives, they would have her dress finely.

A black eye or bleeding nose—a slight spot of mud carelessly thrown upon the cambric of a gentleman's character—any small action of tort, battery, or libel,—becomes under the present system a magnificent thing, involving a great risk of capital to obtain the smallest monetary satisfaction for the wrong. What if we have a bill that cheapens the remedy? A bill under which a man may buy salve for his eye, stanch his nose, and make his character (so far as law *can* do these things) white as his counsel's neckband, for, in comparison with present costs, a few shillings? As it is, law in these matters is a luxury. The new bill would sell the law, as they now sell melons to the poor, in good penn'orths.

There is a third clause in the Bill which, we have no doubt, spoilt many an attorney's breakfast on Tuesday morning. We mean the "clause of reconcilement!" In Denmark, said Lord BROUGHAM, out of 31,000 causes entered for hearing, 21,000 had been settled by the clause of reconcilement. And yet—though it would be hard to convince many "an old respectable practitioner" of the fact—yet "grassy Denmark" stands where it did—no earthquake, with a sympathy for Danish attorneys, has swallowed it up; neither is it "in the flat sea sunk." On Tuesday night, the "Clause of Reconcilement," in diabolic shape, sat, nightmare-like, on the innocent breast of many an attorney!

"May it go to the devil, and may them as made it go after it!" Such was the pious exclamation of one AARON, officer in service of the sheriff, as—standing at the threshold of a Chancery-lane law-stationer, a May sun shining on his parchment cheek—he was led into angry discussion on the abolition of arrest for debt. "May it go to the devil," (or at least to a place where it is understood the devil commonly resides,) "and them as made it go after it—for now," and here a crystal tear, bright as AARON's shirt-stud gemmed the corner of his eye of caption—"for now, there's no making twenty pounds by bail-bonds afore breakfast!" AARON spoke a serious, social truth. The sheriff's-officer has been robbed; and though the Duke was eloquent, there was no indemnity!

In the same intense and affecting spirit with which AARON bewailed the annihilation of bail-bonds, will attorneys execrate Lord BROUGHAM, and lament his County Courts Bill. That measure goes to destroy legal plunder—to cheapen justice—to make law an emanation of the reason of the sage, and not the cunning of the cut-purse. The Bill has been once defeated by the "proxies" of the House of Lords. Of the philosophy of the custom of "proxy" we shall speak in an early Number; at present—

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We had proceeded thus far, when we were called to the window

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXXII.

MOTHER CHURCH AND HER PUSSEY-ITES.

by a great riot in the street. A boy had picked a man's pocket of his handkerchief; the boy was known to the policeman, who assured the mob that he would be transported for fourteen years. He had committed a theft *against the law*. And whose handkerchief had he stolen? Mr. THUMBSCREW'S, of Clement's-inn, who never missed a chance of making forty shillings a hundred and forty by costs, and who has grown rich and sleek on plunder, plunder *with the law*. Poor Bill Slinkem goes in the van to Newgate—THUMBSCREW is driven in his phaeton to his seat at Camberwell. Bill Slinkem has been a child of the streets; has never been taught a wrong. THUMBSCREW has been taught both, and knows when and how with safety to profitably use the worst part of his learning. THUMBSCREW is not a man, but a social whitlow. May Lord BROUGHAM prick all such! Q.

TAKING A GOOD HINT.

"COMPOSE yourself, my dear Tom."

"It's all very fine, and very easy, to say, 'Compose yourself;' but who's to do it? A fellow lugging out your eye-tooth and three-fourths of your jaw exclaims, 'Compose yourself;' the vagabond that gives you notice of the failure of your banker, and the loss of all your worldly substance, advises you to 'Compose yourself;' and when in the extremest agony of fear you rush like

A MANEY-HACK,

from the blazing ruins of your devoted house, 'A 41,' who accommodates you with a seat and shiver in the station-house, insists upon the propriety of the soothing system, and invariably recommends you to 'compose yourself.' 'Compose yourself!' quotha; I can't do it! no, no, it's out of the question. Shakspeare says, 'Every man can bear a grief but he that hath it.' I say every man may put up with a pillaging and kicking but their conjoined victim, and I am he!"

"Gracious! Tom, did you say kicking? well, I *should* like to hear all about that."

"Thank you; you're very kind, remarkably kind; happy to hear of my disaster; I'm sure I'm much obliged to you."

"No, no, I don't mean that; but how was it, eh?"

"Why, you know those rascally Sharps that came down to settle here three months ago?"

"Of course I do. Fat mother, with turban, snuff-box, and three daughters; curious old maiden sister, always laughing and winking her eye."

"Yes, yes; and two unredeemed rascals of sons, from some infernal assurance office, with fists like brawn, and boot-toes like bodkins."

"Well, what of them?"

"Why, I'll tell you. They gave a kind of let-off last night; a sort of hybrid affair—cards and quadrilles, pumps and cloth-boots, flying tea and a standing supper."

"Oh, ay, I did hear of it; and you were invited?"

"Yes I was, worse luck! Well, I'd heard Miss Screw, our great sixpenny long-whist player, hint her suspicions that the maiden Sharp, she of the 'nods and becks and wreathed smiles,' though otherwise a mighty correct old lady, was rather given to the pastime of cards and gathering together of fish and small change, heedless of some of the little restrictions your very fair players regard; but as I discovered the maiden Screw had dropped five points to the maiden Sharp, I set the matter down as the mere result of envy and disappointment; fool that I was!"

"Why, *does* she cheat?"

"Wait a bit, and you shall hear. After managing two quadrilles with tolerable success with the eldest Miss S., I retired for breathing time and negus into a small room where old and young were, as Miss Screw remarked, 'enjoying themselves at a round game.' I was invited to take a seat, and soon found myself involved in all the mysteries of eighteen-penny loo. Luck ran a muck against me as a mad bull charges a red coat. I could not win a single pool; while the elderly Screw, like the vortex of the Maelstrom, seemed to draw round counters, square counters, ivory fish, and the current coin of the realm, with irresistible force, into the fathomless depths of her immense reticule. Disgusted at my ill fortune, I determined upon quitting the table, but was prevented by the antique maiden advising me to try one more round.

"I consented, and observed a gracious smile and peculiar wink reward my determination. These equivocal proceedings made me the more attentive to the Elderly's game; and never was such a flagrant old cheat seen at a respectable party. Kings, queens, and aces, were at her sole command, though I have no idea where she got them, unless she rang the changes from her immense bag. Just as she saw my eyes fixed upon her as she was sweeping off a heavy pool by these nefarious means, she again tipped me one of her remarkable winks.

"'O ho!' thinks I, 'that's the game, is it? Well, two can play at it, old lady; and so, as you seem to wish it, here goes, and mum's the word.' So to it I went, and, as I do know a trick or two, by Jove, I swept the table pretty handsomely. But would you believe it? the wicked old woman, when I merely slipped a king from the bottom of the pack, accused me of cheating. I at once admitted the fact, and cited herself as my instigator and authority.

"Tom, I've been in some rows and heard some few noises in my time, from an amateur stray band down to the collective screechings of the parroquet and macaw department in the Zoological Gardens—nay, the wild beasts at feeding-time were once my most familiar orchestra; but the squall of all squalls I ever heard was the one that rushed out from between that old lady's artificial teeth. She denied the accusation with the most intense scorn, and defied me to prove that she had cheated herself or provoked me to do so. This was beyond endurance.

"'Why, madam,' I replied, 'when you looked into the lady's hand next you, and slipped the ace of hearts from the bottom in the pack, when there was thirteen and six-pence in the pool, didn't you see I had detected you? and didn't you wink away with your wicked old left eye, as much as to say, Do it yourself—it's all right?'

"'What!' roared the tabby, 'wink! I wink! Is my infirmity to be thrown in my teeth by such a thing as you? James! Samuel! Where are your feelings? Oh, Oh!' Here she flopped down in a faint, while groans and cries of 'Shame! Shame! See what you've done!' issued from all sides.

"I once more asserted the truth of my statement, or rather would have done so; but that great beast James Screw took me by the nose, and Samuel kicked me down stairs."

"It's very extraordinary!"

"Not at all; it was a cursed mistake. The cheating was true enough, but not so the rest, as the old lady has a natural infirmity, and always goes on winking in the same way when she's at all excited. And so you see I must call out one of those fellows, and either shoot him or get shot myself, and all because I was such a fool as to imagine I was 'taking a good hint.'"

FUSBOS.

CAPITAL FUN.

"Her Majesty was graciously pleased to confer the honour of knighthood upon *Jamsetjee Jeejebhoy* of Bombay."—*Gazette.*

The "Footman," blushing for his master's fame,
By heralding "plebeians *without name*,"
Struts proudly now, and shouts without alloy
"Sir Jam-set-jee and Lady Jee-je-bhoy!"

JONATHANS.

At a late railway steam explosion the stoker was the only person who escaped; he was blown so far from the place that he was completely out of danger.

A satirical lawyer down east lately said something so cutting that it took off his own pigtail!

A FEW WORDS UPON A FEW WORDS.

It has often struck us that some particular words have in their sound more decided powers of conveying to our senses the meaning and identity of the things for which they stand, than many others.

Take for instance the word "IMPRACTICABLE"—speak it as you will—does it not bring, in the strongest manner, its unpleasant meaning with it? is there not a bothering complication in the three last syllables—something you would hurry over if you could, yet must dwell upon or leave them quite unspoken;—is it not an unaccommodating piece of letter manufacture, teasing the tongue, teeth, and palate of the speaker? Endeavour to hurry it, and ten to one you blunt out "imprac-tick-*kobble*, or imprac-tick-*kibble*, or imprac-tick-*kubble*"; on the other hand, dwell too long and you convey something of unpleasant pedantry to the ears of your audience; it is a word well chosen for its purpose—it is—it is—it is—hang it! it is "IMPRACTICABLE."

"SERPENT" again appears most admirably to denote the wily-venomed reptile—the "S." announcing in its hissing sound—the very utterance of the crawling thing prepares us for the creature's self; like an admonitory note, it warns us of the coming basilisk! a strong man may well quail and shrink from hearing that air-splitting sound—that tiny herald of the forked-tongued monster, whose very breath seems as it were *to cut the air*—and is a cold shake's advent. Reverse the letter and the sound; let the "*hiss*" follow as it does in "GOOSE," and then, like a past danger, how we laugh at it—it seems a mockery on the silly bird for issuing from its nettle-clipping bill—the sound teeming with terror from the forest's slimy curse! In fine, could a *goose* ever have been called a *serpent*? or a *serpent* a *goose*? we say such is the fitness of the names—had it been so, each had ever been mistaken for the other.

DOMESTIC SKETCHES.—No. II.

Where's my cab?—why, he's driving off in it!
'Twould make an Albino look black!
"His love!—shall be home in a minute!—
Will be careful to send it me back!"
By Jove! I'll try horse-whipping—caning,
Or a shot through his silly brain-pan!
But no, none will hear my complaining,—
Sir Harry's a "privileged man."

He's a privileged man;—uninvited,
Wherever he will, he may go;
Or nobody thinks himself slighted
If he cuts an engagement or so.
If he come, if he go, if he tarry,
Alike smiled on in every clan;
For who *can* be cross with Sir Harry?
I wish *I* was a privileged man!

He may contradict Nabobs or Paddies,
And laugh at their pistols and rage;
Talk of rouging to high-coloured ladies,
And ask elderly misses their age.
He may flirt with all shapes and dimensions,
And steal ringlet, bracelet, or fan;
And no stern brothers ask "his intentions,"
Because he's a privileged man.

He may say what he will in all places;
He may do what he will at all times;—
Those in him are but jokes and grimaces,
Which in others are capital crimes.
Yet, lest you should think it expedient
To set up on a similar plan,
Just consider how many an ingredient
Goes to make up a privileged man.

'Tis not impudence, though you must have it;—
'Tis not birth, though you must be well born;—
Wit, wealth, beauty, alone never gave it,
Nor over-exalting your horn.
In short, it is having—or being—
What may ne'er be described with a pen;
But one sentiment most will agree in—
The devee take all privileged men!

VERY APROPOS.

MANY of our readers are doubtless aware that the system of organising particular Naval movements is one known in the Service as "signally." Each flag has its exclusive duty; and the appearance of "Blue Peter at the Fore" has been, time out of mind, the announcement of a speedy departure. The singular combination of circumstances connected with the late "Borthwick" correspondence has induced some persons learned in these matters to look upon that valiant champion as a Pythagorean illustration of this identical flag: as both the warrior's complexion during the business, his Christian appellative, and the cutting and running of *himself* and *friends*, entitle him for the future to be looked upon as the Blue Peter of the FOUR!

STATISTICS OF JUVENILE DELINQUENCY.

THE subject of juvenile delinquency is one of absorbing interest, and can only be treated by the agency of statistical information, of which we proceed to lay before our readers a few results of the most harrowing and perplexing character. It gives us a terrible picture of infantine

IN A FIT OF THE BLUES.

crime, and shows that something must be done; but what that something is must remain for ever—at least, as far as we intend to trouble ourselves—a marvel and a mystery.

It appears that from the 1st of April to the 31st of June—a space of only three months—fourteen thousand boys were detected in the well-known delinquency of taking a sight at their seniors. Of these boys, seven thousand were out, without their mothers being aware of it; and of the remaining seven thousand, there were at least five hundred who had not learned to write; while the remaining six thousand five hundred were all more or less splashed with mud about their shoes and stockings.

From *data*, in the correctness of which we have the fullest confidence, it is ascertained that no less than seven thousand lads are annually turned off the pavement for rolling hoops; and taking it as a fair average that each of these lads is guilty of this enormity twice in the year, it gives fourteen thousand as the frightful total of this class of crime in a twelvemonth. Pursuing our calculation further, so as to embrace the hoops as well as the boys, and giving an hour as the average duration of each offence, we may even get at the number of revolutions made by the hoops themselves, when we should come to a result of a very alarming character. We therefore gladly leave this part of our subject to those whose duty it is to deal with juvenile delinquency in all its disheartening and distressing details.

It is a curious fact, that of forty boys in one small district, who were in the habit of mocking an old clothesman, twenty-six wore cloth caps, thirteen had hats of silk or beaver, and the remaining one was without any covering for the head—a sure sign of the truth of the observation that there is a necessary connexion between crime and poverty. In making inquiries about the parents of these lads, it was found that the mothers of sixteen took in washing, eight kept mangles, and two had had mangles, but had sold them! It will be seen that this calculation leaves no less than fourteen mothers wholly unaccounted for, a result which, however shocking, we do not think ourselves justified in suppressing. It may be mentioned as an instance of the state of education amongst juvenile delinquents, that upon taking four hundred boys promiscuously from the thoroughfares, one in ten could *jump Jim Crow*, but only one in a hundred knew the words of the song alluded to. One in twenty-five had got the air with tolerable accu-

SERENADE WITH A BASE ACCOMPANIMENT.

racy, but only $3\frac{1}{16}$ in $256\frac{1}{16}$ could go through the whole of the words and music. Out of 25 who did not know it, $1\frac{9}{16}$, or $\frac{1}{16}$ of the whole number, had previously said they knew it thoroughly, which shows that lying is often accompanied with ignorance.

We now break off for the present our very interesting details; but, like the cat driven from the milk-jug, we shall take an early opportunity of returning to the subject.

"Are you partial to shooting?"—Not exactly; but I have a corn that is.

"Come and take pot luck," as the cook said to the live lobster.

"Now, give us a good blow out," as the organ said to the bellows.

Punch's Theatre.

COMUS.

DRYDEN, Arne, Purcell, Handel, and Mr. J. H. Tulley, together with Mr. W. Bradwell and "his numerous assistants," have combined to produce a piece under the name of "Comus;" which, by the aid of new scenery, dresses, and decorations, is meant to be a repaired and beautified edition of a masque played "for one night only" at Ludlow Castle in the seventeenth century, and written by one Milton, a blind poet of that age.

We are thus particular in awarding to each individual his proper share in this concoction, because, except merely originating the poem and leaving it in as complete and perfect a state as it is possible to conceive such a work, the blind author is quite unentitled to whatever honours may be awarded to the Covent Garden "Comus" by the acute and erudite critics of the newspaper press.

The stage appears in the first scene copiously planted with trees to represent a fairy wood, the inhabitants of which are reminded it is time to get up by a shooting star, which, taking good aim, darts upon a trap, and up jumps a fay, in a manner quite magical. She summons her fellow-spirits, who come on bringing with them their own wines on purpose to—have it in the wood. To it they set in right good earnest, dancing, singing, and swilling with all the *abandon* of chorus-singers who are nervously anxious about their "time," and of dancers dying to get into their proper places amidst the elaborately arranged groups. *Comus* now comes on to receive the homage of his court, and the scene changes to an alley——of trees. It is here that the echo-duet is sung by an unknown *chanteuse* in the green-room, and Miss Rainsforth behind the bushes; for you are to suppose that it is Miss Taylor, ("the Lady," or heroine) who sings, for she alone is visible. After the last damsel is trapped by *Comus*, the "two *Brothers*" are unearthed, but protected from evil machinations by a good Genius and a charm. So they set out to seek their sister to the tune of "Hither! Hither!" which is chorused in every direction of the tangled forest to bother them. A country gentleman in Wood Street, Cheapside, could not be more perplexed than these unfortunate *Brothers* are in the arboresque alley.

As it happens, they take the wrong turning and get into bad company, near a mill-dam and a waterfall. A couple of enterprising Syrens dash, upon a raft, through the canvas waters—regardless of the dangers of the descent and the white gauze foam, and pour forth their liquid strains to entice the innocent youths. The *Brothers* are charmed—not by the syrens—but previously by the virtuous Spirit; so the naughty water-women sink abashed, and the gentlemen end the act unharmed.

Comus has by this time introduced the *Lady* to his domestic arrangements; which are in truth on the most splendid scale, whether we regard the extent of his apartments or the number of his dancers, choristers, and supernumerary retinue. But he fails to win the lady, and freezes her for her coldness; not out of revenge, but because Purcell's frost scene may be adroitly introduced, together with Mr. Stretton, done up in flannel and icicles to represent *Winter*. The chilly god proceeds to punish the *Lady* with a scena of considerable length; but gets the worst of it in his turn, for he is driven away by *Summer*; *Spring* having been overlooked in the most unhandsome manner. *Summer* then sings a half-dozen lines of "*L'Allegro*," the *Brothers* appear, and the scene changes *presto*, for they exhibit their charm to the utter confusion and downfall (through the trap) of *Comus* and his favourite *Lady!*

The stage is now filled with angels burthened with wings which are fastened upon their backs with strong rivets, and the scene consists of two semi-circles of painted spirits similarly encumbered. A chorus accompanied with red fire, flaming swords, and *finiit*.

The consequences of dove-tailing the works of several authors and musicians upon that of one great master are obvious enough. If Milton will do as he is, why try to improve him? And if such an attempt be made, it surely cannot be wise to call in the aid of inferior poets. If Handel's style of music accord with the poem why has not the selector taken courage, borrowed the whole from his scores; and not diluted the music with Arne, or lugged in Purcell without rhyme or reason? For these causes there is no unity, no cohesion, and consequently no illusion in this version of Comus."* A glimmer of Handel's sublimity is succeeded by a dose of Arne's twaddle or of Purcell's ponderosity. The frost scene, for example, is a celebrated—perhaps an over-rated piece; but is only valuable or endurable in its proper place. After the spicy accompaniments the public are used to for modern melodies, a quarter of an hour of crotchets, progressing in a confined interval of the diatonic scale, begets the gapes, especially if some variety be not produced by nice shades of tone; which Mr. Stretton seemed incapable of making, in spite of the orchestra; for having nothing else but the crotchets to attend to, *they* managed the *crescendi*, &c., with good effect. Mr. Leffler, however, kindly woke the audience by his admirable performance of "Haste thee, Nymph," which, happily, immediately succeeded the frost scene. We care not to hear this joyous, inimitable piece better sung than it was by Mr. Leffler, who is, despite the *uncertain* merit of his singing, a rising bass. Mr. Harrison appeared as *Comus*, and tried to sing "By the gaily circling glass," transposed for his tenor voice. It need not be said, how the man who could commit such a Gothicism got through his part! Madame Vestris played—no—*was*—one of the syrens. Ye gods, how deliciously she sang!

The music—such as it is—was re-arranged by Mr. Tulley, much better than some of it deserves. Several points in the score showed the tasteful and practical musician.

* The same fault is equally apparent in "Acis and Galatea," at Drury Lane. There is an opening scene most unwisely introduced that joins but badly to the succeeding ones. But in this case nothing but Handel afterwards intervenes, and we have plenty of time to forget the opening.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

ADVICES have been received from the Adelphi "Correspondent at Paris," but they contain nothing more interesting than a "Breach of Promise of Marriage," the circumstances of which are as follows:—

Admiral Lord Starboard is proud of his lineage, and of his sister "*The Lady Louisa Eastland*," who is a widow and in love. She has cast the eyes of affection upon her brother's *protégé Arthur Amery*, a musician, and a licentiate of the brass-button academy in Tenterden-street, Hanover-square. But the killing quaverer loves another lady, a cousin with a crusty old father, and twenty thousand pounds. *Admiral Lord Starboard* promotes the match, whilst his sister is naturally anxious to prevent it, but without letting her brother into the secret of her passion, and of a promise of marriage which *Amery* has made her, lest his family pride should take fire. After a series of perplexities, which these circumstances involve, the lady also gives her consent to the breach of promise to her, and *Amery* marries his cousin and her fortune.

UNION JACK.

This little affair has caused but inconsiderable excitement either in the fashionable or the theatrical world. It is an every-day occurrence, and the parties concerned every-day people. One party implicated in the transaction may, however, be mentioned as an original—namely, a Mr. Dabbleton, who was the scapegoat of the all-offending parties, and one of those rare characters—a good-natured attorney.

We have no hesitation in predicting that this trifling matter will be hushed up by the end of the week, and will give but small employment to the gentlemen of the sock and buskin.

THE QUEEN AND THE GROG AT PORTSMOUTH.

IN consequence of the remark of the Queen, that the grog tasted by her Majesty at Portsmouth was not strong enough, the liquor has been analysed, and the following is the result of the process:—

Pure Rum	1 in 100.
Purser's Thumb	9 do.
Animalculæ	13 do.
Water	77 do.
Total	100

It is understood that Her Majesty tested the strength of the liquor by its effect on her own spirits, which were not raised in the least by the mouthful she took of it. The Queen declares that the grog is the only weak point in the British Navy.

DROPPING ASTERN.

"Let us have another turn," as the old axe said to the grindstone.

OUR announcement of last week has created a sensation beyond our expectations or desires. We are aware of our own powers of astonishing the natives, and consequently are unwilling to appropriate any excitement which is legitimately the property of another. PUNCH, therefore, begs to assure his Subscribers that the **EXTRAORDINARY NUMBER** which he promises *in futuro* will not (as has been erroneously rumoured) contain the Earthquake, advertised to take place on the 16th inst., although the forthcoming novelty is of such an extraordinary nature that it cannot fail to shake the sides even of the earth itself.

Notices to Correspondents.

A gentleman (who by the bye offers us a most unnecessary apology for the unartistic execution of his design) writes as follows :—

My Dear PUNCH,—Having long wished to be numbered amongst your contributors, I have at last thought of a subject that I think (should you approve of it) would doubly increase the value of your work; that is, to give a few illustrations of the aborigines of some of the South Sea islands, for, as emigration is now the topic of the day, those who are about to leave their native land would like to see a sketch of their future neighbours. I have sent you one as a specimen—a native of Kangaroo Island; it is but roughly sketched, but I have no doubt that were it put into the hands of Kenney Meadows, or some other of your artists, they would make up the deficiency; but, however, should you think them worthy a place in your sheets, please to mention it next week in your "Notice to Correspondents," and I will then send you a larger sample, and take more pains in the finishing of them.—Yours,

A NATIVE OF KANGAROO ISLAND.

We regret that we can convey no adequate idea of our artist's style of colour, but a more perfect blending of red and yellow ochre we never witnessed. The original has been presented to the National Gallery, and is intended to form a companion-picture to the celebrated Vandyke head, whose nose, it is confidently expected, will be put out of joint by the comparison. Our worthy and witty friend Kenney Meadows wishes us to tender his best thanks for the honour conferred upon him, and begs to say that he wouldn't—no, not for a best Havannah,—have the responsibility of such a head upon his shoulders.

B. R. will oblige us by stating where a letter can be forwarded to him.

RICHARD GUMPTION has evidently founded his style upon Chesterfield—it is so gentlemanly.

PUNCH,—You are a regular *humbug*: you have not only curtailed your publication of four pages, but you will not even deign to render an answer to your correspondents. I sent you a letter a few weeks ago, and you have neither published the conundrums which were given in it, nor even said in your "Answers to Correspondents" why you did not do so. There has not been anything near so much wit in your publication this year as last. I have supported it ever since its commencement; and I think that if you treat your contributors as you have done, and do yet, the sooner you give it up the better. I must remark with respect to your "Valentines," I consider them very tame indeed, and destitute of any point whatever. I remain, PUNCH, your humble servant, RICHARD GUMPTION.

P.S.—I will try you once more; so here goes. "THE LATEST JONATHANISM.—A dog in Connecticut the other day was so hungry, that he bit off his own head and then swallowed himself. R. G.

It is much to be regretted, for the benefit of society, that the funny dog, Mr. Richard Gumption, cannot succeed in performing so desirable an operation upon himself. We are afraid that the chief cause of the impossibility would be the indigestibility of the gentleman's head.

SOMEBODY who calls himself Nobody, has sent us something with nothing in it. *Ec. sig.*

NOBODY'S CONCEIT.

Nobody dreams of a puncheon,
Where sweet PUNCH is eating his luncheon,
With his *nosegay* and holyday hunch on,
He has laid by his cap and his truncheon.

A change in the dream—PUNCH doth spectacles don,
And Judy is putting the tea-kettle on;
Letters are scatter'd all over the place,
For Judy has thrown them in poor PUNCH's face.

And PUNCH, in a passion, says, "Toby or no Toby,
Judy, I'll send you a letter from Nobody."
Nobody, sure, dreams of loving me so,
And dreams are not always "contrary, you know."

VALENTINE.

I have lately discover'd the reason, dear PUNCH,
That the ladies to thee are so kind;
They dote on thy *nosegay* at breakfast or lunch,
Though thou'st worn the same time out of mind.
And if thou, dear Punchey, could sport one no more,
In honour so gracefully carried before;
To hear it, dame Judy may scold as she will,
Nobody ever could love Punchey still.
The Chancellor's *nosegay* is nothing to thine,
And thy *nosegay*, remember, beloved PUNCH, is mine,
So to Nobody Punchey will be Valentine.

Now, illustrious Punchey, mine,
Of course you'll be my Valentine;
By every weekly visit paid,
Or *nosegay* on my table laid,
Dear Punchey, inside of a pine-apple-rum puncheon,
You and I will, this day, take our oyster and punch luncheon.

Dear PUNCHEY,—Possessing Nobody's affection,
You cannot expect Valentines in perfection.
'Tis said at bad rhymes you will laugh till you burst,
And Nobody, lovingly, sends you the worst,
Expecting hereafter to read in your Paper,
With Valentines nightly you lighted your taper.

Nobody hears you will be in a rage
At the dream about glasses at your tender age;
But Nobody knows (if the world whisper true)
That you, Punchey dear, have eyes more than two;
Lindley Murray, 'tis said, left you his eyes and ears,
And your profound wisdom exciteth my fears.
But to-day you must shut up a few of your eyes,
And Valentine's letters must not criticise.
If one word in ridicule, Punchey, you say,
You will Nobody harm, while to you it is play.
With kind love to Toby, sweet Punchey farewell;
Nobody ever can PUNCH's thoughts tell;
But on Valentine's day the fool's cap and bell
He perhaps may opine will suit Nobody well.

We trust that Nobody will not give us any more of his conceit, as we have such a stock of our own that we have no desire to take the conceit out of him.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

X. OF THE SUPPER.

AFTER some six or eight quadrilles, and a proportionate number of waltzes, intermingled with another song or two, one of which was from a professional gentleman who gives concerts at the Hanover-square Rooms and attends the party in the anticipation of eventually disposing of several half-guinea tickets, as well as the extraordinary performance of some young lady on the piano, who plays a piece thirty pages long, which gives you a very fair idea of eternity, and sets you thinking what offence the keys and wires have been guilty of to be treated in so violent a manner, and hoping at the same time they are not often taken so—after all this, we repeat, there is an unusual movement in the room towards the door, commencing with the turbans and velvet hats, from which you infer that supper has been announced. The hostess requests Mr. Ledbury to take down a lady with him, whereupon he offers his arm to his former partner, Miss Hamilton; and they follow in the wake of the others, until they arrive at the dining-room, where there is rather an obstruction during the attempts made by those who have already entered to arrange ninety guests upon six rout-stools.

There is something peculiarly exhilarating in the appearance of the long, glittering table, with its bright wax-lights and brighter *épergnes*, and artificial bouquets, and temples, and wine-coolers. Of course, it must be well furnished, and not depend entirely upon the splendid starvation plan, where cut glass and plate are crowded on the table as an excuse for cold fowls and pâtés de Strasburg. Once we remember to have seen a lobster salad made out of boiled cod; but then we think the people deserved extreme credit for their ingenuity.

The company being at length arranged with tolerable accommodation, the ladies sitting, and the gentlemen standing behind them, like so many superior butlers—the white neckcloths, in some instances, strengthening the resemblance—Mr. Ledbury asks Miss Hamilton what he may have the pleasure of procuring for her? and Miss Hamilton thinks she will take "a little chicken," meaning, of course, the portion of one; whereupon Mr. Ledbury harpoons the last of the merrythoughts with desperate energy, and procures a slice of glazed tongue with equal celerity; and Miss Hamilton, upon receiving it, plays with the merrythought for a minute or two, cutting small pieces from it about the size of an oat, two or three of which she manages to swallow, and then lays down her knife and fork in token of having finished. Hereat, Mr. Ledbury thinks what a very little Miss Hamilton eats, and how remarkably *comme-il-faut* is a small appetite; whereas he might have altered his opinion had he seen Miss Hamilton that day at one o'clock, when she was suddenly struck with admiration of some currant dumplings which she met on the stairs going up to the nursery dinner.

Having taken "a little wine" with this young lady, Mr. Ledbury next challenges Miss Mitchell, who is a little distance up the table. Miss Mitchell inclines her head in token of acquiescence; and, whilst her gentleman-in-waiting is asking some one else to pass down the white wine, perfectly forgets all about it; so that Mr. Ledbury stands in a most graceful *pose*, with the glass raised halfway to his lips waiting to bow, until perceiving the engagement is quite forgotten, he inclines his head to some collared eel, and drinks off the half glass of Moselle in great confusion.

In the centre of the table is a lighthouse, made of rout-cakes, standing in the midst of a tempestuous sea of trifle. Nobody, up

to the present moment, has been bold enough to attack it; but under the influence of the first champagne, some daring young gentleman thrusts a spoon into the middle of it, and transfers a few of its billows to the plate of a young lady, together with the distressed mariner, in coloured sugar, who is clinging to a rock of *meringues à la crême*. The edifice is speedily demolished, and the barley-sugar birdcage follows; although there are still a few Goths, presumed to be people from the country, who think it almost a pity that such pretty things should be destroyed; and scrape up one or two of the ornaments to take home with them.

Snap!! there goes the report of the first cracker bonbon, followed by the faintest and prettiest cry from Miss Mitchell it is possible to conceive. A tiny piece of lilliputian music, such as a fairy would sing from, is wrapped round the almond, which falls from the gilt envelope. There is a charming little struggle to possess it, which terminates in favour of Miss Mitchell. Then the young gentleman requests her to read it, and Miss Mitchell refuses, and the young gentleman insists, and Miss Mitchell blushes and crumples it up, and the young gentleman uses a little gentle force to seize it, and reads it as follows:—

"Le nom de celle que j'aime
Je le cache dans mon cœur;
Nul ne le sait que moi-même,
C'est mon secret, mon bonheur!"

After which he thrusts it into the pocket of his white waistcoat to keep as a souvenir, where it remains throughout many washings, until quite obliterated.

Meanwhile, after many internal struggles for resolution, Mr. Ledbury seizes a cracker, and offers one of its fringed ends to Miss Hamilton. The same snap and the same start occur, and there is the same anxiety to read the motto. One or two of them discharged simultaneously give the following results—to all of which Miss Hamilton exclaims, "Oh! how absurd to be sure!":

"How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betrayed."

"A mon amour, si pur, que votre amour réponde!
Et mon bonheur pourra faire le dot d'un monde."

"I live but in the sunshine of your eyes,
And yet your cruel heart their light denies."

At the extreme end of the table are seated a young lady and a young gentleman who have been dancing a great deal together—they were the same we have before noticed—and who have just pulled one of the crackers. He is reading the motto to her in so low a tone that she is obliged to bring her face close to his—so close, indeed, that her perfumed tresses sweep over his cheek; and at that moment they are conscious only of the presence of each other. This is the motto:—

"Viens! viens! ange du ciel, je t'aime, je t'aime!
Et te le dire ici, c'est le bonheur suprême!"

In the course of another ten minutes the ladies return upstairs, having made all sorts of engagements for after-supper dances; and with the disappearance of the last retreating flounce the male guests sit down, and commence an attack upon the eatables. In the midst of the clatter of changing plates and passing down dishes and wine-glasses, a gentleman with his hair curled, and his wristbands turned-up, rises from his seat, and says he is sure that every one present must feel how much they are indebted to the presence of the softer sex for life's brightest moments (*cheers*); that they are passing a most delightful evening, and cannot but feel most grateful to their amiable hostess for her exertions to promote their enjoyment. He therefore begs they will fill bumpers to the health of Mrs. Smith and the ladies (*More cheers, and great rushing about of pint decanters.*)

The toast being given and drunk with the usual honours, in which everybody uses his own version, Mr. Smith pours out a glass of Madeira, and rising from his seat, speaks as follows, with the interpolations made, *sotto voce*, from different guests:—

"Gentlemen (*cheers*),—It is with the greatest pleasure that I rise to return you my most sincere and heartfelt thanks for the kind manner in which you have received the last toast (*Give me some tongue, Ledbury*); and I can safely declare I never feel so truly happy (*thicker, thicker, cut it thicker*) as when I am surrounded by my friends (*cut it fat*), and I am sure Mrs. Smith feels the same. (*Much applause, and curious rough music from the handles of dessert knives against the plates and tumblers*). We shall at all times be most happy to see you (*I wish he'd cut it short; I want to be upstairs again with the ladies*); and I hope although this is the first time (*send down the brandy-cherries, will you?*) I have had the honour of meeting some of you, that it will not be the last. (*Fresh rough music—a medical student at the end of the table breaks a wine-glass*). We shall, I trust, have many such meetings; and if you have been pleased this evening by our humble endeavours to (*try that pie, old fellow—it's rather extensive*) entertain you, I only hope, by way of gratitude, you will come again. (*Bravo! bravo!*) Gentlemen, I beg again to thank you for the honour you have conferred upon Mrs. Smith and myself, and can only hope, when you marry you will find as excellent a wife as I have got, although I say it myself. (*Well done! Capital! Bravo!*) I beg to drink all your very good healths in return."

The host sits down amidst a whirlwind of applause, which continues nearly a minute, until the orange-chips jump off the *épergne*, from the vibration of the table; and a young gentleman, appearing that evening for the first time in a tail-coat and gills, and who is engaged to a very nice little girl for the first waltz after supper, slinks quietly out of the room.

House of Commons.

NOTICES OF MOTIONS.

Mr. Fox Maule—to move that the police be instructed to make a return of the number of cats that have disappeared from each beat during the year ending March 1, 1842; together with the number of mutton, veal, and ham pie-houses which have been opened and shut during the same period.

Colonel Sibthorp—to move for a select committee for the examination of witnesses in the orange trade, as to the expediency of supplying furious Ferrands, and other husky declaimers, with acidulated suction, gratis.

Dr. Bowring—to move for all the papers supplied by himself to the late government concerning his commercial mission to Egypt.

Mr. Wallace—to move for a return—of Dr. Bowring's salary in full during the above astonishing expedition.

CASTING ACCOUNTS.

Mr. Muntz—for leave to bring in a bill for the institution of a poll-tax upon barbers; and an *excise* upon razors. Also to constitute shaving with intent, &c., a misdemeanour.

Lord John Russell—to move for copies of—his own "essays of a gentleman who has left his lodgings," especially the *pro*-corn-law treatise contained therein; also for copies of all the *anti*-corn-law speeches he has been delivered of, since 1839.

Colonel Sibthorp—to move that Bryant be summoned to the bar of this house for breach of privilege committed weekly in a periodical called Punch, in which the honourable mover's best jokes are regularly forestalled.

Mr. B. D'Israeli—to move that in future the Colonial Bishops shall be selected from the boatswains of the Royal Navy, and that the duties of foreign consuls, and those of speaker to the House of Commons, be performed by the same person.

Mr. Borthwick—to move for the production of all the correspondence which took place between Lieut. Col. Maberly, Mr. Rowland Hill, and the public at large, on the 14th February last.

Orders of the Day for the 16th of March.

Repeal of the Earthquake Bill—to be read a first time.

Bill for the non-removal of St. Paul's into its own vaults—to be considered in committee (below stairs).

Committees—Opening of the Public Streets—Repeal of Building Act—Vertical Highways—Turnpike to the Antipodes Bills, &c., &c.

THE LAST OF THE BURKE PAPERS.

Dere Punch,—Aving bin a perrosing a werry walluable litterhary korrispondhence between one Peter Bothwick and thee hother ginelmen, wherein they hall happears huncommon hanckscious to fite some kustomer as don't by no menes want to fight them. I begs to state, jist to make the wiset pleasant and raythor than any on 'em should be disappinted, I offers wolluntary to have a leetle shy at the hole biling, from a ponee up to a underd heach. Their hanser to this (tho' I sayes it of myeself mind-yes) werry genteel hoffer, and one as is sooted to hall parties; as I 'bleive *my* karacter haint to be mislested mind yes—will werry much obleege yours, with hunhalterable heffusions of haffecshun,

Dep Burke,

his mark.

Punch's Own Parliament.

THE FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

The Premier, in rising to explain his financial views, declared that there was a horrible deficiency. The expenses had been great and the revenue was contemptible in the extreme; for the average of the last quarter had been truly pitiful. (*Hear.*) He should, however, look the crisis boldly in the face; for the only way to get rid of an evil was to stare it out of countenance. (*Cheers.*) He should not propose a loan; not because he objected to loans, but because he had nothing upon which he could raise a shilling. (*Ironical cheers from the Opposition, followed by counter cheers from the Ministerial benches.*) Finding things in this state, he felt the necessity of looking round him—(*hear*)—and he had looked round him. (*Enthusiastic cheers, which lasted several minutes.*) In the first place he intended to propose a tax upon property, and he should deal first with apple-stalls, then with baked-potato stands, and lastly with donkey-carts. He should estimate the tax upon apple-stalls by the number of penny lots displayed upon them, and he should not include any potato-machines with less than two apertures for the steam, but with regard to donkey-carts his scheme would be more comprehensive, for it would include the whole of them. It was also his intention to propose a tax on incomes, and as he understood that there were several thousand street beggars all in the receipt of considerable sums, he thought there would be a large addition to the revenue from this quarter. (*Hear.*) The only difficulty would be in ascertaining the amount; but this might be got over; for he should propose that a policeman should accompany each mendicant in his rounds to take notes of his receipts, and return the same to the Treasury. (*Much cheering.*) He now came to a very difficult subject; and in alluding to the sugar question, the peculiar position in which he stood would at once be recognised. (*Hear.*) He should first take Everton toffy, upon which he should put an extra duty of twopence a ton; but this would be equalised by throwing a halfpenny a hundredweight on to Albert's rock, and relaxing the pressure on Buonaparte's ribs, which had been found extremely inconvenient. He proposed, however, to leave the cheaper lollipops in the same state as they are at present, and felt considerable delicacy in touching the raw material from which Tom Trot is generally made, though he had been in his earlier years strongly tempted to interfere with it. (*Cheers.*) He now came to the timber question, and was at once prepared to say that he should take the weight off wooden legs, while he should transfer to Congreves the duty that at present was placed on matches. He should, however, place an additional duty on broomsticks, but should exclude other sticks, out of respect to the feelings of those to whom he now had the honour to address himself. (*Hear.*) Upon this plan he was content to risk his financial reputation, for he was sure that consumers would profit by the relaxed system; and he hoped to see the empty and exhausted coffers of the State overrunning with that cash of which they were now, alas! so utterly destitute. (*The Right Honourable Gentleman resumed his seat amidst the most vehement cheering, and received several congratulatory blows on the back from those in his immediate neighbourhood.*)

Lord Tussell did not rise for the purpose of opposing the scheme just propounded; but he begged to say a very few words upon a small part of it. When he had the honour of being in office, he had proposed a measure with regard to sugar which, he thought, ought to have been tried, and he felt convinced that if the pressure had been taken from moist and placed upon lump at an earlier period, they need not now have been legislating on lollipops, and unsettling the whole trade in toffy. (*Hear, hear, hear.*) With regard to timber, he would be the first to rejoice at seeing wooden legs relieved, but he thought relaxation in this respect might be carried too far, and they would afterwards be obliged to apply the screw for the purpose of protection.

An honourable Member, whose name we could not learn, uttered a few observations which we could not hear, and having been replied to by some one we could not see, in some words we were wholly unable to catch, the House adjourned.

MAKING GAME OF HIM.

EARTHQUAKEIANA.

We are happy, by the valuable assistance of "our own correspondent," to lay before our readers the following exclusive information, relative to the proceedings of various individuals, connected with the excitement of last Thursday:—

Peter Borthwick, declaring "that nothing was more precious than valour and virtue," hired a cheap Roman costume of Nathan, and sat all day upon a jackass in the *Forum Farringdonense*, ready to leap, like Curtius, into the gulf the instant it opened, and die for his country.

Mr. Yates took his station on the top of the Colosseum, in company with his artists and carpenters, to see what new effects he could glean, "adapted to the peculiar resources of his establishment."

A PAINTER OF SIGN-AL EMINENCE.

Tom Cooke recommended all the Drury Lane scene-shifters to keep upon the stage, as it was most probable the expected *swallow* would gulp down the *flies* first.

The Duke of Brunswick ordered Mr. Green to be in attendance, that he might bolt by the balloon, before he was bolted by the earthquake.

The proprietor of the Lowther Bazaar closed his establishment and went out of town, fearing that, for the day, his magic cave would not be "the only subterraneous exhibition in London."

Several stockbrokers seated themselves upon some Spanish bonds, feeling assured they could not go down lower than they were.

The penny-a-liner of the Globe reported the earthquake, for the sake of contradicting it next day; when he discovered that the supposed shock arose from shooting half a ton of coals into Lord Melbourne's cellar, with which our own Jinks had supplied him.

Mr. Ferrand consoled himself with the aphorism that naught was never in danger.

The best account that we have received of the occurrence is the report of a young gentleman of the Middle Temple, who had been supping with some friends in chambers, in Lincoln's Inn. He describes the first shock as being felt about one in the morning, when the candles danced all over the table from the effect. He instantly rushed into the street, where he saw the pavement and houses heaving up like the billows of an agitated sea. The vibration threw him on his face, and whilst on the ground he perceived all the gas and lamp-posts running round and round at a furious rate. Total insensibility supervened, and on coming to himself he found that the shock had driven him from Lincoln's Inn Fields clean into the Bow-street Police Office.

THE FISH MARKET.

Flounders were of course flat, but to the surprise of every one they showed an inclination to come round towards the afternoon, and there were one or two transactions in whelks, but they were all of a comparatively insignificant character. Lobsters' claws were lazy at the opening, but closed heavily; and those who had a hand in them would gladly have been released if such a course had been possible.

"SEVENPENCE IN THE POUND.

AN INCOME TAX!

There were many long faces on Saturday morning. Thousands of respectable philanthropic folks, who had long felt their hearts bleeding and breaking for the distress of their fellow-creatures—who had groaned at the miseries of Bolton, shuddered at the horrors of Paisley, and with the most animated benevolence declared that something must be done for the poor—thousands of these Good Samaritans, whose faith was in Sir ROBERT PEEL and the "elastic resources of the country," might be seen on Saturday morning with astonishment in their faces, their jaws dropped down to their waistcoats, and their breeches-pockets gaping with horror! Sir ROBERT had been already burnt in effigy in a hundred parts of the country; but on Saturday morning there were thousands of worshippers who degraded the Minister from the pedestal of their affections—who reviled him as the arch-enemy of all their creature-comforts, all their "most domestic" happiness. It was very true that something must be done for the poor; but then not at the expense of the "respectable" middle classes. If the manufacturers could be housed and fed by simply rubbing some new Aladdin's lamp,—if at the prayers of the Archbishop of Canterbury manna were to be continually rained upon Leeds and Manchester,—every consideration of humanity would dictate the experiment; but to fill the bellies of the hungry, to clothe the bodies of the naked by taxing those in possession of God's good gifts, this is treason to the rights of property, a want of the respect of statesmanship for the well-fed and well-habited. Nothing so easy as to be philanthropic by proxy!

"No, no—*now* I give up Sir ROBERT PEEL—I've done with him for ever," cried many a staunch Tory on Saturday, as he felt the sevenpence oozing away from every sovereign in his pocket—"I thought he was a great man—a very great man—an *honest* man;—but—an income tax!—I've done with him!" Friday's sun rose upon Sir Robert as the tutelary genius of England: in his right hand he held the golden key of abundance. Saturday came, and the Prime Minister was the despoiler of men's cupboards; for the key had fallen from his grasp, and in his hand was a mortal pistol, whereon was written—*Income Tax!*

We must at least give Sir ROBERT PEEL this praise: he has looked a great evil boldly in the face, and has proposed an unpopular but sufficing remedy. We know it is asked—Why should we not have a Property Tax? Why should the burden fall disproportionately on the man of limited means, the rich being in comparison free of taxation? Let us suppose that the Bishop of EXETER (modern apostle as he is) had in the House of Lords moved that his brother Peers, spiritual and temporal, should sell all they have, and give the money to the poor: by what majority does the reader imagine the motion would have been agreed to? We believe, by precisely the same majority that would agree to a Property Tax.

When we consider the present constitution of the House of Commons—when we know that it in no way represents the feelings of the people; that it is as much the emanation of the will and sympathies of the citizens of Timbuctoo as of the men of England—when we find an assembly of lawgivers, by their very education and social prejudices, insensible of the rights of an enlarged humanity,—all of them resolved into petty knots, cut up into small sections, intent and vigorous upon the advocacy of the selfishness of a conflicting few to the disadvantage of all else beside;—when we are daily and hourly taught this melancholy, sordid truth, by the acts of our so-called representatives, can any one—not worthy of a cell in Bedlam—hope a Property Tax from the wisdom and self-devotion of the House of Commons? When "dealers in marine stores" shall seek out the innocents despoiled, and render back to them the goods they have lost, then will the heart of St. Stephen's turn to flesh in his bosom, and unbuttoning his pocket, will he pay a Property Tax!

Awaiting the advent of this golden time, we are disposed to hail the measure of Sir ROBERT PEEL as one of enlarged statesmanship—as one calculated to lessen an evil, from the contemplation of which humanity turns away sickened and humiliated. There is much blundering selfishness abroad, whose "horny eyes" will see nothing in the measure save the spoliation of "respectability" for the questionable benevolence of permanently relieving the lower classes. We can perfectly understand Respectability, seated in his back parlour, with rump-steak and foaming pot of porter, in his disappointment of PEEL, calling down all sorts of mischief on the head of the traitor Minister. We can understand how the said Respectability really believes the national distress to be "very much over-rated, and that things would right themselves, without any such abominable measure as an Income Tax." It is the same Respectability who frowns, puffs out his cheeks, and, in the fulness of his own till, anathematises the Chartists as a set of scoundrels for whom even hanging is too good, and Norfolk Island a very Elysium.

However, we believe that much of the wrath of the saint Respectability will subside when he shall begin to count his gains upon reduced duties. For instance, when he shall find that he can obtain his rump-steak at some twopence or threepence a pound less than at present (never mind if the ox be fattened in foreign pastures),—when he shall discover that turbot shall be cheaper—that he may put a better dessert upon his table at a lighter figure than now—that his butter shall cost him less, his gloves less—yea, the olives which he now and then chews with his port less—that his coffee shall be lower in price—that his wife's silk gown shall be no such expensive wear as at present—and that in twenty other articles he shall find a reduction that will tend to considerably lessen the ordinary cost of housekeeping,—sure we are, then, that Respectability (now in a great huff with poor Sir ROBERT) will "smooth his wrinkled front," and, after some qualms, resolve to return as fair an account of income as his conscience will permit, and (though 'twill be a trial to the temper and the pocket) to pay the sevenpence in the pound like a Briton and a man!

We take the Income Tax as a portion of the whole—a tax on Property must follow; but then we must have a different House of Commons, a much-reformed House of Peers. We may return to this subject in our next. In the mean time, in the name of suffering thousands, we thank Sir ROBERT PEEL. We thank him, and are not ashamed to own that he has disappointed us, and that most agreeably. Q.

THE ANTICIPATED EARTHQUAKE.

LONG before this number of PUNCH comes into the hands of the public, everything (if we are to believe that audacious humbug, the Monk of Dee, who is no doubt the original Fidelle-de-Dee, of whom we read so much in juvenile chronicles) will have been turned topsy-turvy, and Bryant will be in a state of glorious uncertainty as to whether it be his head or his heels that he is standing on. Earthquakes we need hardly tell our readers are of very ancient origin, but we have no record of anything of the sort in London earlier than the celebrated convulsion which blew up the counter of the Argyll Rooms in Regent-street some few years back, and singed off the whiskers of the proprietor, and forcing the iron top of the coal-cellar out of its position with the most spiphlicating violence. The earthquake

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N°. XXXIII.

SOCIAL MISERIES.—No. 6.

A MORNING CALL.—MORE FREE THAN WELCOME.

"Oh! if you please, Sir, here's that dark gentleman called again. I told him you wasn't at home, but he says he'll just step up, and 's a comin' up-stairs!"

to which we are referring was preceded by no particular sign, but was followed by a loud explosion, accompanied by a violent blast from the mouth of a passer-by, and a strong gaseous smell immediately succeeded.

There have been several minor earthquakes during frosty weather, in the neighbourhood of water-pipes, and a thin liquid has oozed out from the fissure in copious and alarming quantities.

Among the prophecies of the earthquake of 1842, we have succeeded in digging up the following very curious black-letter ballad, which is ascribed to a friar who flourished in 1456, for there are several flourishes of the pen all over the manuscript. It contains a singular hieroglyphic of a cow, which is supposed to be a mistake of the artist, who ought to have drawn a bull leaping over a Cheshire cheese, by which, it is believed, he intended that the moon should have been represented. In the corner is a small spaniel, with an expression of hilarity in its countenance, and near it is a dish, to which the appearance of motion is clearly given; while a spoon lies undisturbed in the centre. Beneath the hieroglyphic are the following mystic words :—

Hyghe dyddel dyddel,
Ye catte and ye fiddelt,
Ye cowe jumpedde overre ye moone,
Ye littel dogge laughedde
For to ssee suchhe sportte,
And ye dyshe ranne awaye withhe ye spoonne.

In looking at this distich, the first line which we modernise for convenience into high diddle diddle, strikes us at once as the old mystic exordium with which the bards of old were accustomed to commence their incantations. It was thought peculiarly appropriate to prophecies, for it implies a high degree of diddle, which was always the agent of the soothsayer.

The next line, "The cat and the fiddle," has puzzled the antiquary perhaps more than anything else; but as fiddle-strings were made of cat-gut, and prophets, who were also bards, generally accompanied their predictions by touching a few notes on the violin, the apparent mystery is at once accounted for. "The cow jumped over the moon," brings us at once to the earthquake, which is the subject of the present article. The cow clearly means the Bull; and the Bull designed by the poet is, of course, John Bull, by which London is obviously typified; and the jumping over the moon undoubtedly refers to the probable somerset which the great metropolis would make in the event of the convulsion taking place to which we have referred already. "The little dog laughed," alludes to the sneering of certain conceited puppies at the awful prediction of the bard; and the abduction of the spoon by the dish means, no doubt, to convey an intimation that many spoons will be completely dished and carried off by the expected calamity.

Having thrown, as we think, a perfect light upon the earthquake, we take leave of our readers, in the hope that, should they be swallowed up on the 16th, they will be safely disgorged in time for our next Number; and that if the earth takes up an unlimited number of insides, after the fashion of an omnibus to-day, it will set them all down safely again to-morrow.

THE PRAYER OF THE PEOPLE.

There is a cry upon the earth,
A cry of want and woe,—
It rises from our cities vast,
From hamlets lone and low;
Where roll our commerce-laden waves,
Where fields of verdure spread,
Ascends the still unanswered prayer—
Give us our daily bread.

The voice of wasted youth is there—
Of childhood early chilled;
Of famine, ruined homes, and hopes
Which time can ne'er rebuild;
Of age, upon whose downward way
No genial lights are shed;—
All—all are blended in the prayer—
Give us our daily bread.

O! fair and fresh the early spring
Her budding wreath displays,
To all the wide earth promising
The joy of harvest days;
Yet many a waste of wavy gold
Hath bent above the dead;
Then let the living share it too—
Give us our daily bread.

Of old a nation's cry shook down
The sword-defying wall,
And ours may reach the mercy-seat,
Though not the lordly hall.
God of the Corn! shall man restrain
Thy blessings, freely shed?
O! look upon the isles at last—
Give us our daily bread.

LITERARY CHIT-CHAT.

"Is this a libery?"
"Yes."
"Then let me have the last number of Hemlly Fitz-Hosborn."

It is not true that the hero of Sir E. L. Bulwer's new novel is, as usual, a portraiture of himself. The report arose from a notion that the title of the work is the Italian form of the word "Zany," or "Za-ninny."

We learnt, while having our hair cut at Truefitt's the other day, that that illustrious dealer in fictitious hair had received an immense order from Boz, originating in his desire to gratify the seventeen thousand American young ladies who had honoured him with applications for locks from his caput. Two ships have been chartered to convey the sentimental cargo, and will start from the London Docks on the first day of April.

Inspector Jones, of the Q division, has nearly completed his work on "the right of search." The extensive knowledge he has acquired on this subject at the station-house, warrants us in supposing his work will completely settle the differences now unhappily existing between the cabinets of England and France in this delicate matter.

It is with pleasure we announce that a new and spirited translation of the tragedies of Euripides may be shortly expected, from the pen of the dramatist to the Eagle Tavern. His intimate connexion with the Grecian Saloon eminently fits him for the classical task.

The new and elaborate theory "On the Differential Calculus, founded on Newton's method of prime and ultimate ratios, with a few words on the residual analysis and vanishing fractions," is not by Lady Morgan.

Were you ever in Holland? Yes; when I wore pin-afores.

FLYING DUTCHMAN.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

A Maiden Speech.—Lord Ebrington made his maiden speech a few evenings ago on "Corn Rigs;" in his hand he held a roll of paper, which he folded and unfolded at the rate of 1,500 times per hour. "It is the thread of his discourse," said the Colonel. "*Papier mâché*, if you like," said Punch. The *roll* was a mere *pulp* at the close of his Lordship's speech.

ATROCIOUS IMPOSITION ON THE PUBLIC.

It having been announced in the Harleian Manuscripts that a grand exhibition would take place on Wednesday last, in which the City of London was to act a principal part—assisted by St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, Waterloo Bridge, the common sewers, and a select portion of the suburbs—a vast concourse of people assembled at Windsor, Richmond, Primrose Hill, &c., to view the entertainment at a distance.

The preparations made in anticipation of this grand event exceeded the most extensive of any former public occasion. Amateurs in earthquakes assembled from every quarter of the globe to witness the magnificent spectacle, and places at the top of the Monument were let at a *high* premium. Innumerable spring-vans were, for weeks before, actively employed in removing all descriptions of goods from town to country, lest, in the enormous swallow which was to take place, the mahogany tables, coal-scuttles, and toasting-forks, might cause a fit of indigestion in the "bowels of the earth." Geological speculation was carried to an unprecedented height, or rather depth; and parties of pleasure—chiefly consisting of members of "the British Association for the Advancement of Science"—were formed, to visit the primary formations, and even the antipodes, and their exiled friends in Botany Bay—if they could get there.

The Lord Mayor, to be on a level with the scientific world, and to prevent confusion, made admirable arrangements for the sinking of the City. The Stock Exchange was to disappear first, on account of the distance it would have to go to a place which must be nameless; and a corresponding fall was to occur in the funds. The Mansion House and the Bank, with the streets adjacent, were then to go down; together with the Tower, the Mint, and the Minories. Aldgate Pump was next to find the bottom of its own well, Guildhall to tumble into the Corporation wine-cellars, and so on

A CANDID-HATE FOR DOUBTFUL HONOURS.

from St. Botolph's to Temple Bar. It was, however, wisely arranged that the Post Office should remain stationary, to prevent mistakes, and that the public might readily write home to their friends. As it was supposed the Thames would be set on fire by volcanic combustion, Mr. Braidwood was ordered to attend with his floating engines to put it out; and that the streets and public buildings might not descend in a disorderly manner, unbecoming the dignity of our great metropolis, a strong body of the City Police was to be in attendance to enforce obedience to the regulations of the Chief Magistrate, as above detailed.

But—disgusting disappointment!—despite of all these elaborate preparations, the promised earthquake never came—was put off, and there is no knowing when it will actually take place. Not the slightest symptom of ague was evinced by Mother Earth, except that always existing in her main artery, the city, from the constant rumbling of carts and coaches; which is never any very great shakes. In short, the whole thing turned out a Dee—cided hoax, and ought to have been fixed for the 1st of April. It is painful to add that this threatened *tremblement de terre* has caused an alarming *tremblement de la tête* very extensively amongst the credulous.

NEW TAXES.

It has always been allowed to be a good principle to place a tax upon *luxuries*, and we therefore would suggest that in a country like England it would be advisable to place a heavy duty on sunshine. As articles of consumption ought to be exempt, fogs should of course be left untouched in any new regulation of the tariff. Since an impost is laid upon the air which comes through windows, why not tax the rays of the sun, or put ten per cent. on summer breezes, by way of raising the wind for the expenses of the Government?

Punch's Gazette.

We have great gratification in announcing to the world that her most gracious Majesty has been pleased to appoint Mr. Ferrand to the honourable post of Jack Pudding to the House of Commons.

We have also heard with much regret that Colonel Sibthorp intends to accept of the Chiltern Hundreds, as he considers that his past and present services ought to have directed the Royal attention to himself.

POLYGLOT IDIOTISMS; OR, MIRTH FROM OUR MORTAR.

MORTAR PRACTICE.

"*Revenons à nos moutons*"—as the Queen said on her way to open Parliament.

"*Nous verrons*"—as the owl said to the bat at mid-day.

"*Apropos de bottes*"—as Hoby said to his customer when he tapped him on the shoulder.

"*Che sara sara*"—as dusty Robert indignantly exclaimed to Ethiopian Sarah.

"*Credat Judæus*"—as the man said when the Monmouth-street clothesman declared it was a fit.

"Οι πολλοι"—as Mrs. Peachum shouted to her daughter.

"Sprechen Sie nicht davon"—as Truth said when she whispered a secret into Mr. Ferrand's ear.

"*Au revoir*"—as Old Nick said to the lawyer.

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN; OR,

GOING A-HEAD.

In Kentucky there is a very singular echo, which was visited by some friends of mine last year: it has the curious property of always answering in a different language to that in which it is addressed; and the following are a few selected from the many questions which were put to it by the party. The first was a Kentuckian rifleman, and his questions, though put in English, were answered in Latin:—

"Pray can you tell me where to find a 'possum."—*Possum.*

"Then say, what furnishes for it a harbour?"—*Arbor.*

"And will you tell me what the tree is, eh! Sir?"—*Acer.*

"Then is it mine? Give a solution honest."—*Non est.*

The next inquirer was a German, who addressed the nymph in his own language, and received a reply in English:—

"Sehr wohl, mein Freund, und wie befinden sie sich?"—*Sea-sick.*

Immediately after this, a newly-imported cockney,

"A bit of a swaggerer,
Come over to see Niagara,"

ran up, nearly out of breath, and, "*apropos des bottes,*" made an inquiry and received a reply which he declared was all Greek to him:—

"Got eyes, old buffer, whom do you see aught on?"—Σεαυτον.

A Frenchman, seeing the breathless state of the poor young man, kindly asked the lady for a remedy, and received an answer in Welsh—Gallic *v.* Gaulic:—

"Quelle est la meilleure chose, quand on a couru?"—*Cwrw.*

LONDON IMPROVEMENTS.

It is in contemplation to remove the row of fish-baskets from Clare Market, and to cut an opening through the vegetable stands on the south side, by driving off the man who offers onions at so much a rope on the kerb-stone of this much-frequented locality. It is calculated that a fine prospect on the north side of Leicester-square may be gained by doing away with the whole line of men with "This ere almanack" for sixpence, and causing a slight diversion to the right-about in that unsightly *façade* of dirty faces, with Congreve lights and trouser-straps. Something has been said of removing the dead cats from the Enclosure, but it is expected that this bold measure must be reserved for a more matured period of civilisation and enlightenment.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 9.

Oh! I ne'er shall forget the deep pang of that hour,
When Laura Matilda in silence I met;
Her sunny eyes darting electrical power—
I feel, oh! I feel their strong influence yet.
I thought that she loved me, for keenly she gazed
Upon me, as trembling I wonder'd what at;
But soon she dispelled every hope she had raised,
For she murmur'd "*Oh lar! what a shocking bad hat!*"

Ah! thus it is ever with those who have hearts
That are not made up of the best temper'd steel,
Who stand to be shot at by Love's cruel darts;
Wherever one strikes them, alas! how they feel.
But now it has vanish'd—that dream of my youth,
No longer am I that contemptible flat,
To sigh for the fair who could barter her truth
For a poor four-and-ninepenny gossamer hat.

Punch's Theatre.

THE ARTFUL DODGE.

While too many of the minor theatres are engaged in bringing forward our Newgate records of crime, the facetious manager of the Olympic prefers the works of Mr. Joseph Miller for the entertainment of his patrons. Dramatic editions of these he seems to be industriously producing; his last effort appearing under the above euphonious and elegant title.

There are two things unto which this farce may be likened; namely, Perkins's steam-gun, and the British Museum. The visitors to the Adelaide Gallery are aware that the former fires off, against a target, innumerable shot in almost imperceptible succession for a good space of time. It is just so at the Olympic. The *Artful Dodge* is the gun; a multitude of puns the ammunition; the audience the target; the actors the artillerymen: and, although the piece also resembles the British Museum, because it is a collection of antiquities, yet the explosions (of laughter) which now and then take place, are terrific.

The very first thing exhibited is an undoubted piece of antiquity—it consists of an old man in a snuff-coloured coat, seated at breakfast; for if there existed a stringent act of Parliament making it penal for any farceur *not* to commence a farce in such manner, this opening could not be more rigidly adhered to than it has been from time immemorial. The custom also of punning upon every article upon table is here scrupulously followed; together with that of making the old masticator a retired tradesman, troubled with a loquacious servant and a vivacious ward.

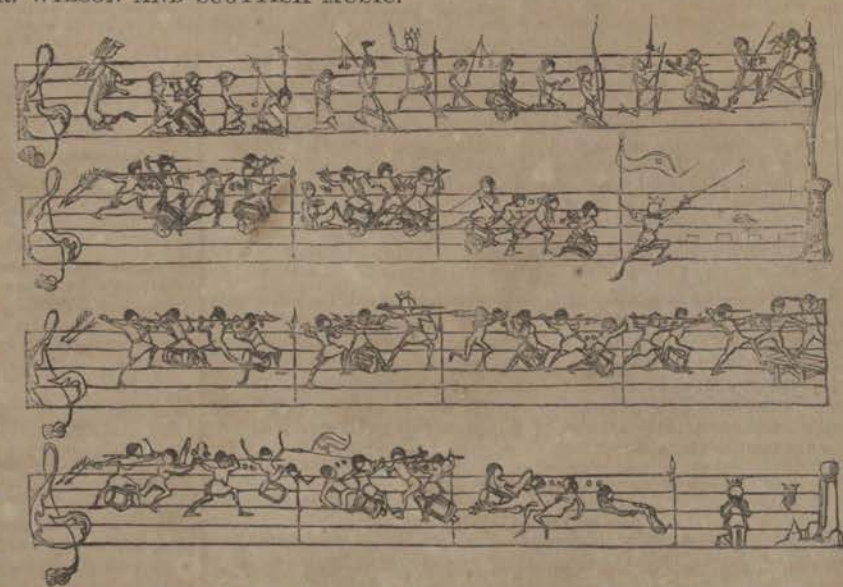
Thus situated is *Mr. Gregory Grudge*, when the breakfast-tackle is cleared off, and *Mr. Frederick Flamwell Fitz-Fudge* comes on. It is not to be doubted for one instant that the latter gentleman is in love with the ward, and in debt up to his ears—seeing that, like all persons so situated in farces, he wears a blue stock to embellish an otherwise flamingly fine suit of clothes. He proposes himself as the betrothed of *Emily Wilton* with that graceful easiness of manner which always accompanies such offers—that is to say, with sundry slaps on the guardian's back, and such familiar interjectives as "Old fellow!"

A reputable family and wealthy father on *Fitz-Fudge's* side are indispensable; but he having neither, swears (*sec. stat. theatrum*), by a liberal governor and an immense estate in Devonshire; nothing remains but to bring the "old people" together to settle preliminaries, and the lover disappears to take unto himself a father—if he can find one.

When in the next scene you see a man sitting upon a stile, presenting undoubted appearances of being entirely unencumbered with money, and no ways particular about the means of acquiring it, you are quite certain that *Mr. Fitz-Fudge* will not be long in finding a parent; he, as you fully expected, comes on, and after a short fire of preliminary puns engages *Mr. Demosthenes Dodge* for the part of father. The negotiation is, however, interrupted by the appearance of those two indispensable bailiffs, without whom no farce ever was known to succeed. One of them captures the lover by a new mode of imprisonment for debt, such as in all our own experience in that line (which has been great), was never borne out by precedent—the bums tie his hands to his back! We were just giving the author his full credit for this one original idea, when it turned out that it was only a new expedient to introduce an ancient practical joke. *Dodge* thrashes the bailiff, drives him away, and proceeds to untie his new employer and extemporary son; but alas he is unable to do so in time, for old *Grudge* is coming that way! To hide *Fudge's* disgrace, *Dodge* hides himself in some bushes, thrusts his arms through the lover's pinioned ones, and thus does the action to the conversation which *Fitz-Fudge* is obliged to carry on with the guardian.

This, we suppose, is the "Artful Dodge;" to exhibit which, the collection of jests from old authors was manifestly made—to weave in which, the plot is spun out; for although *Mr. Dodge* afterwards does the heavy father with a degree of success that enables the lover to obtain his mistress and *Fudge's* pardon, yet the conclusion is come to in a hand gallop: the fire of puns being kept up with proportionate severity.

The affectionate regard which every well-regulated mind feels for old friends renders this piece eminently successful, if we may judge from the cordial greeting each joke received, as shooting into the aural, it agitated the risible muscles of the auditor. This is readily accounted for: never was a long and arduous fire so well sustained, as by the *corps dramatique* to which the execution of the various time-honoured manœuvres or "dodges" was entrusted. If Joe Miller could only have heard his immortal jokes so admirably delivered, he would have cooked a dinner gratis for the whole company. *Mr. Fitz-James* did not lose a chance in *Fitz-Fudge* during the delivery of the jests allotted to him; all his nods and winks (and they were legion) came exactly in their right places. Neither did *Mr. Wild* allow the *facetiæ* to flag for want of humour or personal exertion. He used his arms in what we have supposed to be the "Artful Dodge," his legs in a dance, and his voice in a duet with the chambermaid (that never can be done without), with unflagging jocularity. *Miss Fitz-James* as *Emily Wilton* looked lovely and lady-like. What more would you wish for in an interlude-heroine!

MR. WILSON AND SCOTTISH MUSIC.

The rage for foreign music has at length extended to the ditties of the Land o' Cakes, and the Store-street Rooms are crowded every Monday night to hear Mr. Wilson sing them. As yet, however, the taste has not gone very far beyond the emigrants from Scotland, for the chief part of the crowd consists of the light-haired, the high cheek-boned, and the occasional utterers of such plaudits as, "*ex*cellent!" "verra gude!" &c.

The lecturer gives a narrative of the adventures of the Pretender, and sings the most popular songs that were composed when the freaks of that French-Scotch madcap were occupying public attention. To judge from the effect produced upon Mr. Wilson's auditors, these ballads must have been of good service to "Charlie," for the ecstacies some of them caused were not at all sparingly expressed. Besides the exclamations before-mentioned, the clattering of feet and thumping of umbrellas were sometimes deafening.

If, then, such effects were produced upon the sober-minded listeners of Monday, what prodigies of sympathy must they not have created in the hearts of the clansmen when they fought at Preston-pans, and when they ran away from Derby? Every note must have struck upon their ears like the thump of a broadsword; every bar stimulated their desires for some glorious achievement. It is said that so powerful was the effect of these fancies upon the pipers, that in reading their music the notes appeared in the form of armed men, and the tune of "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled" seemed to them a battle-field covered not only with pikes and *staves*, but with glory and kilts; so that under the influence of these curious *crotchets* a pictorial edition of the song appeared somewhat after the above fashion.

It was, no doubt, a great disappointment to the majority of Mr. Wilson's auditors, that for the accompaniments a grand piano-forte was unwisely substituted for the much grander bagpipe.

TO THE AGITATED UNIVERSE.

THE announcement of Sir ROBERT PEEL's grand Financial Scheme having met with the entire concurrence of our revered BRYANT, he has requested us to hurry the production of our promised **EXTRAORDINARY NUMBER**, in order that he may be able to return his income at as many Millions as possible. In compliance with this commendable desire to raise the revenue of his country, we beg to state that, early in April, we shall publish an entire Number, consisting of

PUNCH'S GUIDE

TO

THE LIONS OF LONDON.

☞ *Further particulars will be announced in our next.*

Notices to Correspondents.

SOLOMON LOB evinces his genius and generosity as follows :—

Dear PUNCH,—I send you a specimen of my abilities; and with your permission I will furnish you with materials of lively wit, every week, for a stipulated sum, and also with a fine subject for engraving, of which I also send you a specimen.—Your admirer, SOLOMON LOB.

N.B.—Will you favour me with an answer in your "Notices to Correspondents"?

EXTRACT FROM A YANKEE JOURNAL.

Wales is a mountainous country, in the continent of England; Wale fisheries principally goes out from near Bedford and Nantucket, round Cape Horn, which is very crooked, and hard to navigate. The people of Wales is called Welshmen, and toasted cheese is called Welsh rabbit. There is nothing more about Wales but Wale bone. Vermicitty candles is not from Wales.—*Yankee Advertiser.*

Enlighten my understandfng,—as the fop said to the boot-cleaner.

CLEANING BOOTS.

Solomon's literary talent is only to be equalled by his pictorial genius, whilst his pictorial genius is beautifully illustrative of his literary talent. In compliance with his wish for remuneration, we beg to say that on calling at our office Solomon will find a blank check entirely at his service.

ANONYMA obliges us with the annexed lot of cons., which we shall be happy to knock down to any publishing cheesemonger.

MY DEAR SIR,—If I were to assure you that the cons. which follow are actually the offspring of the cocoa-nut of Great Britain's Colonel, you might still be incredulous, considering the anonymous nature of the assertions. I shall, therefore, only offer them to you as Sibthorpians, *not* got out of Miller, and subscribe myself, yours faithfully, ANONYMA.

John Punch, Esq.

Why is wine *spoiled* by being converted into negus?—Because you make *a mull of it!*

Why is a man justified in getting drunk at a hotel?—Because the old maxim warns us to "shun *inn-sobriety!*"

Were Great Britain now to be joined to the Continent, why would it be like a banished man?—Because an *ex-isle* (exile.)

Why is the period of a wedding like a seaman's life?—Because it's *marry-time* (maritime.)

Why is a widow like a kettle mender?—Because she is desirous of *re-pairing.*

Why is a whale infallible?—Because it is always *found right in the main!*

Poor Sibthorp! that thy scull should be converted into the slip-slop basin for even Anonyma's nonsense. Where is our friend Gompertz?

MEDICUS asks us to solve a bet which is involved in the following query :—

SIR,—Would it be troubling you too much to request you to inform me if the absurd and ridiculous things placed in the "Notices" attached to your work are actually sent by correspondents, or the effusion of your own unrivalled conception of the grotesque and ridiculous. Pray inform me, as I have a bet depending on the former supposition being correct. I remain, Sir, your sincere admirer, MEDICUS.

January 23, 1842.

In order to satisfy MEDICUS that "the absurd and ridiculous things placed in the *Notices* attached to our work *are* actually sent by Correspondents" we have printed his letter. What sceptic would require more convincing evidence!

CHARLOTTE LA —— no, we will not print the name! though in obedience we mean in compliance, with Mrs. P.'s request we publish the following letter :—

Dearest of your Sex,—But stop! how dare I address a person whom I have not the inestimable felicity of knowing in this manner? But, to say in a few words what many *take years* to say! Dear Mr. PUNCH *I love you.* Of course you will think it odd that I, a female, should make the first advances, but since I have read your "London Charivari," I am confident you are handsome, and at all events witty. I have vowed to marry none but you; but you may think me mad: but no, no! I am in my right senses! I am rather of small size, but many tell me I am pretty. I should not mention these subjects if I did not hope to receive some small acknowledgment in return, well knowing you will not place this in your "Notice to Correspondents," but meet me at the Opera on Wednesday next. Should you refuse, I will fly to the Thames, and there end my woes.—Yours till death part us,

Windsor. CHARLOTTE LA ——.

Will Time never oblige us with a bleach or a wrinkle to scare away these too susceptible maidens! Can CHARLOTTE LA —— be trifling with our feelings! And yet, from the accurate knowledge she displays of our beauty and our wit, we feel we have been fatally fascinating. Will dear Charlotte send us a lock of her hair—as we are at present stuffing a mattress?

C. B. F. appears to be in a state of jocular destitution :

DEAR PUNCH,—The present circumstances have limited me to two sorts of puns, which have been bothering me a long time :—

My breast with fury burns, as the Phœnix said to the Chemist.

What is the most mournful part of a plasterer's business?—Fretting.

Yours, C. B. F.

If our very dim correspondent's means are as limited as his wit, he certainly must be exempt from the income-tax. We are afraid C. B. F. must be in a dreadful state of funny distress. Subscriptions for his relief will be received at our office. The dullest donation will be thankfully acknowledged.

T. W. introduces us to the alphabet family. Does he know our old friend &?

TO MISS EMMA VEE, WHO HAD A PET JAY, OF WHICH SHE WAS VERY FOND.

O, M A V! O, M A V!
I've fallen in love with U;
U R as fair as U can B,
So what else could I do?

And pray B kind enough to try
If U can't love again,—
R, dearest, deign to cast your I
On me, and ease my pain.

Your J is fond, too, which I know
He does S A to prove;
And he can talk, I grant, but O!
He cannot talk of love.

Believe me, M A. when I say
I dote to that X S,
I N V even that pet J,
Which U sometimes caress.

Though many other girls I know,
And they R fair, I C,
Yet U X L them all—and so
I love but M A V.

P.S.—My love can ne'er D K,
Except when I shall die;
And if your heart *must* say me nay,
Just write and tell me Y.

And of me nothing U will C,
No more on earth I'll trouble U,
But some day drag the river D,
And there U'll find—J. W.

We think that T. W. is sufficiently advanced in joking to get out of his letters. Will he oblige us by trying a few easy puns in one syllable?

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

PHYSIOLOGY OF LONDON EVENING PARTIES.

XII.—THE CONCLUSION.

IT is not to be denied that the most agreeable period of an evening party generally commences just as the guests begin to think of going away. Accordingly, the young gentlemen who are aware of this do not sit long at the supper table, but shirk upstairs in detachments—their countenances radiant with mirth and enjoyment, and all *mauvaise honte* quite submerged in the last glass of wine. Mr. Ledbury is remarkably animated and facetious. He has placed a turnip-dahlia, which was skewered on to the root of a tongue, in his button-hole, and is now asking a young lady to dance, to whom he has never been introduced. The musicians have not yet come up from their own supper, and Miss Mitchell is very kindly playing "the Lancers" to eight young ladies, who are dancing the quadrille by themselves before a throng of young gentlemen, who keep observing that "it's really too bad," and "quite tantalising;" whilst the French scarf and incipient moustachios have secluded themselves into the window recess more than ever, and are perfectly lost to everything else in the rooms. A stout old gentleman in tights and spectacles, with a

shining bald head and merry twinkling eye, who has not been visible before from remaining in the card-room, and is presumed to be the favourite apothecary of the family, who ushered all its olive branches into existence, is apparently saying some very funny things to a knot of laughing girls by the piano, including Miss Mitchell, who occasionally throws in a casual observation or reply, in that disjointed *staccato* manner which young ladies usually adopt who try to talk whilst they are playing. At length the set is finished, and every one of the fair dancers approaches the piano and thanks Miss Mitchell for her kindness, who replies with becoming humility as she resumes her gloves, and gives place to the real musicians.

The first waltz after supper is the most exhilarating part of the evening's programme. The cornopean is aware of this, and blows a perfect hurricane of notes through the tubes of his instrument whilst the dance is prolonged to a most extended period, the musicians being conscious that the longer they play, the more the waltzers will be fatigued, and the sooner the party will break up. But, nevertheless, they enter into the diffused animation, and play all their most inspiring sets. Now come the *Polichinel* and *Irish quadrilles*; together with the *Postillon de Ma'am Ablou*, with the strap and diligence bells for the finale; and *Les Danois*, that frightens everybody to death with the explosion (accomplished with a pistol at the promenade concerts, and a bang with the fist on the piano at evening parties); and a young gentleman, inclined to melody, stations himself near the piano, and introduces an obligato upon the wine-glasses, until he breaks one of them from attempting a passage too *forte*.

About a quarter to three the mistress becomes rather nervous, instituting a mental calculation as to how long the decreasing wax candles will burn before they set the green ornaments on fire; and she also sees that one of the burners of the chandelier, which has been turned up three times by a tall gentleman, still looks fearfully *going-outish* through its ground-glass shade. But her politeness never forsakes her; and when, to her inexpressible joy, she sees Mr. and Miss Chamberlayne advancing to bid adieu, she says, "Oh! but you must not think of going yet—it is so *very* early!" and Miss Chamberlayne simpers and replies, "Oh no—indeed it 's very late, and I am sure you must be exceedingly fatigued with your exertions;" and then a young gentleman who is engaged to Miss Chamberlayne for the next quadrille says she must stay, and Mr. Chamberlayne does not see the necessity, with which idea the hostess inwardly coincides, although she says, "There, Mr. Chamberlayne, you see it is of no use to go yet," as his daughter walks off with her partner, and the old gentleman remains at the door until the set is finished, in a state of extreme fidget.

At length the evening draws towards its conclusion. The man at the piano, who has been up every evening, except Sundays, for the last six weeks until four and five o'clock, has played the whole of the last quadrille with his eyes shut; and the *cornet-à-piston* would long ere this have dropped fast asleep, had he not kept himself on the alert by the noise of his own instrument. And yet so indefatigable are some of the guests, that when their number is reduced to twenty, and half the lights have disappeared, a very joyous gentleman with his hair curled skips across the room, and entreats Mr. Ledbury to form one for the Caledonians. But he has quite exhausted all his powers of dancing, and having paid his departing respects to the lady of the house, he walks down stairs, labouring under some insane expectation of finding his own hat, or madly deeming that the ticket pinned upon it corresponds with the one in his waistcoat-pocket.

What a contrast do the cold streets and damp pavement—the waterman clumping about with his lantern, and the sleepy coachmen dreaming on their boxes, present to the scene he has just quitted! It would be remarkably dispiriting, but the champagne has not yet quite lost all its magic glamour, and Mr. Ledbury trudges homewards in a tolerably good humour, having determined to walk and save the

cab fare. Being slightly exhilarated, he evinces considerable perseverance in endeavouring to tread exactly upon the middle of the flag-stones of the pavement, and he thinks himself extremely neglectful if he omits to place his heel upon the roundabout iron of every coal-cellar that falls in his way. Young men of low ideas have been known to ask policemen "if it was too late to get any beer in the neighbourhood;" and some are reported to have been so perfectly lost to good-breeding as to have dived into Evans's or the Cyder Cellars at four in the morning, and ordered devilled kidneys and stout; but fortunately these instances of dissipation are as rare as they are appalling.

But Mr. Ledbury is not one of these. He goes straight home, and with the assistance of the latch-key and a rushlight, arrives safely in his own bed-room. His first deed is to take a long draught of cold water from the *caraffe* on the wash-hand-stand, which he nearly empties; and then he proceeds to undress, flinging his clothes quite at random all about the floor. Having jumped into bed, he does not immediately fall asleep, but passes all the events of the evening in review before his imagination, and on first closing his eyes experiences a whizzing kind of sensation, as if innumerable trains filled with ideas were passing on countless railroads all about his brain. At last, as the grey dawn enables him to distinguish the situation of the window, he falls asleep; and anon a vision of singular intricacy haunts his slumbers. Indistinct forms of people moving about in a vast quadrille—myriads of chandeliers in all directions indulging in the same diversion to wild sounds of the cornet and harp, re-echoing the finale of some popular set *ad infinitum*—and above all, multiplied resemblances of Miss Hamilton's features beaming upon him from every point, which dart away the instant he attempts to look at them, like the small objects which sometimes float before your eyes after you have been looking at the sun, or dining with a large party at Blackwall.

Fair readers—for we have chiefly endeavoured to amuse the young ladies, whose devoted servant we are, in our present Physiology—the latest guests have departed; the lights are extinguished or burnt out; the host and hostess have seen that all the spoons and forks are correct, and retired to bed; and the bright eyes that lent additional brilliancy to the assembly are veiled in sleep: our evening party is at an end. We could, by following the goldbeating style of literature, keep on for several chapters; but we do not intend to weary you with the monotony of a long-continued subject; we would wish you to finish the last chapter with the same smile of approbation, if we have deserved it, which you bestowed upon the first.

We wish to assure you, that in the foregoing light sketches, we have scrupulously avoided the slightest approach to personality. During their progress we have encountered some tempting subjects in society for our purpose; but we have at all times shrunk from indentifying private individuals with our weekly columns. It would have pained us keenly did we suppose that any one, to whose hospitality we had been indebted for a pleasant evening, imagined we had drawn one character from their parties or their friends. Doubtless, in this vast metropolis, there are many Miss Mitchells and Miss Hamiltons; but we can firmly assert our own two young ladies are perfectly imaginary beings whom we have christened at hazard.

By the time this sheet reaches your hands we shall be again at work for your amusement. We will conclude for the present, in the words of Miss Chamberlayne, when she bade good night to the lady of the house:—

"We are extremely obliged to you for your attention."

SENTIMENTAL SONNET.

Ah! sure thou art some spirit of the air
From choir celestial; or do I behold
One born of earth? Can one of mortal mould
Such strains produce? They breathe of Heaven!—how fair—
How beautiful thy brow! and how thy hair
Doth stream around in waving wreaths of light,
Which woo thy cheek and kiss its rose of white.
Sweet minstrel! thine 's the power to charm Despair,
And bid the moments glide in bliss away!
How melancholy soft thy warblings flow!
Mixed with the harp, all tremulous and low;
And how my spirit melts beneath their sway.
Blest tones! Lady,—nay pr'ythee do not frown—
Oblige me with the loan of half-a-crown!

"Out of place, and nothing to take to," as the man said when he fell out of the balloon.

Parliamentary Intelligence.

COLONEL SIBTHORP, in alluding to the easy terms on which Colonial asses were to be allowed in future to come into this country, begged, in the name of British asses, for whom he felt a sincere sympathy, to protest against the contemplated reduction of duty. He thought every British ass was entitled to protection, and he, for one, was determined to insist upon it.

SIR R. PEEL replied that if the gallant Colonel would only reflect, he would see that all asses were not alike; and that British asses, as the gallant Colonel must well know from his own experience, enjoyed many indulgences.

COLONEL SIBTHORP was thankful for those indulgences, and if they were to be continued, he should not press his motion.

The subject here dropped.

The DUKE of CAMBRIDGE having heard that cows would be affected by the New Tariff, hoped that the Isle of Wight generally would be included in the measure.

LORD BROUGHAM begged to remind the Royal Duke that cows in the Isle of Wight were not at present prohibited. He feared the Royal Duke had committed a bull. (*Cries of Oh, oh! and no laughter.*)

The EARL of COVENTRY having heard that Sir Robert Peel intended to declare by what machinery he proposed to collect the Income-tax, was inclined to think that to have anything like machinery introduced into people's pockets might be an operation not only obnoxious, but exceedingly dangerous. He had heard of extracting teeth by machinery (*hear*), but he knew of no case in which mechanics had been applied to the extraction of money. He thought, however, that if fraud were attempted, a thrashing-machine might be useful in preventing chaff from being offered to the Commissioners. (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

LORD MELBOURNE was of opinion, after the suggestions he had just heard, that if Sir Robert Peel really desired to serve the interests of his country, he could not do better than go *to Coventry*, (*hear.*) The conversation here dropped.

PURE PATRIOTISM.

SUCH is the effect of the gracious example of royalty, that in the following instances determination has already been expressed of an intention to act upon it.

Bill Boxer has resolved on not availing himself of exemption from the income tax. He has nothing a week and finds himself; upon which amount he will pay sevenpence in the pound to the Treasury.

The present keeper of Golden-square has suggested the revival of a loyalty fund, a scheme that was very successful in the time of Pitt. The worthy keeper has promised, in the event of his idea being acted on, and a consideration paid to him for the suggestion, to contribute the whole amount of one entire quarter of a complete day's salary.

The author of a pamphlet, of which five copies were sold and five thousand printed, has consented to contribute one-fourth of the money to be received for the remaining 4995, on the simple condition that they shall be taken off his hands, by Her Majesty's Government, at a shilling each, though actually published at one and sixpence.

The spirited manager of the Grecian Saloon has offered the use of that popular place of amusement for a free benefit for the Ministers, and has suggested that if Sir Robert Peel will only, in the character of

A CANNY SCOTCHMAN,

sing *Corn Rigs* on the occasion, and can get a sinecurist to recite "*That's the way the Money goes*," an enormous sum may be cleared towards making up the existing deficiency.

CONUNDRUMATIC OBSERVATIONS

ON THE LATE TERRÆ MOTUS, WHICH WAS NO "MOTION—OF COURSE."

"IT will be enough to make your sides shake," as the earthquake of Lisbon said to the Tagus.

Why must the Irish of St. Giles's think themselves *natives* in London?—Because they are of opinion that they must be immediately swallowed.

Why, if this distressing event occurred, would there be an end to genteel funerals in this town?—Because Paul's [palls] would no longer be seen hanging over London.

Why may we be prepared for a sudden catastrophe?—Because London is always within an *ell* of being undone [L-undone].

OUR LIBRARY-TABLE.

Our library-table creaks—as much from the heavy contributions of our zealous friends, as from the rickety condition of two of its legs. It is closely-packed with soft effusions, which lie, like Falstaff's velvet, "three-pile deep." We labour under the embarrassment of riches, and are placed in a situation which can only be estimated by a donkey impounded in a circle of hay-ricks, a boy at a pastry-cook's, or a cat in a tripe-shop. Our space is short, our affluence in articles great; yet we *must* choose; therefore, as we have engaged the artist—whose genius a kind friend has finely pointed out—to illustrate our forthcoming work on "Castle Court and Whetstone Park," we consider that article demands precedence.

On the Genius of the Catnach Illustrator, and High Art in Wood-Cutting.

The great characteristics of the age in which we have the luck to live are the extension not alone of the commodities of life, but also of its elegances and luxuries. Doubtless the most prominent of these—after the modern substitution of cigars for short-cut—is the profuse illustration of our popular ballads and last dying speeches. Beauty and utility now walk hand in hand; and whilst the tasteful drayman or sentimental housemaid revels amidst the choicest effusions of poetic genius—at three yards a-penny—he or she has also a *penchant* for the fine arts cunningly cultivated by the choice pictures that adorn it.

Standing proudly on the highest pedestal of popularity is the individual, the extent of whose talents, as displayed in his works, migh reach (when pasted together) from Whitechapel to Westminster. We are forbidden to mention his name: like all true geniuses, he scorns merely nominal applause; but by his works may you know him.

We have only space to give a few instances of his surpassing pictorial ingenuity. Amidst a heterogeneous mass of subjects now dangling from the sides of our library-table, the first to strike the eye and awaken the admiration is Bellini's exquisite scena (the poetry by Fitz-Ball) of "False one, I love thee still." The picture to this ballad is a Newfoundland dog bringing a walking-stick out of the water; whilst "Will Watch, the bold Smuggler," is aptly illustrated by an exquisite female form gracefully leaning her elbow on a milk-pail, a stream purling at her feet, and a range of chalk hills in the distance. The "Jolly Young Waterman," again, is conceived in a high spirit: he is represented in a fantail hat, with a quartern measure in one hand, and a glass in the other.

These are specimens of the lighter tracings of our artist's pencil; but he is not the less to be extolled in more sombre subjects. In executions he is exquisite—in murders marvellous! The picture of a public-house assassination stands before us in appalling black and white. A prostrate figure occupies the *avant-scène*, with the toes upwards, and skilfully fore-shortened. The murderer stands horror-stricken over his fearful work; the knife, with the maker's name distinctly and picturesquely put in, occupies his reeking hand! But it is the accessories which demand the highest praise, for they impart a terrible truthfulness and actuality to the scene. It is the bar-parlour and bar; barrels are ranged around exhibiting numerous X's, from "single" to "four-ble." The sides of the apartment are covered with advertisements inscribed respectively with "Stout, 4*d*.;" "Ale, 6*d*.;" "Rum, 4*d*." The beer-engine, too, is vividly painted, and adds to the shocking reality by its resemblance to the racks of the Inquisition. As ours is a remarkably fine impression after the letters, our omnipotent Bryant will be happy to show it to any collector who may be anxious to treat for its purchase.

This is the R (enowned) A (rtist) whom we have selected to illustrate our forthcoming work, which will be published in monthly parts, price one shilling.—N.B. Advertisements received for the wrapper by all publishers.

Our next paper is a parchment, and commences—

"*Victoria, by the grace, &c.*"

As it is nothing more than an invitation to meet Lord James Abinger at Westminster, and a party of friends in the Exchequer of Pleas, we need not print it at length, for it will not be found so generally interesting as the

CONUNDRUM

kindly forwarded to us by our tobacconist with the last ounce of Maryland:—

"What number in French expresses a visit paid by a gentleman to his father's sister?—Saw his aunt!—(*Soixante.*)"

The result of a further clearance of our library table will be found in our last page, to which our other "correspondents" are forthwith referred.

THE QUEEN'S "SEVENPENCE."

GREAT events produce great moral examples. This truth is as trite as that twenty shillings make a pound. Her Majesty, however, under the benign advice of Sir ROBERT PEEL, has afforded the last striking illustration of the received axiom. Who shall now complain of the pressure of an Income tax, since the Sovereign, with smiling alacrity, pays down her sevenpence? "Loud and continued cheers"—say the parliamentary reporters—hailed the sacrifice made by her Majesty. Great were the sympathetic twitchings of purse-strings in the pockets of members when the royal munificence was made known—and, touched by the heroic self-devotion of the Queen, who, "even in a time of peace would willingly consent" to the nibblings of Sir ROBERT, we doubt not that throughout the country, every man has by this time but one feeling—and that the feeling of his sevenpence jumping from his pocket, in loyal haste, to meet and mingle with the sevenpence of her Majesty.

In our last we gave Sir ROBERT PEEL our valuable praise for the bold principle of his measure. As to its practical details, thereon we reserved our consideration. The ministerial display of the 16th was a master-stroke of statesmanship. With one sentence has Sir ROBERT PEEL opened the breeches' pockets of millions. The Queen throws down her sevenpence on the counter of the state, and universal is the rush from all quarters to—pay! History has made no small fuss about the magnanimity of ISABELLA, who proposed to pawn her jewels that COLUMBUS might find a new world for the honour of the Pope and the glory of the catholic religion. But what is the discovery of America to the salvation of England? Henceforth the diamonds of ISABELLA are lustreless and dim, eclipsed by the sevenpence of Queen VICTORIA!

We earnestly entreat every man, woman, and child, to consider with philosophic gravity this last sacrifice—and we contend the greatest upon record—of an English Queen. Her Majesty, with the sweetest smile of patriotism, will henceforth receive for every present pound only *nineteen shillings and fivepence!* Now, the only way to arrive at a true appreciation of this heroic self-denial—at this unparalleled devotedness to the happiness and interests of a whole people—is to reflect, if we can so far discipline our mind as to endure the affecting painfulness of the subject, upon the many keen privations, the many daily household annoyances, that must necessarily be endured by her Majesty, heroically self-deprived of her present sevenpence!

"What! do you feel more for a Queen than for any other woman?" was the shallow, ignorant demand of one of the French revolutionists. "Yes," was the noble, the wise reply of Madame de Staël, "for her fall must be the deeper." In the same spirit we sympathise with royalty. That the widow HOPKINS, annuitant on a 160*l.*, should pay sevenpence in the twenty shillings, moves us not; she has been used to pay all her life, her dear dead HOPKINS did nothing but pay; the face of the tax-gatherer was familiar to them, nay sometimes much more familiar than the venerable visage of George the Third on a penny piece; hence, to pay taxes in every mode and shape is to widow HOPKINS a daily duty—the prime business of her social life. Sir ROBERT'S extra sevenpence hurts her no more than the removal of the skin hurts that peculiar species of eel accustomed to flaying, and consequently secreting a new cuticle as fast as the old one is adroitly torn away. HOPKINS was that eel; and MARGERY HOPKINS, in virtue of her wife and widowhood, is familiar with, and resigned to, the operation. But in what different condition do we find Queen VICTORIA! How oppositely has she been reared! Did her infant ear ever list to the knocker of Kensington Palace stirred by the man come for the house-duty? Was she ever a mute yet anxious witness of maternal solicitude, with a wound in the heart, yet a smile on the cheek, vainly endeavouring to gain a longer day from the unwelcome guest, who at the last might sullenly walk off, loudly declaring that "on Thursday next he'd put a man in!" Did the mirthful, fresh-hearted VICTORIA, when tripping down the glades of grassy Kensington—did she ever pause astonished at a strange creature, prowling with ink-horn at his button-hole and red book in his fist, towards her home, to bully for the window tax? What must have been her innocent notions of the man "come for the water-rate!" Why, she must have thought it was the poetic figure of sedgy Thames that she had read of and seen in pictures—or that to listen to his musical demand of seventeen and sixpence, was

"To hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn."

Yet what are all these sights and sounds to widow HOPKINS? Why, old, familiar faces—things customary as the pulsations of her heart. To Queen VICTORIA how sudden, strange, unthought-of!

It is this conviction that compels us to call upon the sympathies of Englishmen for the condition of their Queen. She is placed by Sir ROBERT PEEL—for sure we are he has done it—in a new, and it may be in a most perplexing plight. Let us manfully consider all the evils, all the discomforts to her Majesty, nascent in the Royal Sevenpence! It is but too painfully evident to us that many of her domestic enjoyments must be lessened. The Hospitality of Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle—that frank, glorious presence, with brawn in his looks and a chuckle like the gurgling of a wine-cask—why with the sevenpence taken from his pound, he will fall away, shrink, have a most water-gruel aspect, and a voice as from a vinegar-cruet. It will inevitably be Sir JOHN BARLEYCORN withered into a JOHN ELWES. When, on the fatal 16th, Sir ROBERT published the Royal Sevenpence, and the House, in its ignorance—if such a thing *can* be in Parliament—cheered the enthusiastic devotion of her Majesty, at that fatal moment, fell there a shadow on the royal buttery; the lares did "squeak and gibber" at the royal hearth—the royal coals for once burnt black; and many a fat buck leapt high in Windsor Park, feeling that his haunches would not smoke for many a day on Windsor platters! Shrilly and gladly crowed each pheasant cock in royal preserves; and even turtle, lively upon distant shores, were livelier still!

Vain, wicked, disloyal would it be in us to blink this inevitable consequence of deducting from the royal salary the Royal Sevenpence. In every shape, in every way, we are met by the ills that must result from such a measure. The pettiest, and therefore the most teasing, irritating evils will be bred in the sevenpence—bred thickly as mites in cheese. How many of the royal parrots must, as a stern and direful consequence of the heroism of their mistress, be placed upon at most a half allowance of sugar! for on sugar PEEL is stringent still. Macaws that, garrulous in their self-complacency, enjoy their whole slice of toast will—the sevenpence deducted—scream indignant at the slice made half. And lap-dogs, too, now fed on choicest pullet, will hang their ears, and drop their melancholy tails, and, looking wanly in the royal face, marvel why chickens are suddenly so scarce! Poor puppies of Windsor kennel! To say that all things under Tory government are going to the dogs, will henceforth be, to royal dogs at least, a cruel, an inhuman trope; a mockery, and an insult of their canine desolation. Reduced by the minister in their customary allowance; enervated, weakened by the dietary consequent upon the taken sevenpence, their only resource is in themselves; deprived of food, they will inevitably be thrown for a tonic upon their own unassisted bark.

We speak with the fullest knowledge of the sentiments and feelings of the hackney-coach and cab-horses of this metropolis, when we state, that the Hanoverian cream-coloured steeds, that now and then are entrusted with the lovely burthen of the Queen's person, have for years been objects of the most intense envy among the multitude of equine drawers of her Majesty's subjects. This measure of the Royal Sevenpence will destroy all such bad blood among now degraded hunters and racers. The nose-bag on a coach-stand will be luxury to the allowance in the Queen's stables; even though 70,000*l.* were voted for proper shelter for the steeds, at the very time when by a curious coincidence 10,000*l.* were munificently granted by government for the education of the people; thereby satisfactorily proving to a royal horse that he was of seven times the value of any English spinner or peasant. With the sevenpence taken from the Queen's allowance, the horses in the royal stables will know no more of beans than if they were the most rigid followers of Pythagoras. "Meddle not with beans," said that philosopher; and the words will be written over every royal manger.

There is, however, another evil to be considered—another calamity that may result from the deducted sevenpence. Let us suppose that the Queen, struggle as she may, shall find herself incapable of the stern housekeeping required of her after the reduction of her income. What if, with the large heart that beats in her bosom, old hospitalities go on—parrots know no diminution of saccharine—lap-dogs still lick their lips at chickens' breasts—horses still prance, full of the manger? Then inevitably comes the iron countenance of Debt, glaring horribly in at palace-windows—shouting (*ferrea vox*) even at palace doors. What then remains for her Majesty? The Parliament will of course refuse to satisfy the demon Debt. The Parliament—read its various history—never yet paid the debts of King or Prince; and in these days would certainly not be guilty of so extravagant a precedent. Well, what mode of relief is open to the Queen, her sevenpence gone, and all her present munificence

No. XXXIV.——THE MODERN UGOLINO;

OR, THE WHIG TOWER OF FAMINE.

continuing? Why, we shudder as we write the words, but there are no other—

THE GAZETTE!

How dreadful (and all produced by the sevenpence) will it be to read the following!—What a triumph, too, for France!

"Victoria Guelph, lodging-house keeper, St. James's Park, London; and the Castle, Windsor. Solicitors, Messrs. Peel and Goulburn, Palace Yard!"

Lord MELBOURNE and a hundred others will, we think, be able to prove that they were for a long time lodgers; but if the proof of trading be rejected by the Commissioners, what new humiliation? Why (we write it with a gasp)—

THE INSOLVENT COURT!

Upon our knees (reckless of our black satin) we pray Sir ROBERT to think of these things, and, come what may, to refuse—the Queen's "Sevenpence." Q.

VERSES BY A BARD—"MUCH BE-RHYMED IN PUNCH."

I.

Good readers dear,
I give you here
Of rhymes a small but pleasant bunch,
And all my lay
Shall have to say
Is praise the most sincere of

PUNCH.

II.

When winter snows
Beneath your toes,
Yield with a harsh and chilly crunch;
What best defies
The angry skies?
I answer 'tis

A JUG OF PUNCH.

III.

And while you quaff,
Who makes you laugh,
Although his back and breast are hunch,
As he and wife,
Here drawn from life,
And block'd upon

A WOODEN PUNCH?

IV.

Then let their page
Your board engage,
At breakfast, dinner, tea, and lunch;
If any dare
Abstract it there,
Reward the ruffian with

A PUNCH.

V.

And each tit-bit
Of sense and wit,
With liquorish tooth demurely munch,
As oats or hay
Would glide away
Beneath the jaw of

SUFFOLK PUNCH.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

"THE SHAMROCK SO GREEN."—The mimbers made a more than usually verdant appearance on Thursday last. Daniel O'Connell was grotesque in the extreme; an entire bunch of greens was tied up in his hat-band; and Richard Lalor Shiel, on the other hand, was as tiny as himself. In the upper house, only one peer in the first instance exhibited the national symbol. The Marquis of Clanricarde had a small piece, which he jocosely halved with Earl Fortescue, the late Lord Lieutenant, who was without any. The dispute thus occasioned was of short duration, as the only rock this pair of peers split upon was the shamrock.

STATISTICS OF MATRIMONY.

OF 350,000 couples married during the last year, only $\frac{146994}{150000} \times 5 \times 09$ went into houses of their own; and of the remainder, who all took lodgings, only $1200 \times \frac{23}{14}$ went into first-floors, while a great portion of the enormous residue rented garrets. Of 60,000 wedding-rings, that weighed when new 1,000 ounces, there were only 5 that were worn into two, 59,994 had lost a trifle in weight, and the remaining 1 had been dropped in the streets and never picked up again. Of 300 couples taken promiscuously in the Wapping District, 295 had come to the church in cabs,

MAN OF WAR AND TENDER.

and the remaining 5 had never arrived, having got drunk on the road by treating the drivers. The consumption of white kid gloves was 20 per cent. greater at the West End than in the East; and of 400 straw bonnets belonging to a similar number of brides, 1 in 3 had been turned and cleaned, while 1 in every 2, or exactly 50 per cent. (being just one-half) were Dunstables. Of the 295 couples that came to the church in cabs, 294 haggled about the fare, and the remaining 1 having frankly confessed that he was without money, borrowed the amount of his wife's sister, who acted as bridesmaid. Amongst 500 wedding dinners in the Metropolitan District, 400 consisted of a leg of mutton, and at 375 of these there were the usual trimmings. At 200 wedding breakfasts there were 1800 wedding guests, giving 9 to each, and supposing each person to have eaten 1 pound of bread, 3 spoonsful of cream, and an ounce of sugar, there must have been 1800 pounds of bread, or 400 quartern loaves, and 1 half quartern, 2,400 spoonsful of cream, and 1800 ounces of sugar, consumed on the occasions alluded to.

Col. Sibthorp calls the anti-corn-law people, "*low-bread* fellows."

SAFFRON-HILL.

[*We feel the greatest pleasure in laying this article before our readers. The engravings are selected from the catalogue about to be published, and kindly lent to us, by which means a double advantage is obtained—we can illustrate our pages at a cheap rate, and the sale is benefited by the publicity; in consideration of which, the auctioneer has sent us the following advertisement.*]

Saffron-hill,

THE RENOWNED SEAT OF FANTAIL JOE,

and the elaborate domestic contents, the sale of which will extend over the space of the entire premises.

MR. FELIX CLEARCAKE

Is honoured by having been selected to sell by public competition

THE EFFECTS OF No. 12*a*, SAFFRON-HILL,

which is definitively fixed for Friday, April 1st.

FANTAIL JOE,

from his insinivating manners and knowledge of the noble science of self-defence, had

THE ENTREE TO EVERY COURT IN LONDON,

and spent most of his life in collecting dust from all sorts of localities, whether the abode of vice or

Emporium of Virtue;

by which means he realised a splendid collection of rubbish, piled up so high that when the wind was powerful every one was

OBLIGED TO RETIRE BEFORE IT!

It is impossible to witness without feelings of regret the dispersion of objects in whose acquirement a whole life has been spent. In our subjoined sketch we cannot follow the details of the *Catalogue raisonée*, but merely indicate the more prominent attractions of the mansion.

The first striking feature is the top of the low doorway, which demands respect by knocking off everybody's hat as they enter. Having passed this, we arrive at the passage, at the extremity of which is the room known as the "ground floor back." One of the most celebrated pictures herein is a view of the execution of the late Mr. Greenacre, pasted against the shutter, and supposed to be very rare. Corresponding to this is a singular collection of English metrical ballads, nearly three yards in length; and between the two is placed a fine portrait of Deaf Burke. On the mantelpiece is a singular tobacco-pipe, modelled long after the antique, and representing the figure of a man who is smoked through his leg, his head forming the receptacle for the tobacco. In the profile may be traced a not inapt resemblance to Lord Brougham. The attention of the visitor is also directed to the curious image of a headless cat in plaster of Paris, painted green and red. A small wainscot table without a leaf, is singularly adorned with rings of evaporated beer in fanciful combinations, in size about the circumference of the bottom of a quart pot. There is also on the mantelpiece, in a broken egg-cup, a button from the coat of Lord Waldegrave, supposed to have been lost in a row at Hampton Races.

Ascending the staircase, we pause at the first landing-place to look out upon the top of the water-butt, as well as to contemplate the perfect absence of balustrades, which have been used by the lodgers occasionally instead of coals. An old flannel jacket, hanging behind the door of the apartment known as the "first floor front," bears the marks of having been engaged at one time or another in an extensive affray, being slit up the back, and one arm torn completely off.

There is also in this room an antique instrument, formerly used to blow the fire, but now much out of repair. The back is curiously engraved with lines, apparently for playing some extinct game upon.

In the cupboard is preserved a characteristic and authentic document connected with the family. We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it.

"Deer Jo This cums Hoppin yu Are wl as It leve mee At presnt Onley we sales for Bottinneybey afore the munths out And hiff Dodgey phillips hadent a peeched i shud a bin awl rite enuff but i owes him wun For this ere lag And meens too pay It hoff wen i returns agin Dear jo tel bett Not to Worrit ersel for mee, as i shal kum Back sum day so no more At presnt from yure tru frend

"CONKEY BILL."

To detail the wonders contained in the attics would puzzle a broker. The very identical bell which Fantail Joe used in his peregrinations, adorned with the representation of a face in red paint, bewilders us with its noise: we have faintly portrayed its form. There is also the Dutch clock, which, it is presumed, he gave fourteen shillings for when he married; and it is worthy of remark in possessing an alarum which rings at any time that it is not set for. An elaborate ornament is also displayed upon the chimney, consisting of a large round phial, with chintz flowers gummed inside, and filled up with salt, and corked. The style is in the richest arabesque school. We must here close for the present; but we repeat, we think it a pity that these objects should be dispersed. We hear it is in contemplation to purchase the whole of the most valuable for the museum of the Hookem-cum-Snivey Literary Institution.

THE MONEY MARKET.

CASH was rather shy, and lenders particularly bashful; while the demands for loans were brisk, and the refusals flatter than usual. Promissory scrip commanded nothing; and on settling-day berths in the Boulogne steam-boats rose to a very high and unhealthy premium. Bills were not in request, but the acceptors of some that are overdue were a good deal sought after. A party with money made his appearance in the afternoon, and a stranger having completed a rapid transfer of the funds, took the turn of the market, and withdrew immediately.

WALKING HIS CHALKS.

A NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

Dedicated, without permission, to the Member for Knaresborough.

BELIEVE me, if all those contemptible lies
You utter so boldly to-day
Were smashed in an hour by crushing replies,
Like cobwebs brushed out of the way,
You still would get up, as each evening thou'rt seen,—
Let them prove that you lie as they will,—
For around the mill-owners, your venomous spleen
Will coil itself, serpent-like, still.

'Tis not, while a seat in the House is your own,
And your slander is met by a cheer,
That the falsehood and spite of your words can be known,
Which time will but render more clear.
For the man who by habit lies often forgets,
And himself contradicts at the close;
As the stupid M.P. gives a vote when he sets
Against all that he said when he rose.

NOTES TAKEN DURING A FORTY YEARS' RESIDENCE IN KENTISH TOWN.

THIS salubrious little suburb is situated at the mouth of the small ditch which meanders by the side of the road, and is bounded on the north by all that lies to the immediate right of it. The name of the place has long been a subject of dispute between myself and the oldest inhabitant (I am the oldest but one), for he maintains that it is called Kentish Town, after the late Duke of Kent; while I affirm—and I have got a part of the door of a stage-coach to prove the fact—that it was called Kentish Town long before the birth of the royal Duke alluded to.

The soil of Kentish Town is, in some parts, of a blackish grey, while in others it is of a greyish black; and geologists who have examined it declare it to be of a somewhat stony character.

The inhabitants are of a hardy race, but they are quite a distinct class from the neighbouring mountaineers who come down occasionally from the adjacent hills of Highgate, and mix familiarly with the lowland inhabitants, imparting to them perhaps a share of their bold and reckless bearing. The frame of a Kentish Town man is small and muscular; his features large and prominent; his head thick and empty. The commerce of the place is at present limited; nor does it appear that it was ever otherwise. The natives are principally supplied by mercantile pilgrims, who come in from the south with baskets on their heads, and who announce their arrival by loud cries partaking in some degree of the unintelligible nature of the Indian war-whoop. A considerable quantity of fish is brought over-land from Billingsgate by the pilgrims we have alluded to; and some of them with rabbits that have been transferred from pole to pole, are glad to dispose of them on the fifth or sixth day at a cheap rate to the simple Kentishtonians.

The public buildings are not numerous, and consist of the Assembly Rooms, the Chapel, the Pump, and the Station-house. Of the former the first brick was laid at a period of which there are no records, and the pump was entirely repainted so lately as 1826, though there is no inscription on it to record the circumstance. There is a ball about once in ten years at the Assembly Rooms, and a prisoner about once in six months at the station-house.

The principal produce of Kentish Town is blackberries, which grow wild in the hedges, and the stinging nettles in the neighbourhood are much resorted to by a tribe of wandering botanists who pour in during the spring from the trans-canalian districts.

Kentish Town is governed chiefly by a beadle, who is supported by a staff, and is empowered to call out the turncock in cases of emergency, not one of which was ever known to happen. The natives live chiefly on the flesh of animals, and the produce of the soil, but they are generally of a mild and inoffensive disposition. Some of them resort to the rude and uncivilised practice of placing white papers in their windows, inscribed with announcements intended to arrest the eye of the passing stranger by a promise of hospitality, but the unhappy visitor is frequently plundered when he has been unfortunate enough to have become an inmate in their dwellings. Other advertisements equally inviting are also profusely exhibited. That most frequently to be met with is "Small things got up and carefully ironed and mangled."

IRONING AND MANGLING DONE HERE.

THE COTTON TRADE.

VERY little is doing in calico, though several extraordinary shifts are being made by some of the principal manufacturers. Inferior stuffs have not gone down since the speech of Mr. Ferrand, but fustian for parliamentary use is a good deal sought after. Coarse material is much wanted for the newspaper press, which has had a glut of the raw article; and the latter is now considered so flimsy that it may be seen through, which entirely defeats the object it is intended for.

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming," as the schoolboy said, who had played the truant; "And I'm coming, and I'm coming," as the schoolmaster added, while taking the rod out of pickle.

"There, now it's *done* and can't be *helped*," as the cook said when she had roasted and eaten her master's chicken.

Punch's Theatre.

THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO.

CONNUBIAL bliss is not always harmonious, and that "Marriage of Figaro," which has been of late not altogether solemnized upon the English stage, was a hash dished up by its concocters to introduce the ballads of a native composer, a duet by Pasiello, a chorus or two of Rossini, and in which a compliment was paid to Mozart and the taste of British audiences by adding four or, at most, five of that great master's pieces. Although he had written a unique, a captivating opera, yet it was thought that the ears of an unmusical public would be bored by Mozart entire, so they hacked his compact and most expressive score into detached pieces, for the behoof and delectation of hearers who, it was supposed, were not refined enough to listen to good music in preference to that which is, with the exception of Pasiello's exquisite duet*, now universally voted decidedly indifferent.

Madame Vestris has, happily, thought otherwise. She does not believe in the musical stupidity of her patrons; so wisely places before them Mozart unmutilated. She agrees not with the cry made by the ignorant of a general want of taste, nor with opinions of the learned, who would bury the best composers because we have not singers good enough, they say, to resuscitate them; but out of the materials of her ordinary establishment, she has ventured the greatest composer's greatest work (except "Don Giovanni"), and the result has been crowded, delighted audiences.

Except herself, Miss Adelaide Kemble, and Miss Rainsforth, there is no singer in the opera but upon whom we have been in the habit of looking, as a stop-gap, as one who is very good for want of a better; and who is, in general, forced to undertake characters far above his powers. But in this edition of "The Marriage of Figaro," the completeness of the whole blinds us to individual imperfections. Every performer, from the hero by Leffler, down to the drunken gardener, by Horncastle, appears to possess, at least, a full appreciation of his author, and to enjoy, as well as to sing, the music. This being the case, it would be invidious to select any one of them for remark.

To the "masses" concerned in this performance, however, we have two items of objection to make. Imprimis—the band is always too loud in accompaniment: its predominance in the opening duet inflicted a pang upon us which was not once soothed by a single *piano* for the rest of the opera. This is very unfair play to the enchanting instrumentation of our beloved Wolfgang—more so than to the music of any of his rivals. The charming playfulness with which he works his subjects about in almost every part of his scores—the beautiful fitness of each passage to the capabilities and genius of the instrument to which it is allotted, and the consummate skill with which his melodies are developed, not by solos of voice or instrument, but by the combined effects of the whole—cause an undue prominency of the orchestra to be instantly detected and painfully felt by the least tutored ear. The band seem to forget (or perhaps their conductor is in fault), that they are not principals—that they are or ought to be playing second fiddle to the vocal parts, and that it is their duty to temper their tones to those of the singer; in whose part the subject is, of course, the most prominent. It is their business to listen as well as to play, and when they find they can't hear the singer on account of their own predominance, they may be sure they are making a greater part of their audience extremely uncomfortable. Secondly, of the choruses: the altos and tenors exert their voices to a degree which puts the sopranos and basses nearly out of hearing, and if there be any parts of a score which it is unpleasant to hear too prominently, it is the inner parts, for the trebles and basses of all harmonies *should* be a little more powerfully delivered than the middle notes; whilst in these choruses the reverse is the unpleasan fact.

But away with fault-hunting! Let us rather set up an harmonious shout of thanksgiving for the "Marriage of Figaro" as we find it; let us present our personal acknowledgments to every individual concerned in its production and performance. PUNCH hails the opera with delight, and—a flourish of his own drums and mouth-organs!

"Life let us cherish," as the butcher whistled to himself as he fed the fat pig for Christmas.

* Sung to English words, beginning "Ah, maiden fair."

TO ALL INCLUDED IN THE LAST CENSUS.

WE have nothing particular to say this week, save that our

LIONS OF LONDON

are fed daily with Jokes, and are growing prodigiously corpulent upon the richness of the provender. BRYANT is in raptures; and Judy—we regret to say it—is drunk!

Notices to Correspondents.

To XXX.—We tender our apologies. His favour is considerably too lengthy. Shall it be returned to him?

—is thanked. He will see that some of his ideas have gained immortality.

PETER PIPER thus acknowledges the extreme consideration that we have for our readers—we have not inserted the "Murmurs of the Married."

To the Editor of Punch.

Well, PUNCH, you hav'n't inserted "Murmurs of the Married" yet. Are you full of business, or what? Make you a better, my covey. However, there's no harm, is there, in sending another? PETER PIPER.

THE APPOINTMENT.

I.

Dear Phœbe, when I came from church,
(Perchance 'twas eight at night,)
A gentleman, as if in search,
Thus hail'd me with delight:
"Fine evening, dear? I've got a note
For you, my pretty Miss;
It is most beautifully wrote,
And offers marriage bliss."
The bearer, while yet speaking, fled;—
But, Phœbe, hear the letter read.

II.

Snatching the jewel from her breast,
She read the better part;
Observed that secrets form'd the rest,
And press'd it to her heart.
This was the portion yet conceal'd,
The object of her care,—
"Meet me, and all shall be reveal'd
In *King's secluded square.*
At sunset on the morrow glide
Towards the spot, my wish'd-for bride!"

By-the-bye, Peter, are the aforesaid murmurs the effusions of your wife?

The BLAZES, who writes as follows, is certainly not the most brilliant of his calorific species. We shall play our ink upon him, and put him out.

MY DEAR PUNCH,—Cæsar was slain because he was ambitious. Cut me up for a similar failing. Yours, BLAZES.

Oh deem me not false,
Oh pray do not fear it,
My heart is unchanged—
I'm most happy to hear it.
I may have been thoughtless,
Of that there's no doubt;
But oh, do not blame—
Does your ma know you're out?

Oh, dearest, I love thee.
How frank the confession!
Am I loved in return?
You've made an impression.
I care not for wealth,
Forgotten is Mammon.
'Tis thyself that I love.
Oh, pray stow your gammon!

March 8th, 1842.

CHORUS OF EDITORS AND SUBSCRIBERS.
Pray stow your gammon!

MISS H—T—N would convert our letter-box into a matrimonial agency office, by addressing Mr. Ledbury in the following absurd and amatory strain:—

TO MR. LEDBURY.

CHIEFTAIN of the gallopade,
And monarch of the mazy dance,
E'en now with Chassez and Glissade
I see thy graceful form advance.

My heart beats high with hope and joy;
I'm forced to have recourse to salts.
My happiness has no alloy
When I'm thy partner in the waltz.

Would Miss H. be kind enough to address herself in future directly to Mr. L.? His residence is 19, Cecil-street Strand; or, should he disappoint her hopes, *we* are charitably inclined, and may be met with every day, between the hours of 12 and 2, at the Bank of England.

TIMOTHEUS SACK has the audacity to address an insidious compliment to our beloved Judy.

9, Lombard-street, 12th March, 1842.

MRS. JUDITH PUNCH,—

Madam,—In our communication to our worthy friend Mr. PUNCH, last week, we omitted unintentionally to send our compliments to one so respected by us as your good self; we now hasten to supply the omission, and assure you of our hope that your shadow may never be less.

I remain, Madam, your most obedient servant,
Pro Messrs. Baggs, Bales, and Co.,
TIMOTHEUS SACK.

13, Wellington-street, Strand.

If Mr. TIMOTHEUS SACK write by the instructions of his employers, he will be good enough to tell them that we object to Mrs. P. receiving the wholesale advances of an entire firm.

W. G. (can these be the initials of the Oxon Professor of Poetry!) immortalises our pages and himself as follows:

SIR,—If the following few verses will suit your useful Miscellany, *by the insertion of them will oblige,* A CONSTANT READER, W. G.

ADDRESS TO A COBWEB.

STILL—still, ye little saucy web;
Thou dost keep flying o'er my head;
I wonder what thou dost up there,
Without first asking leave to flare,
Above my bed.

As lightly on thy tiny thread
Playfully thou dost swing thy head,
Which, not as man's, or other things,
But underneath thee it does swing—
Above my bed.

Much like unto a small bulrush,
Fast onward you thy way dost push;
But not from a dirty bog d'ye rise,
But from a ceiling slanting high—
Above my bed.

But if thy progress I don't check
Soon the room thou'lt mournfully deck;
But in that thou shalt not succeed;
So down ye little rascal, come—from
Above my bed.

And when thy crafty master come,
With some poor victim he has stung,
I don't doubt but away he'll run,
Never once again for to come
Above my bed.

March 8th, 1842. W. G.

We are afraid W. G. has made a slight mistake, and has written—"above his head" for "within ditto," as cobwebs are generally found in empty apartments.

G. H. T. thanks us for past favours; but he is so ungrateful as to send four pathetic stanzas which have nearly killed us with laughter. He says,

Sir,—Allow me to return you my sincere thanks for your kindness in inserting the "Exile's Lament;" although it was accompanied by one of your well-known witty remarks. But every one knows that Punch is a droll fellow.

We give the first verse with annotations:—

"THE RUINED CASTLE.

"Behold those moss-clad walls and learn,
A lesson of the past;"—
(Thank you, we have gone through our conjugations,)
"Which tells that all that's great and grand
Is fleeting, fleeting fast"
(Like Pickford's van on the railroad.)
"For where the high-born lady tripp'd,"
(Not a *faux pas*, we trust,)
"To breathe love's sacred vow,"
(Heigho!)
"Is desolate; and o'er each part
The ivy creepeth now."
Chorus—Bow, wow, wow.

ISAAC BROWNE favours us as under—

Sir,—I enclose you a few lines, containing, I think, a new idea in rhyme. The lines were written by me in the album of a young lady (now my wife) on being requested, with a most fascinating smile, to inscribe something original and new; and as she was one to whom I could refuse nothing, I was obliged to comply.

LINES TO C——.

Who can refuse so sweet a look,
'Twould make a hermit *write*;
'Twould make him quit each musty book,
And ev'ry sacred *rite*,
And force him from his lonely nook,
Though 'gainst his judgment *right*.

How, then, can hapless I expect
To 'scape the curbing *rein*?
In vain I struggle, and object
To own thy powerful *reign*;
Mine eyes with tears are still bedecked,
As cabbage-leaf with *rain*.

Still do I kiss that portrait sweet,
Which round my neck I *wear*;
Still do I seek with loving feet,
Those dewy pastures *where*
Thou trod'st before, and where thy fleet,
Yet gentle footsteps *were*.

A gentleman who could write, and the lady (now his wife) with the fascinating smile and the album, who could admire such bathos, must be extremely well matched.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

INTERESTING ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.

Some highly valuable documents, found in an antique chest of drawers, have just been brought to light in the bed-room of some furnished lodgings in Islington, which were formerly in the occupation of Mr. Jones, a gentleman who enjoyed a clerk's situation at a city house of some eminence. They consist of an interesting series of *washing bills*, chiefly headed "lists to be retained," apparently preserved for some length of time. Besides much valuable information we have gathered from them, respecting the domestic economy of Mr. Jones, it appears that the average price, both formerly and at present is, for washing a shirt, fourpence; for towels, one penny; and one penny a pair for socks. It furthermore appears the printed lists called Family Washing Books contain in general a long series of articles that nobody ever sends; that frequent annotations and additions are made with a pen and ink; and that the charge for mending bears an inverse ratio to the proportion of the number of the different things sent. From various marginal notes, in the actual handwriting of Mr. Jones, which prove that he spelt his name as is generally supposed, and are presumed to be addressed to the laundress, we find that washing-trousers with bone buttons ought not to go to the mangle, lest small triangular bits should be all that remain attached; and that too much starch is not desirable in shirt-collars if their edges happen to be at all serrated.

PUNCH'S MATRIMONIAL AGENCY.

We are daily receiving letters from young ladies in all parts of London and the country, complaining of the present most appalling state of proposal-destitution to which they are reduced. The various stories of distress in the philandering districts are literally fearful. A correspondent relates the case of one party of young ladies, who have subsisted without a single offer during the entire season; and it is feared that, should the present Government take no measures to alleviate this state of destitution, the fair sufferers will rise *en masse*, and marry all the existing bachelors by sheer force.

To meet this crisis, we have determined upon opening a matrimonial agency, with a society for protection against flirts; and in order that any young lady may make her *locale* known to any gentleman who has paid her more than ordinary attention, we have instituted a central office, where, in the fashion of shipping intelligence, every information will be afforded. The lists at present thus stand; and male coquets, after perusing them, will have no excuse for want of attention on the plea of not knowing the locality of their innamorata. We have, of course, appointed our Bryant the managing director. The interest he showed in the cause of the Valentines proved the amiability of his disposition; and his peculiar susceptibility eminently qualifies him to feel deep sympathy with his expected clients.

Young Ladies spoken with.

The Ellen Howard, of Bryanston-square, at Windsor, on the 21st inst., obliged to put into a pastrycook's shop during a sudden storm.

Cowes.—The Harriet de Vere ran on shore here this morning, with loss of sandal, from the Southampton steamboat, having been on board to wish her cousins good-bye, just as the last bell rang for starting.

The Alicia Hamilton, of Kensington, on the cliffs at Ramsgate, during a gale of wind; hair rather deranged, and parasol blown inside out.

The Fanny Lewis, of Hornsey, in great distress off the North Foreland, in the ladies' cabin of the *City of Boulogne*.

The Caroline Daventry, of Park Crescent, scudding with close-reefed topsails, in a gallopade at an evening party, in Gower-street.

Cleared outwards with cargo.

Several glass coaches, containing the young ladies of Mrs. Mindcrammer's establishment at Chiswick, with their luggage and tapestry-frames, bound to various parts of London for the Easter recess.

A travelling carriage, from Sir Henry Fairlove's, in Portman-square, with his three daughters inside, the governess and parrot on the box, and the ladies' maid in the rumble. Sir Henry says he is going abroad to educate his children; the world reports it is to retrench his expenses.

Cleared outwards for lading.

The Dowager Lady Bobbleton, with empty pockets, to the gaming-tables of the Conversations-haus, at Baden-Baden. N.B.—She takes her niece with her.

The institution has it in contemplation to give an uninterrupted series of balls during the season, at which a number of half-pay officers of stern and portly aspect will be engaged, for the express purpose of asking nervous young gentlemen their intentions, if they are seen flirting with any young lady who is a shareholder in the Agency.

Fancy Fairs will also be held weekly, and a very liberal supply of guinea pen-wipers, sovereign card-racks, ten-shilling perforated card sticking-plaster cases, and half-a-crown coloured paper nothings, will be provided for the stalls. Ladies paying a trifle extra will be accommodated with a tent lined with pink calico, for the sake of throwing a fascinating glow over the features; and when a lady is observed to be holding any very interesting conversation with a gentleman, proper persons will be appointed to prevent other would-be purchasers from intruding. Everybody inclined to argue upon the propriety of giving change for ten-pound notes will be immediately taken into custody by

Policeman K 9 (canine).

Dahlia Shows will also take place during the autumn, as everybody is aware of the incalculable benefit arising from pushing round the narrow passage of the marquees to see the flowers; and carriages and tickets will be provided, free of all expense, to take the subscribers to the *fêtes* at Chiswick. This arrangement is especially dwelt upon, as it is extremely easy for a young lady to "miss" her party in the crowd. From these meetings all single aunts, poor cousins, and confirmed old bachelors, will be scrupulously excluded; prettier younger sisters will also only be admitted under severe restrictions. And if there is a large family of girls, all single, this circumstance will be kept strictly private, as it alone often deters many a young gentleman from proposing to one of them, for fear he should at the same time *marry the whole family*, or be perpetually overdone by his wife's sisters coming "to stay a little time with her."

Our Bryant has leave of absence from the office for two hours every day to practise shooting, at twelve shots for eighteen-pence, in an adjacent pistol-gallery. He is at present rather nervous than otherwise, but hopes in a short time to have acquired sufficient aim and confidence to be appointed duellist to the Agency. His business will then be, when all other baits have failed, to frighten young men into proposing by assuming the character of an intimate friend of the young lady's family. He can already hit a wooden figure of Punch at six feet; and we have discovered that he despatched our boy the other evening, on the sly, to buy a sixpenny pair of false mustachios, which he intends to wear. He has already tried their intimidating effect upon the various ambassadors attached to the courts of Paternoster-row (who are sometimes very unruly in the office whilst waiting for numbers), and speaks well as to the result.

Garde à vous.

ON THE EARTHQUAKE THAT DIDN'T KEEP ITS APPOINTMENT.

Oh, *Doctor Dree*, and oh, *Doctor Dee!*
Your honour, it is but small,
For in spite of your prophecies full of woe,
The earthquake has turn'd out no go, and no
Very *great shakes* after all.

Moral.—For once two Doctors did agree—
You won't believe my song—
Two Doctors they did once agree,
Did *Doctor Dee* and *Doctor Dree*,
And then, Sir, they were wrong!

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY
ALONG THE COASTS OF THE RIVER THAMES;

BEING

THE NARRATIVE OF A PASSENGER IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH BY THE "TULIP" STEAM-BOAT, ON HER VOYAGE FROM LONDON-BRIDGE TO CHELSEA.

It was exactly twelve minutes to two on one of those bright afternoons which occur now and then in May that, a miserable victim to elephantiasis, I resolved on taking the advice of my medical friend (a chemist's shopman), who strongly recommended a voyage by water as a cure for my distressing malady. Having been from my boyhood a martyr to corns, it was not without some difficulty that I gained the shore, where the craft was lying which was to bear me far from my native hills (Snow and Fish-street); and as I passed by the Monument (the bristles on the top of which seemed sharply rebuking me for my desertion of the home of my childhood), my thoughts took the form of the following stanzas:—

STANZAS ON LEAVING HOME.

The struggle is over, the conflict is past,
From the home of my childhood I wander at last.
My features are haggard, my face it is wan,
And I hobble in search of lost health to the "Swan."
For there is the pier where the steam-boat is lying,
A voyage by which is to keep me from dying.
In favour of home, then, away with all biases,
The exile 's a martyr to elephantiasis.

I shall pass over the very painful occurrences that immediately preceded my embarkation—the payment of the fare and neglect to take a ticket, the treading on my corns by passengers hurrying off the boat while I was being hurried on, and several other ills which the "flesh" of invalids travelling in pursuit of health is naturally "heir to," and I beg of the reader to imagine me at length on board, sitting on the deck of the *Tulip*, with my back against the chimney, and my face immediately opposite the helmsman.

I have already said the afternoon was a bright one, and the scene was naturally too much for one of nerves so delicately strung as mine. A tear stole from my eye, sneaked along my cheek, and sidled into my mouth. The gallant old steersman evidently saw my emotion, for he put his finger to his nose, perhaps in mockery, as if to rally me on my lowness of spirits, while a playful wink at the captain—such a wink as a British tar only could give, and another British tar appreciate—brought me to a sense of what I was doing. I smothered my emotion as well as I could by blowing my nose, and prepared to enjoy, as well as my elephantiasis would permit me, the pleasures of the voyage.

On looking round upon my fellow-passengers, I felt that I was alone, for I knew n body, and now, for the first time, the utter desolation of my position began to burst upon me. I was a traveller on the waters of the world, with none—not even my charming

SAL-VOLATILE

to solace my sorrows or comfort me under the excruciating pangs which an obstinate sneezing-fit began to occasion me. Once I thought a stranger looked smilingly upon me; but was it benevolence or ridicule? I thought it was the latter, and looked another way. Perhaps I was wrong—but such is life! The stranger left us at Blackfriars, and gave a look at me that I shall never forget; but whether it expressed pity for my evident sufferings, or contempt for me altogether, I have from that day to this never been able to persuade myself.

But away with gloomy reflections. We are at Blackfriars, formerly the site of a monastery where the friars were black, from whom, no doubt, are descended those sombre beings in fan-tailed hats and black faces, who to this day abound in the neighbourhood. The black friars were a venerable order of men who dwelt in sackcloth and ashes, while their descendants still carry the sack as an emblem of their origin; while another section of the same ancient order go round collecting from house to house the ashes that their holy predecessors used to revel in. The superior of the modern order, though not retaining the name of a black friar, is called "Dark," and his name is inscribed on the heavy vehicles —something like Roman war-chariots—in which the ashes are conveyed after having been collected in large baskets by the humbler brethren of this venerable fraternity. The black friars used to be summoned to matins by a bell, and this was until very lately the peculiar badge of their successors. The monkish cowl is still preserved in the modern fan-tailed hat, which hangs to this day over the shoulders of the brethren in the same manner that the cowl did formerly. Another remnant of the monastic garment may be traced in the coarse serge of which their jackets are composed; and indeed it is wonderful to observe how much of the black friar may still be recognised in the modern dustman or coalheaver.

We put in at Blackfriars to take in a few passengers, and in floating under the arch of the bridge our chimney was lowered in gallant style by a boy, who seems to be a sort of mouthpiece to the Captain. It is curious to observe the dignified silence with which the business of directing the vessel's course is conducted by the Commander, who stands during nearly the whole of the voyage,

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW,

upon the paddle-box. The bravery of the gallant fellow elicited my warmest admiration. During all the concussions, and there were several, that our craft encountered, the Captain never moved a muscle of his tough and smoke-dried countenance. He appeared to forget there was such a thing as danger, and though several times jerked from one side to the other, he never for an instant wholly lost his balance. Perhaps there never was a finer exhibition of presence of mind and nautical skill than this gallant *fellow* displayed at Hungerford. There was the *Anthracite* letting off its steam with a frightful noise at our larboard, the *Daylight* was smashing in through our cabin-windows, and our head had got most awkwardly under the stern of the *Bachelor*—the *Thunder* had clapped itself right across our bows, and the *Lightning* had been so ill-conducted as to dart with a terrific shock into our paddle-box; but amid all this confusion, the valiant fellow who commands the *Tulip* never left the post of duty. With steam fizzing in his ear, smoke rolling in his eye, chimneys falling under his nose, masts crashing above his head, and the very paddle-box on which he stood smashing beneath his feet, he thought only of his vessel; and calling on his crew to "*Ease her*," seemed to imply that if *she* only were *eased*, the hardness of *his own* case would have been a matter of the most utter indifference. Never shall I forget that man at that moment!

When the danger was passed I sprang towards him, and without uttering a word—for my feelings on the occasion would not allow me—I offered him a pinch of snuff. The noble fellow shook his head, but I could see that he understood me thoroughly.

(*To be continued.*)

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. I.—THE WAITING-ROOM OF THE IRON STEAM-BOAT COMPANY WATERLOO-BRIDGE PIER.

In commencing our descriptions of London Interiors we cannot do better than select the structure whose name stands at the head of this column. And as we shall always attempt to illustrate some national custom or interesting ceremony, we have chosen as a subject for our artist the very common custom of arriving at the waiting-room just in time to see the boat start, followed by the highly interesting ceremony of sitting down quietly to wait for the arrival of the next in half an hour afterwards.

The waiting-room is a small irregular building, raised on the foundations of an ancient coal barge, which is firmly deposited in six inches of thick mud at low tide, and floats majestically in about three feet of dirty water when the river is at the highest. An antiquated anchor, attached to a rusty chain, the date of which we have no means of knowing, secures the craft on one side, while on the other there is just sufficient rope to allow the barge to comfortably hang herself.

On descending the steps on the north side of Waterloo Bridge, the first thing that strikes you is the money-taker's box, which, from its awkward position, everybody is sure to run against. Having recovered from the first feeling of surprise, the passenger begins to look about him; but as there is a sharp and sudden descent, of which he is not aware, he finds himself skipping along the wooden platform at a much brisker rate than his ordinary pace, when not under the influence of an unexpected impetus. It is now probable that the intended voyager will see the steam-boat alongside; and while the captain is calling him forward, the money-taker will be calling him back, while he in the confusion will dart along the wrong barge, and,

amid the confused shouts of "Let go," "Pay here, sir," "Shove her astern," "Take a check," "Go on a-head," "You're too late, old chap," and a shout of laughter from the passengers and crew, it is probable that the gentleman alluded to under the figurative title of "old chap" will retire towards the box of the money-taker—a structure which, as it is part of the *coup-d'œil* (or cut in the eye) to be met with on the spot, we shall give a brief description of.

The money-taker's box is not in the style of Wren; but taking a bird's-eye view of the architecture of the place reminds us of the houses of pigeon, or pigeon-houses, of which there are some fine specimens in many parts of the kingdom. The building is sufficiently capacious to enable a short individual to get in, but the architect does not appear to have allowed for an occasional inclination to turn round and get out again. The roof, which is somewhat in the form of a cone, will allow a short person to stand up, if he keeps his head with mathematical precision exactly in the centre. Taller individuals find it more convenient to rest their chests on the little door which runs half way up the building, and to place their heads outside, so that those taking an ascending direction are pretty sure to meet those of individuals coming hastily round the corner, and they are thus reminded of the necessity for taking a check and paying the fare at the money-taker's station.

We now come to the waiting-room itself, which is an irregular building, of greater length than breadth, having an opening at one end to let people in, and an opening at the other end to let people out again. The walls are of solid half-inch deal, nailed stoutly together, and painted after designs by a plumber and glazier in the neighbourhood.

The exterior is of a delicate slate colour, picked out with the concussions of steamers, and filled in again with putty. But it is the interior to which our description particularly refers, and to this we will confine ourselves, as we have often done in a shower of rain. On one side is a bench, and as the building is necessarily dark, the person who enters, catching a glimpse of people sitting down closely together on one side, will naturally go to sit down on the other, but as there is no accommodations, the result is often awkward. As far as the eye can reach, which is about one yard at each end (for there is no window, and the light is admitted by the openings at the two extremities), are instructive and amusing documents announcing the fares, the stations, and the hours of starting of the steamboats of the company. Until very recently there was a bill of Vauxhall-Gardens, but the destructive spirit of renovation has besmeared it over with whitewash. The curious in these matters can, however, still trace many of the words beneath the unseemly coating.

The waiting-room has a very curious roof, peculiarly adapted to ventilation, and is constructed on hydropathic principles, for it allows in rainy weather a constant supply of cold water to the frequenters of the building. The wholesome fluid is liberally laid on not only to the head and the feet, but there is always a copious pool on the little bench for the purpose of sitting in.

The waiting-room is said to have cost five-pound-ten in building; and though comparatively of recent construction, it has all the beauties of the antique school, for it is tumbling to pieces as fast as possible.

PUNCH'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

I.

Introductory.

Come along, old fellow; follow me, as a friend, from the midnight streets:
Leave awhile the cold and muddy Strand, to loiter in the tavern of the Coal-Hole.
Come into this quiet box, with hot-water in a batter'd pewter jug
Over whose beer-stain'd table are strewn many particles of crust;
Here, upon this wooden peg, hang up thy hat and Chesterfield,
Order a pint of stout, or go of grog, and rest for half-an-hour.

A PLATED WAITER.

Behold! I would stop a short time in this buzzing crowd of visitors,
Though wrapp'd up in a Mackintosh, yet are the seams and pockets pervious;
But into the foam of this goodly glass I dip my beak,
And receive its contents as nectar; yet the tap is Barclay's.
Under its cheerful influence I shall, before long, get loquacious,
And mingle the fashion of my speech with froth-built snatches of philosophy!

II.

Of Gifts.

I had a seeming friend:—I gave him a licking—he was gone:
I had an open enemy:—I stood a pint—and won him!
Common friends require presents;—monkeys, more kicks than halfpence;
But the scorn of any one melteth at a barrel of Quin's oysters.
A foe may get spiteful, and incline to call thee a humbug,
But send him a turbot, and he saith,—"He is a good fellow, after all!"

Policemen will not oft refuse a drain, if absent the inspector;
And policemen's friendship should be courted in the event of rows.
The larker, held by the collar, may be released by half-a-crown,
And thy own bed is better than the stone sofas of a station-house,
Or, being James Edwards, compell'd to call thyself John Brown.
There is not one crusher who is proof against the waistcoat pocket;
And the same font of happiness hath even power over reporters.

I saw a beggar in St. Giles's, and another beggar punch'd his head,
For the first had collected more coppers at his crossing than the other;
His broom fell into the mud, and he swore an oath.
Anon a baked potatoe man came up, with a high-pressure can,
And gave him of his store: the first beggar was grateful;
He, poor stricken cadger, pick'd up his broom with a curse,
And, turning to the potatoe man, ask'd what he would take to drink.—

DUBLIN STOUT.

And so the sprat had been set, and the herring had been caught!

Do you smoke?—Not exactly, but our kitchen chimney does confoundedly.

"Away, thou troublest me; I'm not i' the vein," as the timid student said to the nurse when he bled his first patient.

Do you run fast?—Not exactly, but we've an old water-butt that does, uncommon.

THE INCOME INQUISITION.

DOUBTLESS the Inquisition of Spain was a terrible institution, but nothing to the Income-tax of Sir Robert Peel. It must have been sufficiently disagreeable to have one's legs and arms stretched upon the rack—with nippers now and then biting one's flesh; the whole to conclude with an *auto da fé*,—the principal performer to be supplied at our own physical cost. All this must have been very inconvenient to heretical tradesmen and others of Catholic Spain—but all as nothing to the institution about to be established by the Premier, for the coercion of English shopkeepers. What is straining and snapping a muscle or two, to the desecration of a man's purse-strings! What the finger of the surgeon on the pulse of the sufferer, to learn what greater degree of torture the victim will bear—to the ruthless handof the Income Commissioner, turning over the sheets of the ledger to learn the fiscal strength of the tradesman! What's bleeding to death at once for some fantastic heresy—to being continually bled for Sir Robert's sevenpence? Speculative philosophers have declared the soul of man to be placed in the pineal gland. Men of the world know better: the true home of the soul is—the breeches' pocket!

The Income-tax is a prying, meddlesome tax; a scoundrel busybody, poking his nose into every man's concerns, and with a lamentable ignorance of the first principles of social life, destroying a deceit that civilisation has made as necessary to the decent people of this world as their coats or nether garments. As things are at present, a man without a shilling shall trade upon the simplicity of his fellows; shall have "a bold and swashing outside" upon credit, and by the very fiction of appearance, carry on a life of successful imposition. Who shall say he is not a creature of ingots? Alas! hereupon comes Income-tax, and in the market-place publishes the said outside adventurer to be a man of chaff—a thing of straw! This is evidently a great wrong done to that commercial spirit of the country which, possessing nothing, realises upon the duplicity of others a considerable profit by its stock in hand!

The Income-tax is inquisitorial! In consequence of its operation, every man must inevitably have some knowledge of the true means of his neighbour. Why, if society were regulated by just principles—if honesty, and nought but honesty, traded in the market—bartered in the warehouse, and sold behind the counter—a man would no more seek to mask his means from the world than he now seeks to mask his face. We suspect that the cry against the inquisitorial nature of the Income-tax is raised chiefly by those persons who, on being searched—with all their outside promise—will be found to have nothing upon them!

We all of us profess ourselves Christians. Yet—(we have in a previous article touched upon the theme)—what a social revolution, if for one week only, London—mercantile, moral London—were regulated by purely Christian principles! We all of us repudiate the charge of social hypocrisy—we deny with uplifted hands the accusation of the slanderer, who would insinuate that our whole trading life is a long deceit—an acted duplicity to deceive the world about us,—and yet we raise our voices, and clamour about the wrong that would test the purity of our motives, the truth of our assertions. On this principle, hypocrisy is the tutelar spirit of society—the foundations of all cities are lies.

Was it not Momus who would have had man with a window in his breast, that his fellow-men might at a glance see all that was passing therein! Now, if it were possible, on a petition to Jupiter, to have all men so constructed, and the petition lay, for instance, at Exeter Hall for signatures, how many of the oldest and purest visitors to that tabernacle of benevolence would be found to write their names upon the sheepskin? We will take a grand day; a day on which are assembled meek, good, pious, charitable men, with their wives, their sons, and their daughters. How many of such folks—if you will only take their self-valuation—are speckless as ermine; in whose bosoms reside all that is pure, and gracious, and gentle—would vote for the pane of glass, that the treasure might be exhibited? How many, with an angel of goodness in their breast, would choose to have the much-vaunted angel *glazed*? No, on a show of hands, we do not for an instant doubt that the pane of glass would be voted very inconvenient—extremely inquisitorial!

What Momus would have done for the breasts of men, our mirthful Premier would do for their breeches' pockets. Whereupon Jenkins, who has long had the reputation of wealth, refuses to let men have the most passing glance at his property. His pocket is bursting—plethoric with bank-paper; but that's his business: he's above the vanity of wishing to show it. He'll have no plate-glass let into his kerseymere—'twould be so very inquisitorial!

The debates on the Income Tax have produced the publication of some odd theories. It is not often that we differ with Mr. Charles Buller. He is, for the most part, a straightforward, practical man; but he has on the present matter shown some odd notions of the philosophy of taxation. For instance, he would have men juggled out of their money without knowing by what process, and with also a perfect ignorance of the amount of money they pay. "For he must say it did appear to him a very unwise thing in a country where so large a portion of every man's income was taken from him for public purposes, to let each individual *know the exact amount of his contribution*."

In some countries where a large quantity of blood is taken from the inhabitants, the vital principle is so adroitly subtracted whilst the sufferers are asleep, that they know not the "exact" number of ounces they have lost, but—and the knowledge is doubtless sufficient—only know themselves weak, enervated, unfit for labour. The vampire-bat is the tax-gatherer on these occasions. For we are told that the creature in the silence of night fixes itself upon the toes of the sleeper, and drinks and drinks its greedy draughts of blood; and while it drinks, benevolently fans its victim with its wings, and so the sleeper—*i. e.* the tax-payer—sleeps on, until the vampire is gorged; and then the creature goes away, leaving the man in perfect ignorance of the amount of income he has in his slumber subscribed. Now this is the sort of tax-gatherer proposed by Mr. Charles Buller. Doctor Peel, however, says, "No; I want so many ounces of blood from every man, according to his capabilities of losing the same: I will take them, weigh them fairly, so hold out your arm, and—where's the basin?"

Mr. Charles Buller also observes in favour of indirect taxation—

"It was paid by the tradesman you dealt with, being virtually charged in the bills—prices, too, varying much more from other causes than the amount imposed by taxes (at least, except in the cases of sugar, tobacco, tea, &c.)—so that when the price of an article rose, and you complained, you were convinced that 'it could not be owing to the tax, which had remained stationary; and the rise of price being besides far greater than the amount perhaps of the tax, you would naturally complain probably of your tradesmen, and say, 'What a cheat that butcher is!' (a laugh), but you would never complain of the Government on account of such casual rises in price."

But wherefore blame the "butcher?" When the Government bleeds us, why place our loss of blood to the man of carcases? Why blame honest Knucklebone, when we should denounce the vampire-bat of a Minister? Q.

SIBTHORP'S SYMPATHIES.

There are many rumours abroad respecting Sir Robert Peel and Colonel Sibthorp. Some folks declare that the Premier, imitating *Prince Hal* with *Falstaff*, has, without knowing it, given the member for Lincoln "medicines to make him love him." It is plain—plain as the Colonel's face—that some witchery, some potent conjuration, has been unwittingly exercised by Peel, that works incessantly upon the gallant legislator. How the Colonel lets fall his eloquent jaw, as though hungering for the pearls continually dropping from the Premier! How his eyes sparkle, and his whole anatomy sublimates, when Sir Robert rises; and with what impetuous force he pours forth the lava of his eloquence, scorching into cinders the hapless Lord Russell, denouncing him as one "obliged to stick to a tail for the want of a head," and then warbling forth praises of Sir Robert as "manly—upright—immaculate—magnificent,"—Sir Robert all the while wincing under the melodious tongue of the Colonel as though it was a currycomb! A few nights since, on the Committee of Ways and Means, the anguish of Sir Robert Peel beneath the Colonel's eulogy seemed intolerable. He reminded us of the suffering of the *Clown* as promised by *Autolycus*; a hapless creature "smeared with honey," and then set over a wasp's nest. We understand that Sir Robert, in despair, has offered any sum of money to whomsoever

will relieve him of the admiration of the Colonel. Happily it is, we think, in our power to assist him.

We have discovered that the very day on which the Colonel came into the world, a favourite she-ass of the family (these coincidences are curious) gave birth to a remarkably fine foal. The baby Colonel and the assling were soon inseparable; the sympathy between them grew with their growth. Wherever you sought the future Colonel, there you were certain to find the ass. Indeed, the jackass ate of the Colonel's apple, drank of his porridge, and was to him in every respect "as a brother." The Colonel was in due time called to the wars; yet wherever he went, he failed not to show the greatest anxiety for the safety and comfort of what he considered to be the most promising ass of the family.

ABOVE THE COMMON RANK.

We regret to say that this tenderness on the part of our Colonel was not felt at home, and the ass passed into the hands of strangers. Every attempt of the Colonel to trace the whereabout of his early friend and companion proved fruitless. However, that Colonel SIBTHORP has never forgotten the ass, is sufficiently evident from all his speeches, both in and out of Parliament.

On the day of the opening of the present session Sir ROBERT PEEL —ever anxious to encourage the manufactures of his country—purchased, for eighteenpence, of a Jew in Parliament-street, a pocket-book bound in green morocco. Placing the purchase in his poke, Sir ROBERT bent his way to the House of Commons. He had scarcely reached the lobby, when SIBTHORP, as though touched by some magic influence, rushed into the arms of the premier, who from that time has never been able wholly to relieve himself of the caresses of the Colonel. It has long been evident to every one that the member for Lincoln is suffering under some strange, some powerful fascination. We have discovered the cause. *The Pocket-Book!* In the article sold by the Jew to Sir ROBERT are sundry leaves of ass's skin; yea, leaves of the very hide that covered the early friend and companion of Colonel SIBTHORP; and such is the power of sympathy (let the unbelieving read Sir KENELM DIGBY to be enlightened), that the member for Lincoln yearns towards the cuticle as though it were a part of him: and let Sir ROBERT PEEL be assured of this—when he has relieved himself of every vestige of the jackass, he may then escape the admiration of Colonel SIBTHORP—and not *till then!*

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR letters have arrived from Madrid, but not having the amount of the postage in our pockets they remain for the present in the hands of the Government.

We have again to complain of the interference of the authorities with our estafette, which was stopped as usual in the most vexatious manner at the Marsh-gate, though the cab by which our Courier travels had already paid the toll at the York-road frontier; our despatches were consequently delayed at least five minutes: and it was not until the ticket had been taken down with the most uncourteous violence from the hat of the guide, and subjected to an unnecessarily close inspection, that our Courier was allowed to proceed upon his journey. This is the forty-second time that the same thing has occurred, and we trust that the matter will be taken notice of in the proper quarter. The toll contractors are men of liberal sentiments, and cannot surely be interested in impeding the traffic over-land through the Marsh, or cutting off the communication between the southern and eastern districts.

THE LEVEE.

SIR JAMES GRAHAM on his having discovered a short and direct passage from Whiggism to Toryism.

Mr. MUNTZ, on his recovery from his late severe attack of enlargement of the whiskers.

The Editor of the *Courier*, on an increase of one in the circulation of his paper.

Mr. BARON NATHAN, on his having danced *the* hornpipe amongst *the* eggs without breaking any.

Fashions for April.

DURING the early part of the month silks will be watered, particularly on rainy days, and bonnets will be trimmed with drops, which when the sun shines upon them will have a very light and graceful appearance.

The customary colour for boots will be a very light brown; and coats of the same will be much seen on the road to the races. After the turn of Easter white trousers will be a good deal met with; and on Sundays they will be extremely general. The greater number of them will be the same as last year, but considerably shorter in the leg, and much tighter. Straps will be a few inches longer than they were at Easter last, and there will be an extensive gap between the hem of the trouser and the top of the highlow, so as to show a good deal of the stocking. Yellow waistcoats ruled with black lines will be much seen for a few days, but will probably disappear after the holidays.

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.

No. I.—JOSEPH FANTAIL, ESQUIRE.

THE elegant attire and brilliant manners of the above illustrious individual point him out as considerably the most dusty of his knight companions of the cart and ladder.

To trace the genealogy and early history of a gentleman who may be said to throw a lustre over his family, would, even if his parentage could be traced—which it cannot—be a useless task. It must suffice, then, that Mr. Fantail first attracted public attention in Russell Square and the adjacent streets, where, by the stentorian tones of his voice, the melodious creak of his barrow, and the excellent quality of his hearth-stones, he deprived his professional rivals of the smiles and custom of the servant-maids.

A slight breach of hospitality into which Mr. F. was betrayed, at the bottom of some area steps, and near to which some family plate was most reprehensibly exposed, obliged him to withdraw into the country, and Brixton was chosen for his retirement. There he acquired a habit of making an unvarying tour, and of treading, as it were, on the same steps, day after day, for three entire months; by which time the éclat of his indiscretion having blown over, he returned to town.

Having always evinced a remarkable predilection for the sporting world, Mr. Fantail next took to the turf; but his donkey dying, and the price of coals suddenly falling, his speculations therein proved extremely unfortunate. Hence he was driven to the necessity of taking office under

the contractorship of Messrs. Johnston and Brice, and so efficiently did he discharge his duties, that for a considerable period he bore the bell—a pre-eminence he maintained till the introduction of the Police Act.

Mr. Fantail is unmarried; and it is understood that he has frequently expressed an aversion to the happy state of wedlock. Indeed, his gentlemanly taste for expense, and the clubs (of four of which he is a member, having just been elected to the "Jolly Cocks"), together with his predilection for the intellectual amusements of skittles, put, and dominoes, into which he largely enters—would withdraw him too frequently from the domestic circle. Nor has he made an unreasonable choice of a single life. Last season he tried the experiment of forming an establishment, and took a lady, to whom he had been long attached, as his housekeeper; but although the situation—Saffron Hill—was undeniable, yet the near neighbourhood of a beer-shop materially affected the health of the lady, and Mr. Fantail fell into difficulties in consequence. Being implicated in an unfortunate transaction with his friend Conkey Bill, Esquire, his creditors became pressing—executions poured in—his establishment was broken up, brought to the hammer (see advertisement in our last number),

TAKING IN SAIL.

and Mr. Fantail, in order to retrench his expenditure, accepted of the apartments which had been considerately selected for him, in the forty-shilling ward, at the County of Middlesex Hotel, Whitecross Street, Cripplegate, where he still resides.

A snowball in this town, t'other day, speaking of his master's two horses, informed a brother nigger that "neider so like bote dat's twite unpossible to tell toder from which."

TO MISS LOO CONOWAY, ON SEEING HER AT NORWOOD, ABOUT TO HAVE HER FORTUNE TOLD.*

Don't cut the cards, for that fashion is gone away
Of telling one's fortunes, my pretty Loo Conoway;
Pitch Zadkiel and Co. to the Lady of Babylon,
Take luck as it comes, let them chatter and gabble on,
Whether many more winters are granted by Jupiter,
Or if this be the last one to hoist up your Blue Peter.
Which roaring away, in by no means the dumbest tone,
Dashes Tuscany's waves on her mountains of pumice-stone.
Toss off your liquor, and that *brevi spatio.*†

COLD WITHOUT.

Short is our time; you may trust old Horatio.'
Even as we speak, of Time's chalks we have cross'd a row;
So stick to to-day—be not *credula postero.*

---

* This little poem will be found to bear some similarity to the eleventh ode of the first book of Horace, which is addressed to a young lady of the same name, only differently spelt, viz., Leuconoe, which runs as follows:—

AD LEUCONOEN.

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas! quem mihi, quem tibi,
Finem di dederint, Leuconoë; neu Babylonios
Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquit erit, pati!
Seu plures hyemes, seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,
Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare
Tyrrhenum, sapias, vina liques, et spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas. Carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.

† As the lines are at present pointed, they will not exactly bear this translation; but it is far more poetical to advise the lady to toss off the glass at once, than to tell her that she is doomed to but a brief space of life. The haste with which it is recommended her to seize rather the goods the gods provide, is of itself a sufficient hint that she has no time to lose.

THE SPEECH OF THE SESSION.

[PARLIAMENT is up; the Corn has been most diligently thrashed, though it is not yet housed. The quantity of chaff has been enormous; and of late it was very hard to find an ear. In going over the field, the best thing we could glean is the following, which we present in the most *ruthful* fashion to our readers.]

I.

THE Speaker was lying aslcep in the chair,
The Treasury benches were barren and bare;
In the ranks of the Whigs you would scarce count a score,
And both sides enjoy'd a unanimous snore.
No wonder at this—it was two in the morn!
And the House had twelve nights been a-grinding on Corn,
When a voice cried in thunder, "Good people awake!"
And they roused to the shout of Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

II.

"Mr. Spaker, you see how that hour after hour
We've been blazing away about Corn and its flour,
And the divil a man had a word yet to say to
That flower of all flowers—don't I mane the potato?
There's nothing but bread to be got out of whate,
But potatoes will serve for bread, whisky, and mate!
In Ireland 'tis found so, and dev'l a mistake—'
I give you the word of Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

III.

"My grandfather once kept an echo; O hone!
With the other estates it is sould off and gone:
Every morning he'd ask her—'Well, how do you do?'
And she'd answer—'Quite bobbish, Sir Pat—how are you?'

DRAWING THE LONG BEAU.

If I ask'd her—'Where now is the gim of the say?'
In a huff she'd cry out—'Get you down to your tay:
Don't you know 'tis ould Ireland?—and that for the sake
Of the maly potato—Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.'

IV.

"Where's the hoighth of good spaking?—I lave it to *that*—
Who tumble down tropes and upset figures flat?—
'Tis ourselves—the ould Irish—they fed us in youth
With the flowery potatoes beflowering our tooth,
So the flowers of ould Roth'ric are ours—ours alone—
And, sure, we may do what we like with our own.
'Tis no matter how here you may think we can spake,
Go hear us at home," said Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

V.

"The Castle of Blarney—oh, many a kiss
Have I stolen from its stone for wife, widow, and Miss:
And I bathed in the Shannon, no blush can you trace,
Or any one else, on the hide of my face.
But unless on potatoes you always will live,
No virtue the stone, or the river can give;
And your second-hand blarney an't worth half a shake:—
So stick close to the food of Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

VI.

"There was Lord Castlereagh, who, as well as his wife,
Was as handsome a man as you'd see in your life;
But no babbies they had, and it plagued him full sore
When he saw a poor woman with brats half a score.
'Could you tell me,' said he, 'how you got them, good dame?'
Norry curtsied, and said, 'Tis the pratics we blame.'
'My lord,' whisper'd my lady, 'our dinner we'll make
On potatoes:'"—said (winking) Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

VII.

"So here put an end to this bother and botch—
Leave barley to brewers, and oats to the Scotch;
Let wheat on its scale go to skate and to slide;
Would you please all your men, and your women beside?
A potato-ground make of ould Salisbury Plain,
And with corn I am sure you wont set it again.
So having concluded, my bow I will make—
Mr. Spaker, your health!"—said Sir VALENTINE BLAKE.

THE TWELFTH ODE OF THE THIRD BOOK OF HORACE,

TRANSLATED SO AS TO ASSIST YOUNG STUDENTS IN PROSODY.

I.

Ladies fairest,
Miserar' est
Shocking story!
Nequ' amori
Dare ludum,
None have woo'd 'em.
With a pulse high—
Neque dulci
Mala vino
Bright and fine-O
Nor with stout-X
Lavere, aut ex—
—animari,
Like old Harry
Metuentes
Snubs in twenties,
Sour of savour,
Patruæ' ver—
—bera linguæ
In the sting-way.

II.

Tibi qualum—
('Tis a stale hum)
Cythereæ,
Rascal gay, he
Winged for sail is
Puer ales
Foe to thee, lass
Tibi telas
As well knows he
Operosæ—
—que Minervæ,
Treatment scurvy
Studi' aufert
Naught else proffered
Pretty fooly
Neobule,
Liparæi
From the sea high
Filled with *débris*
Nitor Hebri.

III.

Without trunk'd hose
Simul unctos
Bright the shine is,
Tiberinis
Where his clothes lay
Humerós la—
—vit in undis
And he sunn'd is.
Eques ipso
(Though his trip so
Iliads warble)
Meliór Bel—
—lerophonte
By my sonty;
Neque pugno
By his mug know
There's a peg nigh
Neque segni
Pede victus
How he kicked us

IV.

If we tried him.
Catus idem
Per apertum
Where they start 'em
Fugientes
Roused in plenties
At a rate-O
Agitato
Nothing nervous
Grege cervos
Jacular' et
Never spare it.
On his tall toe
Celer, alto
Latitantem
Should he slant him
On what pretex'
Fruticet' ex-
—ciper' aprum
How he'd caper 'em.

JAM SATIS; OR, FOUND TRESPASSING ON THESE PRESERVES.

THE NEW TARIFF.

We have been "

RIVETED TO THE TALE

of the new Tariff, and having pondered over each of the 1,200 items comprised in it, we feel ourselves called upon to make the following observations:—

The first class includes articles of daily food, and oddly enough begins with asses, which shows that the Premier has an intimate knowledge of all the vast ramifications and intricate bearings of the home trade in sausages. The public in general would as soon think of eating their own species as of feeding on the flesh of donkeys—at least if they were aware of it; but the perfection to which the art of *charcuterie* is carried in this country renders the easy admission of asses as an article of food a real boon to pork-butchers.

It will be seen that hogs are to be admitted at about the same rate as they are to certain tavern ordinaries, namely, half-a-crown a head, while there is to be a duty upon foreign swine of five shillings, which as it is often more than they are worth, will have the effect of excluding a large portion of those outlandish hogs that are at present allowed to wander at large about the public thoroughfares. A very nice question is likely to arise upon the admission of sucking-pigs, for as the language of the tariff is rather concise, it has been doubted whether young pigs can really claim to be admitted as sucking unless attended by their mothers, and whether the junior branches of a swinish family entering our ports by themselves, will be looked upon as entitled to claim the advantage of the shilling duty. Perhaps an attempt will be made to wean them at the wharfs, and the mothers may return to bring back more of their offspring. We shall, however, quit this subject, for we understand it will be brought forward in the House by Mr. Hogg, the Member for Beverley.

In casting our eye along that portion of the new tariff which relates to fish, we are a little indignant at finding that the humbler classes are not to be considered, for while lobsters are to walk unmolested through the Custom-house, and our ports are to be thrown wide open to the lively turtle, the humble whelk and unassuming periwinkle—those luxuries in which the lower orders voraciously indulge—are to remain subjected to the same fiscal pressure that at present limits the supply of them. If the oyster is to pass the Custom-house without being bearded by the authorities, if the lobster is to enjoy the enfranchising clause of the tariff, why in the name of justice shall the whelk not be permitted to come in—a free and unfettered fish—with the other children of the deep, to the British sea-ports!

It is worthy of notice that among articles now prohibited *caviare* is to be allowed to come in at such a rate as will have the effect of securing "caviare to the general." Peel, when preserved, is to be let in easy; but, as Peel seems likely to be very soon pickled, and no longer preserved, we presume that this horribly unproductive article will very soon be out again. We regret to see a sad partiality displayed in that part of the new scheme which relates to woods: for, while white wood, or *lignum whitey*, is to pay 10*s.* a load, black wood, or *lignum blackey*, commonly called ebony, is to be liable to a tax of only 3*s.*, owing, no doubt, to the obligations the ministerial party are under to a certain magazine which we forbear from mentioning. The duty on brass is to remain very high, which can hardly be wondered at, when it is remembered how strongly interested Sir Robert Peel must be in keeping up the price of the article.

It is with a feeling of sincere gratitude that we thank the premier for his liberality with regard to buttons, which will henceforth pay only half their present duty; and the boon will no doubt be felt by every boy throughout the land: and a wide field will be opened for the extension of the popular games of "shove in the hole," and

TOSSING THE PIEMAN,

to gladden the hearts of the youthful sons of the British empire. We anticipate the best results from this wise liberality, and among other excellent effects will be the checking of that reckless practice which now prevails of stripping the jacket of its buttons for the sake of indulgence in the pastimes alluded to. It will also considerably benefit the better classes, who, instead of covering the jackets of their pages with buttons only in front, may in future load them with the same ornaments all over the back, thus rendering the costume most literally uniform.

We may probably return next week to the remaining portion of the tariff.

"Change for half-a-crown," as Henry VIII. said when he cut off the head of his first wife and married the second.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

SUFFOLK-STREET GALLERY.

We (*i. e.* Judy and I) paid a visit on Monday last to this institution. Having been engaged on the day appointed for the private view in affording a treat to a fashionable and select company adjoining the iron railings in Leicester-square, we were prevented giving an earlier notice. No one free from prejudice and bile will deny that this is the best exhibition as a whole that the Society of British Artists have ever produced. Whilst looking at the present collection to deduce an opinion of advancement or retrogradation, we endeavoured to call to mind those that have been. We have no longer the parsley-and-butter productions of Glover, nor the act-drop from the theatre in Goodman's-fields, which was wont to be shown here from season to season under the imposing title of "A Grecian City in an Uproar," or "The Fall of Carthage at Sun-rise," by Mr. Linder, or some such name that has passed our recollection, and not worth the trouble of groping in the darkness of obscurity for. Stanfield, too, has returned to scene-painting, with a greedy appetite for the applause and the tin which Tomkins and Marshall would otherwise have kept to themselves; and Roberts, with his chalk and coffee receipts to make pretty pictures, has ceded to the more vigorous and less meretricious pencils of younger hands; whilst Wilson, the father of modern marine painters, remains still to educe a fresh host of pupils; and Hurlstone, the English Murillo, is stanch against the beckonings and invitations of the Royal Academy, preferring the virtue of a plain name to the paltry tinsel appendages to be gained by leaving those who first drew public attention to his qualities.

We look to the place of the departed dummies, and we have the undeniably first-rate landscapes by Pyne, Tennant, and others—the bold conceits and masterly executions of Zeitter—the poetic illustrations and luscious colour of Woolmer—the Hogarthian humour of Prentis, and in addition to these the varied excellences of names too numerous and totally unnecessary to resort to in furtherance of our assertions. How then do we grieve to find that any one of our contemporaries—any one of those who like ourselves come out to enlighten and amuse the folks who magnanimously throw down their halfpence for our exertions, should so far forget the dignity of their calling, as to allow private pique and consequent malice to guide their observations upon matters connected with the well-being of a meritorious body of men. What is the "Morning Post" in comparison with Punch?—common—very common. Punch is in such general request that he cannot show himself in one place more than once a week; whereas, the young lady in spangled muslin and stilts goes her rounds every morning to the same few who enjoy her hops and staggers, to the sound dialogue and action of our immortal self and company; fie upon you, minx! Ask not the loan of one bang from our drum, or half a tune from our pandean pipe, till you show more common decency. But to our business, which, as we have no intention herein to attempt an essay on art, will be, according to the best of our judgment, to call the attention of the visitor to those works which have made the greatest impression on our memory, not but that upon a single visit it is more than probable that many, equally deserving commendation, have escaped our notice. Go, then, judge if our opinions be correct or not; and as Messrs. Pekoe and Souchong tersely say—"one trial will prove the fact."

No. 167, Unprofitable Gossip: J. Tennant.—Holds one of the principal situations in the large room, and deservedly so. It is a warm rich sunny landscape, with figures and cattle well grouped and executed.

No. 240, Going to the Affair: J. F. Herring, sen.—A picture full of interesting matter; groups of cattle interspersed here and there by a roadside, with two or three horses in the foreground, forming the main features of the subject, painted in the artist's well-known style.

No. 117. At Etretat, on the coast of Normandy, with a brig coming ashore; stormy sunset: H. Lancaster.—Is a very bold work, the sky is in a warm tone, descriptive of the period of the day, and the business of the middle and foreground judiciously arranged and executed.—No. 540. Scene on the coast near Ostend: by the same. Is a work of high merit.

No. 112. Wallenstein's Camp—a scene from the Thirty Years' War—in Bohemia: J. Zeitter.—This is Mr. Zeitter's principal picture, and shows his ability in depicting scenes of strife and bustle, which he does with a peculiarity entirely his own, notwithstanding he brings Salvator Rosa to the mind of the spectator. There are several smaller works by the same talented painter, though not inferior in quality of execution.

No. 130. St. Edmund's Chapel, Westminster Abbey; in the time of the Commonwealth; Parliamentary Soldiers listening to the Exhortations of one of their Leaders: E. Hassell.—A large and difficult undertaking, well drawn and painted in a sober tone of colour, with considerable truth to nature.

No. 453. A Study: Miss S. E. Thorn.—A striking effect of colour: the reflected light is admirable. No. 7. Fishpond at Watan, Notts.—A delicious little landscape, we presume by the same.

No. 445. Heron from Nature: I. J. Cobbett—Is an excellent study, and pencilled with much firmness.

No. 191. An Italian Hay-cart,—C. Josi,—very little inferior to Karl du Jardin; and No. 192, Mill at Hambrook, in Somersetshire,—J. B. Pyne,—is an exquisitely-finished transcript of nature.

Having adverted to a few of the sedate, we now turn to the serio-comic. The first in the order is No. 209, Commodore Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B., M.P., &c.: T. M. Joy. We never had the gratification of seeing the original, nor do we covet that feeling, if this be anything like the said Commodore. Without a title, we should have believed to have been a representation of one of the persevering Ensigns in the band of United Glass-blowers on an Easter Monday march to White-Conduit House.

No. 228. Friar Lawrence and Juliet: G. A. Hanks.—A very singular production. The Friar is about passing a phial down the throat of Juliet (the confederate), in that style of elegance known doubtless to the artist by the term hanky-panky.

No. 333. Portrait of a Lady: W. Bowness.—Another extraordinary work. The lady has the appearance of melancholy madness, and consciousness of her malady, having placed her hands in an attitude to be bound, lest she commit some violence. Then, again, the manner of painting is too genteel for Punch—parlour painting—too much like the production of

"FERDINAND AND CLARISSA."

No. 356. Waiting for a Customer: J. W. Allen.—A most appropriate title, and one that will stick to it; if our notions be correct it always will be "waiting for a customer."

No. 309. Blanche: E. Latilla.—Blanche may be agreeable in the idea of the artist, but we cannot admire the swimming eye of Blanche (Miss Blanche Lushington, we beg pardon); we are not teetotallers, if we had been, the sight of the luxuriating lady would have been a certain intoxication to us.

Punch's (No) Theatre.

When writers on social geography want to test the state of civilisation in which a nation is found, they record the kind and quality of its amusements. The fewer and less refined these are, the more barbarous and untamed the people. According to this rule, London relapses during Passion week into a condition hardly above that of Latakoo or Stewart's Island, for in neither of these places are there any theatres open; and in default of them, amusement is sought by the inhabitants of the latter places in stealing and eating their neighbour's cattle, or in cooking and dining off their neighbours themselves; and the Londoner deprived of his natural and rational recreation, is driven in Passion-week to seek pastimes hardly less barbarous. The Lord Chamberlain and the Bishop of London, by shutting up the play-houses, drive him into dens which yawn to receive him. Shades, Cyder-cellars, and Coal-holes, offer him moral, edible, and intellectual repasts, which—having no theatre to go to—he cannot withstand. The "authorities," shocked at the vice of holding "as 'twere the mirror up to nature" on either of the seven days before Easter, do not think it any sin for a man to waste his time, his health, and money in an atmosphere made up of the sounds of obscene songs and tobacco-smoke. He may go to the Eagle Tavern—drink grog, and treat any of the female visitors, who will soon make him an acquaintance; but the doors of Drury-lane are closed upon him. If he really have no taste for diversions which offer every chance of drunkenness and an almost certain reversion of the station-house, he must emigrate into another county and get his shilling's-worth of intellectual recreation at those temples of amusement and morality—the Surrey or the Victoria.

Even Punch's theatre is closed! But the puppets are only locked up till Easter Monday, when will also be unloosed all the pent-up impatience and sacred sixpences of the masses. May the weather prove fine, and Greenwich fair attractive. Let Mr. Richardson's company play their best parts in their best manner, for—*We shall be*

26th March,

OUT FOR THE DAY.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.—No. I.

INCE our last despatches received overland from Clodpole, and bearing date March 2, 1842, we learn that our old friend Mr. Joseph Muff has at length got his surgery tolerably in order. The majority of the bottles and jars literally contain what they profess by their labels; we may except the one inscribed *Aqua Distill.*, which is filled with Hodges' best. A carboy ticketed *Syrup. Papav.* yields some very fine home-brewed ale upon drawing the cork; and, as the surgery is cooler than the parlour closet, he keeps his fresh butter in the jar assigned to *Ceratum cetacei*. He has, moreover, invested twelve shillings in six dozen phials, a gross of corks, two quires of outside demy, and a ball of red string. In fact, he wants nothing now but patients.

As he has nothing to do, he has taken Jack Randle to live with him as an assistant, and finds him very useful in dispelling the *ennui* naturally attendant upon waiting for practice, by his diverting and eccentric flights of hilarity. His inventive genius has procured Mr. Muff the best haul of victims he has had since he commenced business. He crawled out of his garret window along the gutter to the roof of the adjoining house a few evenings ago, and tied down the ball of the cistern with some packthread, in consequence of which the water overflowed in the night and percolated all the ceilings of the upper rooms, providentially dripping exactly over the beds of some of the inmates. This has given rise to one intermittent fever, and three capital cases of rheumatism, which he is in hopes may eventually prove chronic. He is at present hard at work endeavouring to introduce the ringworm into Miss Trimkid's preparatory school, through the medium of the day-scholars. Jack was apprenticed for two years to a surgeon who failed, and subsequently emigrated to Port Adelaide, so that he knows a little of his profession, and is moreover exceedingly anxious to improve himself, readily undertaking all operations that chance throws in his way. He is represented as particularly clever at keeping people awake who have taken laudanum; which he accomplishes by inserting needles under their finger-nails, and blowing grains of cayenne pepper up their nostrils through a quill. It struck Mr. Muff that his friend produced lockjaw in one case by these means; but as the patient died "from the effects of the opium," the slight error was never discovered. He succeeds, perhaps, best in toothdrawing. The great power of his wrist enables him to extract anything; and whether the jaw breaks or is dislocated, the sufferer is certain to be relieved from his torture. He carefully saves all the carious teeth he extracts, and is preparing a curious arabesque of decayed molars and eye-teeth upon black velvet, whereon he is going to frame the intimation, "*Charges regulated according to circumstances.*"

HIS CAPITAL IN THE STOCKS.

Our two friends employ their leisure hours, which amount to twenty-three and a half out of the twenty-four, in smoking birdseye and telling various anecdotes connected with their past career. As these legends furnish much valuable information relative to the state of existing medical concerns, we have by reason of our intimacy with Mr. Muff procured notes of their conversations. These we intend to present weekly, until our readers are tired of them, or our file is exhausted. We shall adopt the narrative style, and avail ourselves of such illustrations as may tend to throw additional interest over our sketches. And taking an old friend by the hand, we begin by a faint attempt to describe

Mr. Rapp's Farewell Feast.

Next to imprisonment for debt there are few positions in life more cheerfully exhilarating than that of house-surgeon to a hospital; especially if it be one where "accidents are received night and day without letters of recommendation." Constantly surrounded by scenes of the most pleasant and mirth-inspiring description; breathing the purest atmosphere in the world; revelling at lunch upon hospital cheese, which is a relish apparently prepared, with the nicest culinary art, from bees-wax, yellow soap, and doubtful eggs; faring sumptuously withal every day at the board-room dinner-table, in company with the matron, house-apothecary, secretary, and other choice spirits, who delight in the sunshine of humour or wit; and never depressed by the wearisome monotony of lying in bed all night long, his existence is, indeed, enviable. So thought Mr. Rapp; who having been house-surgeon to the St. Tourniquet's Hospital for one year, evinced his gratitude at the close of his duties, by inviting some of his friends to an extensive spread.

Medical students are not in the habit of refusing invitations (more especially if there is a faint hope thrown out of unlimited half-and-half, inexhaustible tobacco-jars, or uncounted pipes), and accordingly some sixteen or eighteen accepted, including the majority of our old acquaintances. The immortal Muff himself left all his patients to his "assistant," and, having locked up the Croton oil and prussic acid for fear of accidents, and provided Randle with a quart of black draught and a screw of parochial pills, came up from Clodpole by an evening train. Mr. Manhug and Mr. Jones did not wait to be asked, but sent word to say that they meant to come. Mr. Newcome, the last new pupil, wrote the following note in reply:—

"Mr. Newcome presents his compliments to Mr. Rapp, and will have much pleasure in accepting his polite invitation, but hopes it will not be a late party, as he is anxious to follow up the sober and temperate course recommended by Vincent Preissnitz."

TRYING THE COLD-WATER CURE IN A CASE OF THE HEART.

And the other visitors having heard it reported that there was to be no end of rump-steaks and oyster-sauce, went without their dinners, to the great astonishment of the proprietor of the Rupert Street Dining Rooms; and as soon as the four o'clock lecture was over, and the professor evaporated, played with their subscription skittles in the dissecting-room until it was quite dark, when they adjourned to the house-surgeon's parlour, where the company was expected to assemble.

Most rooms appropriated by the kindness of hospital governors to house-surgeons, are very much alike; we may say (for the benefit of those who have passed their Latin), *ex uno disce omnes*. The apartment has an odour of tobacco, the furniture is fashionable, inasmuch as it is remarkably old, and the paper is of that elaborate pattern, which you see stamped before your eyes in the window of a shop in St. Giles, and afterwards labelled "three farthings;" additionally ornamented on each side of the fire-place by legends, inscriptions, and diverting diagrams, in pencil. When any house-surgeon of former times possessed a diamond ring, which appears to have been by no means a common occurrence, he signed his name therewith amongst the archives of the window panes; if he were not addicted to jewellery, he simply cut his initials upon the panels of the shutters with a scalpel. Aged men with grey hair, who have been attached as messengers to the hospital for the last sixty years, speak vaguely of persons coming to whitewash the ceiling, and paint the wainscoat when they were boys; but these traditions are ascribed more to the garrulity of age than the remembrance of such a proceeding having actually occurred.

EXTRAORDINARY INQUEST.

An unfortunate man was found dead with a copy of *Punch* in his hand. It was proved that he had been reading a Number of that publication, when he was seized with a fit of laughter, followed by a splitting of the sides, which soon terminated fatally. Medical aid was immediately called in, and the sufferer was wrapped in sheets of the *Morning Herald*, which are generally recommended in such cases as equal to wet blankets; but the unhappy subscriber gave his last laugh, and expired with a convulsive grin upon every feature. A long investigation took place as to the treatment the patient had been submitted to, and the coroner thought that if the application of the *Herald* had been earlier, it might have saved the man's life; while some of the jurors seemed to think, that if the particular Number resorted to was one in which Grandmama had been pathetic on the Income Tax, strong hysterics and violent cachinnatory exhaustion must have ensued rapidly. The jury, after an hour's deliberation, returned a verdict of *Justifiable Split-the-side*, with a deodand of threepence on the Number of *Punch* that occasioned the accident.

The proprietors pay for the funeral, provide for the widow, and will bring up all the children.

PAYING THE PIPER.

Review,

RUMBLINGLY RHYTHMICAL, OF A NEW WORK, CALLED AND ENTITLED BY THE NAME OF

"HECTOR O'HALLORAN."

Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
By which, like ships, we steer their courses.
Hudibras—that is to say—the late *Samuel Butler*.
[To a favourite and fashionable tune.]

I.

Oh! Hector of Troy
Was a broth of a boy,
Though by no means so 'cute as the late Monsieur Talleyran;
But the Hector of whom
I to sing now presume,
Is no Trojan at all, but bold Hector O'Halloran.

II.

East, west, south, and north,
The gay youth sallies forth,
From Ulster his course down to the southward of Mallow ran;
And wherever he goes,
You may surely suppose
There is fun in the tail of bold Hector O'Halloran.

III.

You may swear by high Jove
He is always in love
With Polly, or Judy, or Kitty, or Sall, or Ann,
"More power to your elbow,
'Tis *you*'ll be the swell-bow,"
Said his nurse, as she dandled young Hector O'Halloran.

IV.

Beef, butter, and pork,
From the city of Cork,
Are shipp'd from the house which the Cockneys call Callaran;*
As fit food to support
Such work and such sport
As are daily encounter'd by Hector O'Halloran.

V.

And sharp is his eye,
Whether jocund or sly,
After her whom the Greeks would call (Dorice) *thaleran*†.
Does he ever succeed?
I can't tell you, indeed—
Ask it (sure of a kick) of bold Hector O'Halloran.

VI.

At his grand wedding show,
Many ages ago,
The tears of Xarifa for dashing Apdalla ran‡;
But never, oh! never,
Did bright Guadalquiver
Turn out such a hero as Hector O'Halloran!

VII.

His life is by Maxwell,
Whose work always smacks well;
And to talk in the critical tongue *multum fallor an*
Quid diffunderet latius,
Hibernis sit gratius,
Quam opus, quod narrat de Hectore O'Halloran §.

VIII.

To critique in this style
Would pose Jeffrey, Carlyle,
Or Lockhart, who dwells where the waters of Gala ran‖:
Blackwood, Colburn, or Fraser,
Bentley, Ainsworth, I say, sir,
Never match'd this review upon Hector O'Halloran.

THE VEGETABLE MARKET.

Asparagus is looking up, and radishes are taking a downward direction. Peas were almost nothing at the opening; and New Potatoes were buoyant in the basket, but turned out rather heavy at the settling. A rush of bulls through the market had a dreadful effect upon apple-stalls and other minor securities; but all the established houses stood their ground, though the run occasioned a panic among some of the proprietors.

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* Authentically, Callaghan. One of the family is member for Cork; and if you look he may appear to be also member for the bottle.

† Buxom, blooming, flourishing. It is a word of frequent occurrence in Homer. In the pathetic address of Andromache to Hector, which has drawn tears from the eyes of so many generations, she makes use of it. She reminds him that she has lost her father and mother, and all her relations—that he alone remains to her, and that she, therefore, has every claim to expect him to supply the places of all. The passage may be thus rendered:—

All my kindred are gone,
And I'm left quite alone,
With no one but thee, O my Hector the valorous.
Then be father and mother,
And sister and brother,
Besides what thou art, my dear bedfellow Θάλερος.

The reader will not find this in Pope.

‡ See the ancient Spanish ballads, "Rise up, rise up, Xarifa," &c. Andalla is there described as superior to all the young gentlemen "on the banks of Guadalquiver."

§ Lockhart's house, Chiefswood, is in the Tweedside district, not far from

Gala water, Leaderhaughs
All right before us,
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed,
The lintwhites sing in chorus.

So sings the great Laker.

‖ Note by a wandering Irish rhymist, on hearing the above read at a literary tea-party.

O Halloran! phoo!
The name will not do:
Mr. Maxwell, when next you go sing, like poor Malibran,
Get one more Milesian,
To chant like auld Grecian,
Such as thunder and turf, Mr. Darby O'Hoolahann!

The rhyme will do for Galway.

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.

No. I.—BARNABY BLUSTER, ESQUIRE, THE BEADLE.

Barnaby Bluster came into the world at one of its least agreeable points, for he was born in Plumtree-street, Holborn, where his parents occupied a second floor, above an oyster-shop. Young Barnaby was soon remarkable for his desire to astonish the natives, and at an early age he was sent to the charity school of Saint Giles, where he carried off the brass medal for the cleanest face, and on six successive Easters was selected by the overseers as one of the official party of boys who accompany the beadle to beat the boundaries. It was whilst engaged in this exciting pursuit that the firmness of the then beadle (who was continually subjected to the jeers of the cab-drivers at every stand the procession passed), won the admiration of young Bluster, who then first aspired to encircle his brows with the glorious diadem of a gold-laced hat, and his soul first yearned for the parochial purple.

Having ventured in a moment of enthusiasm to mention his dreams of future grandeur to the great official who had excited them, the existing beadle, who was a practical man, with a good deal of real penetration in his character, gave young Bluster a sound rap on the knuckles with his cane, and never noticed him afterwards. Our hero, however, still continued in his heart to play Boswell to the beadle's Johnson, treasuring up his words, and even his looks, for he drew about this time a portrait, of which the annexed is an exact copy :—

We now lose sight of Bluster for several years, and find him at last at the corner of Holborn, sitting on a post in his beadle's dress (for he had now gained what he called the indescribable *summit* of his ambition) and with a pint pot in his hand, declaring himself to have arrived at the pinnacle of human greatness. In his official capacity Bluster is without a rival; and while Hamlet is said to have spoken daggers, Bluster has the knack of looking raps on the knuckles to little boys in church, and a mere movement of his eye has been known to hurry a whole row of them prematurely to the churchyard. His method of handling the official staff is copied closely from an original drawing in Oliver Twist; and his style of beating, whether it be a boy or a boundary, is alike dignified and forcible. Perhaps, however, his greatest triumph is in holding the plate at a charity sermon, for he has a peculiar knack of keeping it for several moments under the nose of any one who does not seem disposed to give, and where the donation is small he has the happy art of thanking people very loud for their *sixpences*. This renders him a great favourite with the clergyman of the parish, and with the trustees of the various charities.

In private life Bluster retains rather more of the dignity than he displays even in the discharge of his official duty, for when at home he has nothing but his own importance to think about. His hat is always kept upon a raised shelf immediately above the chair he usually sits upon, and he seldom stoops but when he gets intoxicated, and then he is all humility, under the table. In all the social and domestic ties he is altogether unexceptionable, but he has no living relatives of any sort. He is, however, a most punctual tenant, and a steady lodger; while he was never known to withhold a penny that he really owed, or to give one that he didn't.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Money was very plentiful in the city this morning, and the man at the crossing near the Bank carried off a large sum at the clearing. Mohair stock was not very buoyant, but gloves were easy at eighteen-pence a pair and upwards. Company's tea was wishy-washy, at a spoonful for each person, and one for the pot; but coffee rose rapidly when placed upon a hot fire. Coals were nominally heavy, but were found much lighter on being weighed; and eggs, though they looked promising yesterday, opened very badly this morning. In spices there was very little done; but a party suffered greatly who had been keeping too close an eye to pepper.

We are sorry to have to notice a rumour which was prevalent this morning, of a very respectable house having stopped payment. Suspicion was excited a month ago by the long arrear which the house had allowed its catsmeat account to run into; but the affair having got whispered abroad, the deficiency was made up, and the owner of the barrow was at some pains to express his perfect confidence in the party alluded to. Yesterday, however, an application was made for the sewers' rate,

VERY MUCH TO HIS CREDIT.

when the answer was "Not at home," though the party called upon was seen through the wire blind in his parlour. An immense sensation has been excited, and it is said the butcher will be a sufferer. What makes his case peculiarly hard, and invests the affair altogether with a cold-bloodedness not often displayed, is the fact that a leg of mutton was ordered and sent in the very morning of the failure. The baker, who had had a hint of the affair, fortunately stopped the quartern loaf, though the rolls had been already left at the house, and to this extent he will be a loser. The liabilities of the house are said to exceed by some pounds the highest estimate that has yet been formed of the assets. The wire blind, which is at last seen through, is thought to be the most valuable thing upon the premises; the creditors are expected to realise about a bed-room chair in the pound on their several claims; and if certain marks may be trusted (on the street door), the tenant does not come out of it altogether with clean hands: but this we leave to time to determine.

VERSES FOR MUSIC.

My head with ceaseless pain is torn;
Fast flow the tear-drops from my eye—
I curse the day I e'er was born,
And wish to lay me down and die:
Bursts from my heart the frequent sigh,
It checks the utterance of my tongue.
But why complain of silence? why,
When all I speak is rash and wrong.

The untasted cup before me lies—
What care I for its sparkle now?
Before me other objects rise,
I know not why, I know not how.
My weary limbs beneath me bow,
All useless is mine unstrung hand.
Why does this weight o'ershade my brow?
Why doth my every vein expand?

What rends my head with racking pain?
Why through my heart do horrors pass?
Why flow my tears like scalding rain?
Why look my eyes like molten brass?
And why from yonder brimming glass
Of wine untasted have I shrunk—
'Cause I can't lift it—for, alas!
I'm so pre-pos-ter-ous-ly drunk!

Why has Punch so many correspondents?—Because there is no other publication that *answers* so well.

PUNCH AND THE CRITICS.

A CANDIDATE FOR WHOPPING.

A GREAT controversy has been raging between Messrs. Knight and Collier, as to the merits of their respective editions of Shakspeare. Into this we shall not enter at present, merely contenting ourselves by expressing our opinion that each gentleman is successfully exerting himself to exhibit the text of the plays in the most desperate condition possible.

The *Times*, as becomes them, takes up the cudgels in behalf of their quondam brother of the gallery, and on Tuesday last we were favoured with a critique expounding the great merits of various *amendments* introduced by Mr. Collier, selecting as examples nine passages from "Measure for Measure," which by *an odd coincidence* happens to be the play chosen by Mr. Collier himself, from which, in his pamphlet prospectus, to give the specimen page of his forthcoming edition. "The nine passages are chosen," says the critic, as being "distinguished by the most remarkable emendations."

No. 1.—*Act* II. *Scene* 1.

"Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;
Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none—
And some condemned for a fault alone."

People who did not understand the second of these lines—and the critic in the *Times* is so good as to admit that it is "rather a difficult passage,"—made their conjectures as they thought wisest. "The old editions however, as Mr. Collier shows, stand as above written," a feat of no very troublesome accomplishment so far as Mr. Collier's labours are concerned, for it is *shown* by opening not merely old editions themselves, but any other critical edition whatever. He explains it in his own fashion, *and leaves the text as he found it.* This is "distinguished emendation" the first. We shall not be so rash as to offer our opinion on the second line, but we may ask, is not the third line, though as Mr. Collier could "show" it so stands in the old editions, rather particular in its grammatical structure? Might we not venture to suggest the heresy against the first folios, that Shakspeare never so wrote it—and propose—

"And some are condémn'd for a fault alone;"

or perhaps be so venturous as to suggest that as, in the first line, "*rise*" is opposed to "fall"—so here that "*run*" might meet its opposite in—

"And some *stand* condémn'd for a fault alone."

No. 2.—*Act* II. *Scene* 2.

"The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept:
——— Now 'tis awake,
Takes note of what is done, and like a prophet
Looks in a glass that shows that future evils
* * * *
Are now to have no successive degrees—
But *here* they live to end."

Here, it seems, has sometimes been changed into *ere*, or *where*. Mr. Collier sagaciously attributes that *ere* to carelessness of collation, and offers an explanation of the passage, which has been given fifty times already. "On which," says the *Times*, "his explanation may be received, as we have no right to alter the old folios to suit our notions of smoothness; although by this version a change in the construction, which is somewhat harsh, is produced." So much for Mr. Collier's "distinguished emendation" the second.

No 3.—*Act* II. *Scene* 3.

"*Juliet.*—I do confess it [my sin], and repent it, father.
Duke.—'Tis meet so daughter, but *least* you do repent
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame."

Some modern editors have been so rash as to read "*lest*" for "*least*," but Mr. Collier judiciously restores the old reading. Mr. Collier might have told his critic that, in the printed books and manuscripts of the time, the spellings of "lest" and "least" are used promiscuously. The *Times* is not half pleased with the explanation offered by Mr. Collier, but winds up by saying that "the passage is a hard one," and Mr. Collier has, at any rate, the merit of banishing such an absurdity as "lest," and accompanying that feat by an unintelligible explanation. A highly "distinguished emendation" indeed! The passage wants the healing of a very different hand.

No. 4.—*Act* II. *Scene* 4.

"Your sense pursues not mine; either you are ignorant,
Or seem so, *crafty*—and that is not good."

"With this passage," says the *Times*, "the modern editors have taken a most unwarrantable and unnecessary liberty of substituting 'craftily' for 'crafty.' The old reading, as restored above by Mr. Collier, is perfectly intelligible, meaning, as he says, 'or seem so, being crafty.'" What a clever fellow is Mr. Collier!

No. 5.—*In the same scene.*

"Fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the *all-building* law!"

Modern editors have changed this to "*all-binding.*" Collier valiantly retains the old reading, informing us that "all-building" has "reference to the constructive and constantly repairing power of the law." Alas! Mr. Collier, the law has indeed a *constructive* power; but it is a power very different from the constructive power employed by the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter; and if the reference be to the constantly repairing power, we should imagine that "all-mending" would be the more appropriate epithet. How the word "all-building," interpret it as we may, suits this passage, it would not perhaps be easy to explain; but, as the critic in the *Times* remarks, "certainly the change by the modern editors was most wanton and arbitrary," and by consequence the commentary of Mr. Collier most chaste and liberal.

No. 6.—*Act* III. *Scene* 1.

—"thine own bowels, which do call thee sire."

"This passage *seems* to show [cautious!] the value of the manuscript notes in Lord Francis Egerton's copy of the folio of 1623, mentioned in Collier's 'Reasons.' The old folios had 'fire,' but the MS. note gives 'sire' as a correction; and it is easily perceived that the misprint has arisen from taking the long *s* for an *f*." Now as nobody ever imagined that a man's bowels, unless in a most clamorous state of inflammation, ever applied to the gentleman who had the honour of possessing them the burning appellation of fire, it is not wonderful that all critics preceding Mr. Collier should have conjectured *fire* to be a misprint for *sire*. In this, says the *Times*, with most amiable candour, they were "right for once," and the difficulty of the emendation does indeed seem to show what is the worth of the Egertonian MS.—viz., nothing at all.

"How now, noble Pompey! What! at the *wheels* of Cæsar?"

Ungracious editors had changed "*wheels*" to "*heels.*" This is quite scandalous, as, in the strenuous language of the *Times*, "liberties like this are perfectly disgraceful, and Mr. Collier's revival of the old text is a fine exposure of imbecile pretensions." The imbeciles got rid of the *w*——, Mr. Collier brings the *w*—— back, which proves him to be a man of much more potency.

No. 8.—*Act* IV. *Scene* 3.

"Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To *yond* generation, you shall find
Your safety manifested."

There has been a sort of conspiracy to read *yonder*, as somewhat improving the metre—and a similar atrocity has been perpetrated in another instance in the fifth act, which makes

No. 9.—"To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus."

Now, "it is only necessary to consider the word 'generation' (ti-on) as consisting of five syllables, to make the metre of the second line unexceptionable." It would then run thus—

"To yond ge-ne-ra-ti-on, you shall find."

A line as musical and as melancholy as those of Prynne's, preserved in the amber of Pope—

"Written by William Prynne, Es—qui—er, the
Year of our Lord six hundred thirty-three."

As for the other case, where the editors substitute Valentinus, what can be more harmonious than to read with the first folio,

"To Valen-ti-us, Rowland, and to Crassus?"

These are the distinguished emendations of Mr. Collier. He *emends* by *retaining* what his poetical critic allows to be "a difficult passage," "a harsh construction," "a text which his explanation does not bear out accurately;" with the merit of *keeping*, not emending, *least* for *lest*, *crafty* for *craftily*, *wheels* for *heels*, *all building* (an unintelligible word), for a good guess, *all binding*; and pronouncing *generation* as if it were *ge-ne-ra ti-on*, and Valentius as if that unhappy gentleman were afflicted by the quadri-syllabic sobriquet of *Va-len-ti-us*. The only *emendation* is that of getting rid of the reading which describes people's bowels as being in the habit of calling out "Fire!" which Collier happily effects by means of the Egerton MS., the same having been done by fifty people already.

This is, indeed, a "distinguished" style of editing; we shall keep our eye on this affair as it waddles along.

DOES YOUR MOTHER KNOW YOU'RE OUT.

SONGS AND SINGERS.

An Arabian of undeniable descent, attached to a broad-wheeled wagon; the last japonica of the season in the tarred and turned jacket of a "reg'lar dustman;" or the weeping Hamlet with a pig-tail and vermilion tip to his woe-begone nose, might be looked upon as matters likely to overcome us with "special wonder," they being in their natures "things opposite and strange;" but would you witness consistency's antipodes, frequent some vocal "free-and-easy." The harmony of the evening is generally distributed amongst four gentlemen, who glory in a very nondescript recollection of the airs and words of four individual songs. The unvarying programme of the performance is as follows; firstly,—

THE SENTIMENTAL SINGER.

The outward man of this sentimental retailer of plaintive ditties culled from the choice pages of "Fairburn's Little Warblers," is the very reverse of the grief-consumed lovers to whose words and feelings he gives utterance; and despite his "tun of flesh," and jolly face—wife—morality—and nine children, he does, in one most lachrymose manner, offer himself a willing victim to despair, and madly undertakes to die all sorts of deaths for some imaginary "Mary," "Lost Lucy," or "Perfidious Phœbe."

Tim Dubbs is a man with "*such* a voice!" and "*such* a soul!" and we may add such a body; for Tim Dubbs is some eighteen stone jockey weight. Tim enjoys a goodly income, and is, in his own words, "a substantial tradesman; and, thank heaven, don't owe no man nothing!" And yet when carried away with the wild enthusiasm of a son of song, Tim Dubbs offers, in six-eight time, to resign his family, shop, sugars, pickles, customers, prospects of becoming Lord Mayor, and all—for what?—ay what?—that he may be installed Emperor of all the Russias? No! Sultan of the Sublime Porte! No! He disdains the pomps of the mayoralty, the pride and panoply of kings; and in a voice that mocks the deep-mouthed thunder fervently exclaims, "*I'd be a Butterfly.*"

THE NATIONAL AND NAVAL SINGER.

Fancy a small man with wiry hair, presumptuous snub, straggling whiskers, soiled linen, with the tiny quavers of an originally small and now irretrievably cracked voice, straining his little lungs, and hissing forth his diminutive denunciations in the vain endeavour to assume the roar of a bo'swain. Conceive his extra exertion when his powers are called upon to vociferate

"*Loud r-r-roared the dreadful thunder,*"

then sympathise with our friend below.

His universal beginning is a recommendation to the assembled company to "*Behold the Brittanneaar.*"

If the *Brittanneaar* be out of commission, our worthy friend takes refuge on board of the

"*Sawr-cey Harrythuesear,*"

to the equal delight and satisfaction of himself and "the company."

THE COMIC SINGER.

The general features of this mimic are short straggling hair, sandy whiskers, elevated eyebrows, a mouth, which if original, was the model for the opening of the Thames Tunnel, if not, is a faithful copy from the same; and a nasal promontory of more than ordinary dimensions. These are the several parcels packed up by nature in his bundle of face.

Nor are the subjects of his humour less distinguished by their prevailing peculiarities. With him the ills of life (the chief sources of his warbled mirth) the painful confession wrung from the breast of a well-dunned debtor—the prison's pilot—destitutions *nil ultra*—summed in the awful words—

"*I want Money*"

beget the raptures of applause and laughter.

The disappointment of a broken-hearted lover—the death of a bereaved damsel—nay; the very ghosts of the departed—are the bright gems of our modern Momus' coronet, formed of the tears of the joyless

"*Giles Scroggins who courted Molly Brown.*"

Some of the more accomplished of this class can set the teeth of any company on edge with a piece of knife-grinding ventriloquism; raise higher their mirthful enjoyments by the well-imitated cry of an unfortunate child in the extreme of wretchedness; or delight them to ecstacy by a fac-simile of the yelping of a crushed cur.

THE BACCHANALIAN SINGER.

He is generally a full-sized individual, with a circumscribed knowledge of the heathen mythology, which he believes to have originally consisted of a barrel and a little fat man, known as Bacchus. If he have a regret, it most decidedly is that the celebrated liquor which he sings about as the gods' *nectar* is obsolete at the present time. He is in a state of extreme doubt as to whether that beverage was "porter, ale, or ginger beer;" for they are the sole liquids he has ever heard of being dispensed to the only "gods" he recognises.

His general batch of songs and sentiments consists of strong injunctions to imaginary persons to trim imaginary lamps, and pass imaginary bowls of excessively roseate wine; together with a general recommendation to rising youth, to try the exceedingly wholesome effects of late hours; and he inculcates the necessity of so managing their domestic arrangements, that useless sitting up may be avoided by their avowed determination that

"*They won't go home till morning.*"

Some go so far as to recommend a death of drunkenness—and many, too many, practise as they preach; and so frequently ends the Bacchanalian Singer. "Fusbos."

A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

THE NIG(G)ER EXPEDITION.

ALONG THE COASTS OF THE RIVER THAMES;

BEING

THE NARRATIVE OF A PASSENGER IN PURSUIT OF HEALTH BY THE "TULIP" STEAM-BOAT, ON HER VOYAGE FROM LONDON-BRIDGE TO CHELSEA.

(Continued from our last.)

Before quitting Hungerford, it may be as well to say a few words about the new suspension-bridge which is intended to go across to Goding's Brewery, a stupendous work, that will be an immense accommodation to the draymen of that establishment. It is true that they are the only parties who will derive any advantage whatever from it, and they hardly ever have any occasion to visit the west-end; but it is a fine national undertaking, and if it is never used at all, it will always be a gratifying monument of British industry. The operations at present are confined to letting the water out of the coffer-dam, which, after having been cleared by the hard labour of six months, is filled again by the high tide in six minutes, an occurrence which, while it exhausts the funds of the company, has the peculiar effect of emptying their coffers by filling them.

We now steered to the starboard, and our captain having given orders that the jib should be reefed, and the chimney so arranged as to have the upper joint of it close to the wind, he took his station on the binnacle. The straits opposite Whitehall are, I believe, pretty well known to nautical men; and having steered gallantly past the awkward isthmus of barges on the Surrey side, we neared the peninsula of timber, and brought gallantly up by the wooden promontory at Westminster. As we stopped here to take in passengers and coals, of the latter of which a quarter of a hundred *per* knot is the average quantity consumed, I had an opportunity of observing the natives, who, though divided only by the narrow river, are a different class of persons altogether from the hardy race that dwell on the banks of Middlesex. On the Surrey or southern side there is greater languor than on the northern coast, and the man who takes the checks at Westminster has none of the briskness which distinguishes the sons of the soil who perform the like office at Blackfriars and Hungerford.

I was disturbed in the midst of a train of reflections by the order of the Captain to let go, and we scudded along under close hatches through the arch of the bridge, and got away under a heavy press of tarpawling towards Millbank, with a fresh wind coming round from the sow-west, and a hen standing on a barge, which every one on board thought was one of Mother Carey's chickens. When we had time to look about us, we found we were bearing down upon Searle's boats, when the word was given to "luff;" and the current running strongly at the time, we were jammed among some barges, creating a sort of current-jam, which might have played old gooseberry with the craft, but the captain, with remarkable presence of mind, boxed the compass, threw overboard a quantity of ballast, rushed to the helm, and carried us into Millbank, amid the cheers of the money-taker on the floating-pier, who had been watching the whole scene with intense interest.

It will be expected that I should say, at this stage of my voyage, something of the distressing malady which caused me to undertake it, and those who are martyrs to the same deplorable affection—I mean the elephantiasis—will be anxious to know whether its symptoms at all subsided in the course of my expedition. For this purpose I must go a little back—and shove my recollections astern—if I may be allowed to use the nautical language appropriate to the subject I am treating of. With regard, then, to my disease; I found the altered climate on taking water of very little use at first; but as I neared Blackfriars my spirits rose, and I felt a buoyancy which was inconsistent with the decidedly elephantiacal habit to which I am generally a pitiable victim; and perhaps here I ought to say what elephantiasis really is, for it has given rise to much conjecture. There are two forms of the malady, one of which is chronic indigestion to such an alarming extent, that the patient cannot eat a mouthful without feeling it press with the weight of almost an elephant on his chest; but the other form—to which I am myself an almost constant victim—is a gloomy monomaniacal affection, inducing the sufferer to fancy that he is being suffocated, for want of sufficient room to move and breathe, which causes him to require in his own mind as much space as would be needed for the accommodation of the ponderous but generous beast who gives his name to the malady. Of course, while on the open water, I felt myself comparatively relieved; but in passing under the peculiarly low arch of Westminster Bridge, my old enemy gave me such a twinge, and my elephantiacal symptoms became so intolerable, that I litetally screamed with agony. Along the river, as far as Vauxhall, I was greatly relieved; and though I had apprehended a repetition of the attack at the bridge, the convenient height of the arches enabled me to go through without any other manifestation of indisposition than a suppressed groan; and by the time we neared the pier I was decidedly better.

We now began to put on all our steam, and crowded every shovel of coal, to get through the Reach, where the water is rendered rough by the gravel junction of the two seas of Chel and Batter. The former gives its name to the Reach, and the latter lends its appellation to the Rise; for Chelsea Reach and Battersea Rise are well known to the hardy mariner. The waves in this part of the deep are at times remarkably high, and the feet of our coxswain were repeatedly washed by the surge of a breaker. Father Thames may be regarded as a swell of the first water at about this latitude; and we were not sorry to put into port alongside of the new pier erected by Lord Cadogan, who laid the first cart-load of dry rubbish that it is built upon.

We were very kindly received by the inhabitants of the place, two of whom were on the pier at the time of our landing—one of them being the intelligent landlord of the Old Swan, and the other his obliging pot-boy. They invited us to partake of their hospitality; and with one preceding me, while the other brought up the rear, I was ushered into the comfortable parlour, where I did ample justice to a glass of water and a gooseberry that I had ordered on entering.

I have thus brought my arduous voyage to a close; and, having voted my thanks to the Captain of the *Tulip*, I caused them to be presented to him in the bowl of my tobacco-pipe.

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. II.—The back parlour of Mr. Snooks's residence in Amwell-street, Pentonville.

In selecting the back parlour of Mr. Snooks for the second subject of our London Interiors, we are actuated by a desire to bring before the public one of those lovely pictures of domestic comfort which are to be found neither in the halls of the highest nor the garrets of the lowest, but in the parlours—back and front—of the middling classes of society. Mr. Snooks's back parlour is approached by a neat passage, a few feet long by several inches wide, the floor being covered in the centre with a narrow floor-cloth, while the sides, exhibiting the bare boards, evince the triumph of art, and show what may be achieved by a simple scrubbing-brush. At either end is a highly-finished door-mat, of curiously elaborated rope, and a row of pegs placed horizontally along the wall, finish off the scene, with two hats and a macintosh. A slight curve at the end of the passage we have described brings us at once to the door of Mr. Snooks's back parlour; and proceeding a few inches further we find that we have gone directly into it. The interior, though small, wears an air of compactness; and if the fittings up are in the severe style of classic coldness, there is at least much taste shown in the arrangement of them—for everything is in that order which has been emphatically described as "apple-pie" by an anonymous authority. The carpet, which is a showy but not very short Venetian, occupies the centre of the room, and abuts closely on a somewhat capacious hearth-rug, which displays in a remarkable degree the desire of its owner to patronise the arts; for there is a spirited medallion in the centre, representing a cat upon a tuft of green worsted.

But in examining Mr. Snooks's back parlour with a view to the works of art it contains, we are bound to confess that, looking at him simply as a *connoisseur*, he seems to have thrown the whole of his strength on to his chimney-piece, and to have concentrated all his energies upon the objects of taste and *virtu* that crown the wooden erection which overhangs his fire-place. On the extreme right of this museum in miniature (if we may be allowed to call it so) is a transparent vase of green glass, and on the extreme left is another, which, but for the absence of a small piece near the top, would be exactly similar. In the centre is a small white figure, purchased by Mr.

Snooks of an Italian artist who passed through Pentonville on his way from Genoa; and it is said by Mr. Snooks himself to represent either Milton or Shakspeare; but, from the imperfect account given of it by the foreign vendor, the point has never been settled. On the right of the figure, and consequently to the left of one of the green vases, is a match-stand, which, as it is constantly empty, has been allowed to be matchless by all who have had the privilege of looking closely into it. Its exterior is ornamented with an irregular scroll-work, and the inside is of the purest white; but it is to be regretted that the fellow to it, which was formerly in the possession of Mr. Snooks, was broken by its having been incautiously used by the proprietor for hot water to shave with.

The eye, after quitting the chimney-piece, naturally ascends to the wall over it. On both sides of the fire-place is a recess, and each is conveniently fitted with what is to all appearance a roomy cupboard; but one of them is, in fact, devoted to a piece of machinery, the merit of which does not rest with Mr. Snooks, who purchased the valuable secret just as it stood of the prior occupant. On opening the door of the apparent cupboard, the visitor is startled by a pair of wooden legs, which look as if they were suspended in the air; but on closer inspection, they are found to be attached to an ingenious piece of mechanism, which when drawn out to its full extent has all the appearance of being what it really is—a bedstead. Leaving this part of the

room, and passing along the rug, we find ourselves on the other side of the fire-place; and turning round a little to the left, we come close against a door, which, when thrown wide open, displays a sight that is sure to gratify the visitor. At the extreme back, and supported by the wall, is a view of a Chinese bridge, with boys passing over it, which on inspection is found to be painted entirely in blue, on a ground of white earthenware; but on taking the work of art into his own hand, the visitor finds that he has been occupied in examining a dish of the famous willow pattern. Mr. Snooks has a set of six in sizes, and in front of them hangs a sort of drapery, suspended on nails, and composed of blue and white mugs, interspersed with tea-cups. The collection is not large, but it is extremely judicious, and it has taken Mr. Snooks much time and trouble to get together.

We had almost forgotten the table, which is one of the principal features of the place, for it stands on a tripod in the centre of the room, and is a very ancient piece of workmanship, having been purchased in Broker's Alley so far back as the year 1825 by Mr. Snooks's aunt, who died, and left it to him. The chairs, of which there are two,

are profusely rushed, and elegantly japanned, the prevailing colour being stone, with stripes of green here and there, to break the monotony of tone that would otherwise attach to them.

Mr. Snooks rents his back-parlour by the week, and holds it immediately under the first-floor lodger, who took it of the tenant of the whole house—an enterprising individual who agreed for the premises with the lessee of the original landlord. The ground belongs to the Archbishop of Canterbury; so that, in reality, Snooks is connected by one of the closest relations—that of tenant in a remote degree—with the Primate of England.

OUR FOREIGN ARRIVALS.

The mail from Chelsea, overland, is expected every minute, and will put us in possession of the news a quarter of an hour later from Brompton. Our own correspondent came up this morning from Knightsbridge, and brings us intelligence of a very discouraging character. Business was not upon the move, and every cab was at a stand, but some of the Drivers were full of spirits and confidence.

CHOICE SPIRITS IN BOND.

Vegetation is very backward in the flower-pots of the suburban windows; and it is expected that there will be a failure in the mignonette crops, which if the sweet-pea season should also turn out bad, will prove a very great disappointment to the home growers.

We have received our usual express from Vauxhall, which speaks of an *émeute* at the turnpike-gate, occasioned by a dispute between the drivers of a West-end and a City omnibus. The police were called out (of the public-house hard by), and, of course, greatly added to the general confusion. The loss on both sides was considerable, according to the following statement:—

Crushed to atoms, three hats; missing, seven pocket-handkerchiefs, besides several coats, which were severely wounded.

We have seen a letter with the Wormwood Scrubs post-mark, but we have no faith in its authenticity. It describes the Scrubs as being in a state of considerable excitement, owing to the prospect of the Income Tax. We have heard similar rumours from Wandsworth Flats, but we believe the Flats are thoroughly satisfied.

Punch's Theatre.

THE WHITE CAT.

One of our most prominent nursery stories—the fairy tail of the "White Cat"—has been lengthened by an extra joint, or act, to supply Covent Garden theatre with an Easter piece, and Messrs. W. Bradwell, the Grieves, and the chief "upholder" of the establishment, with pegs upon which to hang their tapestry, decorations, mechanical changes, and appointments; for to these the mere dialogue, characters, and plot, are simply appendages.

It appears by the play-bill, that when the *White Cat* flourished—her tail, the kingdom of Neverminditsnamia (for the geographical position of which, don't consult M'Culloch's dictionary, for it is not there) was ruled by Wunsuponatyme, one of those "every inch a king" monarchs, who is never to be seen in the picture books out of his royal robes, and, being born a sovereign, always has a crown more to his head than he has any caul for. We behold him lying in his favourite position, on his favourite sofa, attended by his favourite minister, and surrounded by his favourite courtiers. The premier, *Count Coincide* (a most agreeable minister), agrees to everything the king says, and does not bother his majesty with new tariffs or any such state trifles. The king, tired of a crown that, after so many years' constant wear, has naturally given him the headache, proposes to abdicate in favour of one of his three sons; but which? for the

princely trio were each born at the same moment; and the law of primogeniture seems to have been strictly enforced in *Nevermindits namia*.

A cabinet council, consisting of the king and the minister who never dissents from him, assembles to decide this intricate point, and it is settled that either of the young gentlemen who will, within a twelvemonth and a day (that unalterable period of the story-books, with the odd day at the end to make up for the variation of clocks), bring their royal sire a puppy small enough to creep through his thumb ring, shall inherit his crown, dignities, honours, hereditaments, &c. &c. &c. Accordingly, the three youths set out on a geographical tour to seek the zoological curiosity.

It is the fortunes of *Prince Paragon* that we are to follow, and a long way he takes us, for suddenly, magically, we find him in a wood which is, we are informed, several thousand miles from everywhere; and, to prove it, another necromantic change presents the gates of the *White Cat's* country seat, into which the prince is invited. This invitation he does not hesitate to accept, in consideration of being some fifteen thousand miles from any other house of entertainment.

Hence, to the end, the nursery tale is followed to the letter. The *White Cat*, transported with the *Prince*, gives him the infinitesimal dog he seeks, and transports him in return; for she causes him to be hurried to his father's court in a trice upon a timber horse. But notwithstanding this expeditious "wood cut," with which the *Prince* has embellished his adventures, the old sinner objects to retire from office, and sets his sons a new task; namely, to find a wife each. *Paragon* immediately remounts the rocking-horse to seek his *Cat*, and she receives him with open paws. To prove how highly she esteems his voluntary return, she asks him to be so kind as to cut her head off, and then her tail! Being very likely a member of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, *Paragon* objects; the *Cat* persists, and supplies him with a scimetar for the benevolent deed. At length the *Prince*, too gallant to disoblige even a feline lady, indulges her by the prayed-for decapitation and the required excision of her "head's antipodes:" so, the tail being cut off, the story finishes. *Paragon* and his cat-queen (a princess, lovely, and with a dozen other kingdoms for her dower) reigns amidst a shower of red fire instead of his father, who now fully follows his previously expressed determination to "mizzle."

If, dear reader, you want an hour-and-a-half of unflagging entertainment—if you wish to see Madame Vestris look her loveliest, sing her best, jest her smartest—if you have a taste for new scenery that is novel even for its splendour, and for old puns which are so admirably "put" that they seem, like a Holywell-street coat, "better than new"—if you have an ear for well-selected and nicely-arranged music, an eye for the *tremendous* dancing of Mr. Gilbert, for the graceful ditto of Miss Ballin, or the wholesale elegance of the *corps-de-ballet*;—lastly, if you wish to behold a young and pleasing dancer transformed into a clever, sensible actress—go and see the whole array and retinue of the "White Cat" as presented and personated by the lovely little Marshall, and—as they say of the scene-painters—her "numerous assistants."

THE GREEK DRAMA, AND RICHARDSON'S SHOW.*

When at the feasts of Bacchus, in olden Greece, Thespis acted on a cart, and his pupil and successor Phrenychus was also the proprietor of a travelling concern, the drama received its first impetus towards perfection. That perfection it is our blest privilege to see attained at the present day by Messrs. Lee and Johnston (the Phrenychuses of British Bacchanalian feasts), who have succeeded to the peripatetic playhouse of the late Mr. Richardson, the Thespis of these shores. No man who scans with a philosophic eye the history of the stage from the time of its founders, through the mazes of the middle period, when "Roscius was an actor in Rome," and "came each actor on his ass," down to its modern state, when actor and ass are blended in the same individual; from, in fact, the feasts of Eleusis down to the fair of Greenwich—there is no man not actually a simpleton or a syncretic, who can but view the proud preeminence of the travelling drama of his own country with a degree of pride which impels him to thank the gods for the privilege of being able to call the Richardsons, the Lees, and the Johnstons his fellow-countrymen! Cold and tasteless must those persons be who can stand opposite to the canvas temple, feel the playful pressure of the crowd, hear the awful summons of the speaking-trumpet, the sonorous booming of the drum, the shrill melody of the clarionet—behold the pomp and circumstance of the parading pageantry, and enjoy (gratis) the classical humour of the clowns—without emotions of the purest kind; without an irrepressible desire to rush (at a shilling a head) into the heart, into the *cella* of the gorgeous temple!

Behold those dazzling forms as they flit to and fro in doubtful muslin, or stride in proved mail, or stand in stately mood and kingly robes, or trip along with flippant step and jockey boots—their figures brilliantly illuminated by the lustre of countless variegated lamps, by pots of glaring oil! Shall we call them mortal? Shall we say that they have wants, affections like other men? Shall we ask

"Upon what meat do these our Cæsars feed?"

Are they born to their calling? Are they the true lineal descendants of the companies under the several managements of Euripides, of Æschylus, of Aristophanes? Let a Bentley, a Suidas, a Photius, answer. It is our candid confession that we cannot.

Such are our feelings at a distance—but we approach the lofty platform, we mount its steps—its *dromos*—there are others waiting like ourselves to be admitted into the sacred interior. Yet, the priests and priestesses mix unreservedly with the mere public—*we* were elbowed by a hero—the touch was electric! inspiring us with the fine classic spirit which is necessary to the full appreciation of the ceremonies we were about to witness.

The Greeks had no domestic drama. The Athenians never had their humanities awakened by the woes of humble suffering. They had no "Susan Hopley" done into scenes. Happily we have. Our sympathies are universal—they descend even to the kitchen. Thus, a fine moral lesson is presented to us in the history of a servant girl. A lovely innocent, who has a brother murdered by a wicked master, is plunged into deep distress, and raised to a pinnacle of bliss—all in the short space of ten minutes. The plays of the Greeks lasted for whole days; and the people went home to bed between the acts. How immeasurably have we risen their superiors in the saving of time!

A singular monopolologuical interlude comes after the tragedy, in our modern dramatic ceremonies, as a sort of relief to its terrors; it is the kerchief which dries the eyes of the audience—so bathed in tears. This species of composition has received the name of "Comic Song." It consists of a periodical jerk of the leg, and certain successions of vocal sounds, uttered to words of extremely uncertain meaning. This formulary over, the "pantomime" (from two Greek words signifying "imitation of all things," and first introduced into the Greek chorus; an essay on which we shall publish in our forthcoming article on Exeter Hall) commences. About eight minutes is occupied in this, the concluding ceremony.

In fine, this theme offers an inexhaustible mine of philosophic and historical research. We shall return to it. The subject of dancing as practised at the "Crown and Anchor" booth; that of swings as connected with gingerbread-nuts, and their efficacy in digesting the same; together with the study of natural history in Wombwell's show; will form future pictures which, when they

COME TO BE DRAWN,

will startle our readers.—*Greenwich Fair, Easter Monday.*

A TAIL OF OTHER TIMES.

A tale I'll tell of other times,
Because I'm in the mind;
You may have seen the tale *before*;
I've seen it oft *behind*.

There's no detraction in this tale,
Nor any vile attack,
Or slander when 'tis told, although
It goes *behind one's back*.

Impartial auditors it had,
Who ne'er began to rail,
Because there always was *an ear*
For *both sides of the tale*.

But oh, alas! I have forgot,
I am not in the *queue*,
The tale has just dropt *from my head*
As it was wont to do.

Notices to Correspondents.

Press of matter obliges us to omit our usual answers to communications received. We have, therefore, to request a little patience on the part of our Correspondents.

OUR LITERARY MENAGERIE is nearly completed, and we doubt not that our Bryant *will be looked upon as the Van Amburgh of*

PUNCH'S LIONS OF LONDON.

* This erudite essay comes to us anonymously. But its style cannot be mistaken; and our readers will congratulate us when we announce that we number amongst our contributors the founder of the "high intellectual" school of criticism, whose weekly reviews continue to *foster* the existence of the else-expiring "Examiner."

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.—No. II.

MR. RAPP'S FAREWELL FEAST.—(*Continued*).

NINE o'clock was the time named for supper; and, unlike the false appointments of worldly society, as the hospital clock chimed that hour every man had assembled. The appearance of the room was most imposing. The long table had been brought up from the board-room, and was lighted by four mould-candles, inserted respectively in a plated, brass, japanned, and flat tin candlestick, whilst an elegant *épergne* graced the centre of the table, formed by a round galvanic battery full of celery. The whole derived additional beauty from the circumstance of no two articles of glass or crockery being alike; whilst before the gentleman upon whom the task devolved of carving the six baked fowls was placed a double-edged catlin and a metocarpal saw—the technical names of two instruments which would be of great service in the event of the poultry turning out tough or ligamentous. The old skeleton, that generally hung down with a balance-weight from the roof of the theatre, was also brought up and placed in a classical attitude on the small table behind the "vice;" and the base of a skull, presumed to be the same from which all the house-surgeons ever since the dark ages ground up the *foramina*, formed an appropriate and professional tobacco-box, proving that medical students, in their most idle moments, never lose sight of their studies.

We will not describe the actual feeding. It will simply be necessary to state that the dissections of the *glutæi bovis* (*vulgo* rump-steaks) were carried on with praiseworthy application, and that the fowls were speedily converted into anatomical preparations. The guests evinced indefatigable perseverance in perpetually taking wine with each other; and Coke, the porter, who waited, showed his knowledge of his business, by continually walking round the table, filling every glass he saw empty with half-and-half, from a can which somewhat resembled a two-gallon water-pot without a spout.

At length, when the appetites were appeased and the things removed, the real business of the evening commenced.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rapp, "I have the pleasure of informing you that there is nothing in the wards over our head but broken arms and convalescent dislocations; you can therefore kick up as much row as you please. I beg to propose 'The Queen, Prince Albert, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, and the rest of the Royal Family.' As none of them are here to return thanks, pass the wine, Manhug, and sing a song."

The toast being first greeted with musical honours, which intimated that the Queen was "a jolly good fellow," strengthened by the affirmation that all of them said so, Mr. Manhug proceeded to sing, tucking his thumbs into the arm-holes of his waistcoat, balancing himself on the hind-legs of his chair, clearing the trachea of some imaginary obstacle, and looking rather vicious at a crack in the ceiling

MR. MANHUG'S SONG.—AN ASSISTANT WANTED.

WANTED a gentleman fitted to fill
The post of assistant with competent skill
To a country practitioner highly genteel,
With a union of paupers to physic and heal;
Where against all petitions his heart he must steel,
Nor ever presume their distresses to feel,
For a medical man should be always genteel,—
So extraordinarily genteel.

He 's expected to know all the different branches
Into which proper medical science now launches;
He must bleed with precision, ne'er missing a vein,
And draw double teeth without fracture or pain.
The parish is small—ten miles by sixteen—
With some commons and gravel-pits scatter'd between;
And, respecting the cases—to state 'tis perhaps right,
That they always occur in the dead of the night.
Wanted a gentleman, &c.

The Pharmacopœia by heart he must know,
And ne'er seem reluctant—when sent for—to go;
He must learn to write labels in different styles,
And wash all the bottles—flats, mixtures, and phials.
If well educated he chances to be,
He may come in the parlour to dinner and tea;
But, when the meal 's over, must put by his chair,
And back to the surgery counter repair.
Wanted a gentleman, &c.

These are the principal matters—*au reste*—
He must always appear *comme-il-faut* and well dress'd.
And, since with much practice his mind will be stored,
The salary offer'd is—lodging and board.

Wanted a gentleman, fitted to fill
The tooth of a patient, with gold leaf and skill,
Who can walk like a postman, nor ever feel ill,
Nor beyond seven minutes expect to sit still,
But always be making draught, mixture, or pill,
And post every ledger, and write every bill,
And sleep in a garret, small, dreary, and chill,
And succumb to a country practitioner's will,
Who is most particularly genteel.

"That's all, gentlemen," said Mr. Manhug, thinking it was time for the applause to begin, as he made an inclination of his head, intended half for a bow to his auditors, and half to bring his head into his wine-glass—it being a fixed rule at all convivial parties that a person, having sung, should immediately on the conclusion of his indiscretion make a pretence of drinking, which implies that there is no more to come. This is a

PASSING THE W(H)INE.

wholesome practice, as nothing is more awkward than to thank one for a song, when only two out of the five verses have been got through.

Mr. Manhug's lyrical attempt was applauded to a degree which caused a short divertissement of candlesticks and tumblers, and woke seven patients in the next ward. The sentiment which followed was an expression of regret that the earthquake did not take place immediately under Apothecaries' Hall on an examination night; and then the chairman, after the manner of the gentleman who does the bass before the looking-glass at Evans's, knocked on the table, and said, "Gentlemen, I have to call your attention to a song from Mr. Jones."

Mr. Jones readily complied, and somewhat pluming himself on his voice, commenced informing the company that the glasses sparkled on the board ("room-table," added *sotto voce* by Mr. Rapp), and that the reign of pleasure had begun—finishing by a threat to drown some imaginary intruder in a bowl if he dared to make his appearance. The great point of the song was the execution of the "bowl." The nearest idea we can give the reader of its deliverance is to beg he will separate the word into *bo* and *ole*, and put three distinct *o*'s between them, each one lower than the other, until the last appeared to emanate from some organised ophicleide fixed in the pit of the stomach. The song appeared very popular, and admitted of a general chorus, which swelled as it proceeded, until one of the night-nurses put her head in at the door, and mildly hinted that the sciatica case in No. 12 did not appear to enter equally into the hilarity of the song, but was lying awake and grumbling; at which Mr. Rapp felt exceedingly indignant, having imagined that he had perfectly provided against any such occurrence, by administering an extra ten minims of Tr. Spir. in the night draught of No. 12.

By degrees the company attained a high state of conviviality. Mr. Jones did the "cats," and imitated Macready; Mr. Manhug sawed the piece of wood; and Mr. Muff sang an extempore song, which sent the new man into a state of astonished paralysis, and very much amused everybody else. This was the style of

MR. MUFF'S EXTEMPORE.

AIR.—"*There is nae luck about the house.*"

The gent who sits upon my left
Hath stock around his throat,
His trousers they are black and the
Same colour is his coat.

He weareth broach, but if I have
On breeding good encroached
I'm really very sorry that
I have the subject broached.
Tol lol de lol, tol liddle lol, &c.

There is a gent I now behold
A drinking of his wine,
He is a regular jolly cove
And that—that—(I beg your pardon gentlemen)—
(*Cries of "Try back," "Never mind, old fellow," "Go ahead," &c.*)
He is a regular jolly cove
And—('pon my word I'm hard up)—
And is a friend of mine.
Loud chorus of charitable students.
Tol lol de lol, tol liddle lol, &c.

"Bravo! Muff; famous! capital! you never did it better," resounded from various mouths as our friend concluded.

"Now, Mr. Newcome, what's your opinion of the ancient Greeks?" said Manhug briskly.

Mr. Newcome started as if he was shot, and replied "Upon my word, Mr. Manhug, I hardly know. I've never thought about them."

"Well, then, sing a song."

Mr. Newcome blushed exceedingly, and said he really would if he could, but he never knew one, or else he should be most happy.

"Oh, humbug!" continued Manhug; "come, fire away; something mentisental, if you don't know a comic one."

After intense confusion, Mr. Newcome was prevailed upon to murmur "Gaily the troubadour;" which was rendered additionally amusing by Mr. Muff always shouting "Singing from Palestine" everywhere but in the right place.

"There, that 'll do, Newcome," cried Mr. Jones, who was evidently a little hazy, at the end of the second verse. "We know all the rest; it's as stale as a Monday bun, and much more filling at the price."

Thus burked, Mr. Newcome relapsed into silence, and after several more songs and pleasantries, Mr. Rapp voted an adjournment to Evans's in several cabs. Who went with him, and how they fared, remains to be told in the next number.

AN ACCOMMODATING FOX.

In the *Standard* we read the following:—

"The Duke of Wellington hunted on Monday with the Vine hounds. The meet was at Ash Park, where the Duke arrived soon after eleven. A fox was quickly found, *which* enabled his Grace to return early to Strathfieldsaye."

The condescension, the refined politeness of the fox to the Duke of Wellington—running out, as Reynard evidently did, so very quickly, in order to enable the hero of Waterloo to return speedily home again—is a brutal benevolence not to be paralleled in Æsop. And yet we think we might suggest, for a future occasion, a higher courtesy to all foxes in the neighbourhood of his Grace. Instead of making him come to meet them soon after eleven, they might go

MEET THE DUKE A LITTLE BEFORE TEN.

CARROTS CLASSICALLY CONSIDERED.

Why scorn red hair?—the Greeks, we know,
(I note it here in charity,)
Had taste in *Beauty*, and with them
The Graces all were Χάριτες!

COMICALITIES OF O'CONNELL.

O'Connell—the lame kangaroo deprived of his tail—affords us now

and then a bit of farce under the head "Ireland." A few days ago he presided at a repeal joke, when he handed in "the yearly subscription to the repeal fund of several members of his family, including 22*s*. from twenty-two grandchildren!" *Now* the thing is done: Ireland is cut off from us: she has a parliament of her own—the brogue is lost for ever to St. Stephen's. Can any one doubt it? What!—when the holiness of the cause strikes upon the breasts of babes and sucklings—when many of the "twenty-two grandchildren" of the Liberator, with magnanimous self-denial, cut themselves off from the comforts of gingerbread—when they forego the solace of peg-in-the-ring—when they cease to *knuckle down* at taw—when they have taken the temperance pledge against lollipop and sugar-candy—and all for the glory and success of repeal! The question is evidently going up, when it thus finds its way into the nursery.

After the solemn subject of repeal (so far as concerned the grandchildren) was discussed, Lord O'Connell "handed in *one pound* from the *Blessed Virgin Mary* Tontine Society." This society is but little known in England; but in Ireland the thing is found out. For it has been discovered that nobody in the society has a chance of profiting by it, since O'Connell recommended a private friend of his own to be a member; that friend being no other than—the Wandering Jew!

A tradesman next handed in "two pewter medals, emblematic of the repeal movement." Of all metals, pewter we believe to be most hateful to Dan. However, on one side of these medals is "a representation of the old Parliament-house, and on the other a figure of Hibernia, which is a likeness of the Lord Mayor's eldest daughter, Mrs. Fitzsimon." We do not think the latter device happy. Hibernia with her stringed instrument is poor. We would have the likeness of O'Connell himself: the simple likeness; for, seeing the great Liberator, the imagination immediately supplies the lyre.

TO MY ROSINANTE.

Oh! steed of mine, I would indite
A noble song to thee!
Of all thy beauties I would write,
If—any I could see!

If thoroughbred had been thy race,
I'd praise thee for thy breed:
I'd praise thee for thy limbs of grace,
But—thou art broken-knee'd!

I'd praise thee for thy flowing mane,
And talk of silken hairs,
But ah! the falsehood would be plain,
For thine are like a bear's!

Oh! I would praise thee for thy speed,
Which ne'er was known to fail,
And call thee Pegasus, my steed—
But—thou art like a snail.

I'd praise thy paces, safe though slow,
Which ne'er betray'd thy backers;
* * * *
You stumbling brute!—By Heaven! you go
To-morrow to the knacker's!

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.

No. III.—NICHOLAS TWANG, ESQ. THE GUITAR-PLAYER.

NICHOLAS TWANG is the eldest son of his mother, who occupied a ward in the Mary-le-bone workhouse until her death, which occurred in 1838. She had been much respected by the paupers, four of whom carried her coffin to the place of interment; and such was the estimation in which she was held, that the sexton is said to have thrown six additional shovels-full of earth on the mound now standing to her memory. Young Twang evinced at a very early age an inclination for the musical profession, and was one of the original performers of the beautiful series of variations on the *Lul-li-e-tee*, which became popular some few years ago in the metropolis. In the year 1835 he became the owner of a Jew's-harp, for which instrument he composed an original air, arranged for two rows of teeth, a tongue, and a finger. Having given these undoubted indications of musical talent he placed himself under an eminent professor of the pandean-pipes, and took a few lessons on the drum, which he afterwards played with great success in a tour that he took with those wonderful artists the Indian-rubber incredibles. In this capacity he attracted the attention of the owner of the caravan which contained—or rather professed to contain—the pig-faced lady, and he was at once engaged for the performance of a series of *solos* on the Chinese gong; which is usually resorted to as a *finale* to an exhibition, for the purpose of drowning the complaints of the company.

The success of Mons. Jullien at the Promenade Concerts inspired Twang, who is a professor of the same school, to embark on a wider field of enterprise, and having obtained a guitar without strings, he soon fitted it up with wire, and determined to adopt it in future as his favourite instrument. Having given the first of a series of concerts in Grosvenor-square, he soon attracted the attention of the principal inhabitants, who generously rewarded his exertions, and sent their own servants to him, with suggestions and advice, directing him to places more favourable to the exercise of his peculiar abilities. He now tried the suburbs, and gave a *matinée musicale* in High-street, Wandsworth, which was attended by a very large party of juveniles. To the disgrace, however, of Wandsworth, we are compelled to add, that the authorities not appreciating the genius that had come among them, sent an escort to accompany him outside the walls of the place, and desired that his attention should be called to a local inscription, dictating very severe terms to rogues and vagabonds.

Twang now formed an engagement with a powerful soprano in a tattered Dunstable bonnet and a ragged silk dress (indicating what are usually called better days); and thus accompanied, he began a course of twelve concerts per night in some of the London thoroughfares. As two negatives are said to make an affirmative, it turned out, that as the lady could not sing, and Twang could not play, they made together such pleasing harmony, that a considerable secretion of coagulated copper in the pockets of each was the alchemystic consequence.

The style of Nicholas Twang is the nervous rather than the delicate. It is said of Apollo that he used to *sweep* the lyre, but it may be said of Twang that he *scrubs* the instrument he is so great a master of. We have heard of the delicate touch of Hertz, but Twang's touch hurts more than that of any other professor; for in his enthusiasm when playing an extemporaneous voluntary he is sure to break a string or two.

In private life he is much respected; and though he professes some contempt for the elaborate scores of Mozart and Beethoven, he always bears in mind whatever score there may be against him at any of the houses he is in the habit of resorting to.

FOREIGN BROOMS.

To the Editor of PUNCH.

SIR,—I was educated at Cambridge—took my degrees—wrote a prize poem—tried an epic on my own account—was sued by my printer, and flung into gaol. After fourteen years' retirement in the Fleet, I again appeared in the world; but having forfeited every claim upon the assistance of my rich and very respectable relations by writing verse, I was thrown, as a last resource, upon a broom and a crossing. For ten years did I make clean and straight the path from each side of —— street; deducting from the said ten years six weeks of every twelvemonth, which I either spent in Paris, Brussels, Antwerp, or at Margate. I retired from public life just eighteen months ago, and am now living a moral old bachelor with a very pretty housekeeper (sister of a Welch parson) at Peckham Rye.

I have, for some weeks past, witnessed with growing indignation, a most anti-national—most un-English custom. Our crossings are no longer swept by honest, independent Englishmen, but by Lascars, Chinamen—Hill-coolies—all the refuse of humanity, imported, as it would seem, to take the mud, which was to them their bread, out of the mouths of besom-wielding Britons. COLONEL SIBTHORP is, I know, an obliged reader of PUNCH. Will the gallant member, in his place in Parliament, inquire of the Foreign Secretary if the English crossing-sweeper has been, or is to be, indemnified for this exotic competition? The superficial observer may not detect the foreign labourer, but the COLONEL, who, from his politics, really knows what mud is, has only to cast his eyes upon the ways of these barbarians, to know that his road to the House of Commons is much dirtier, if possible, than since the last election.

Yours, JACK RAG.

A VISION OF MIDNIGHT.

'Twas the mirk midnight, and the taper's light
Right dimly and bluely shone,
When I saw with affright a form in white
On my chamber floor alone.

He had not the bone of a skeleton,
Nor the scowl of a goblin grim,
Nor the form of a sprite of the silent night,
Who sat in that chamber dim:

He rattled no chain to scare my brain,
Nor was ghastly to the sight;
Yet who he might be, so strange to see,
I could not tell for fright!

But hoarsely he cried, as he scratch'd his side,
"Od rot his body and bones!"
And he turn'd him o'er, on the bare cold floor,
With terrible grunts and groans.

Then I knew with relief that he was not a thief—

A HOUSEBREAKER.

Ah no! he was none of these—
But, I look'd again, and I found out then,
'Twas my brother,—catching fleas!

Why are "the finest pisantry in the world" often in rags?—Because they live chiefly on "*tatters*."

AN EVENING CALL ON ALDERMAN LUCAS.

NIGHT came! An ungenial April night: eight o'clock struck from the church dial, and Alderman Lucas sat in the solitude of his library—or book-room, as Henry Brougham hath it, containing *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Whole Duty of Man*, *Doyley's Bible*, and the *Old Bailey Calendar*. It was eight o'clock, and at least three glasses of the primest bees'-wing—three glasses of the unfinished bottle—shone, ruby bright, in a very choicely cut decanter. The alderman sat—

> In that sweet mood, when pleasure loves to pay
> Tribute to ease; and of its joy secure,
> The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,
> Wasting its kindliness on port and nuts,
> And on the *desert* fare."

The alderman's cat, sleek as his own official miniver, purred at his feet. Her six kittens, yes, the whole half-dozen pledges, had only the night before been drowned by Betsey, the maid—but the cat had lived so long in the alderman's family—had, with a sagacity at times displayed by brutes, become so complete a convert to the alderman's notions on the evils of over-population, that at least four times a year did puss see her blind family goto the pail without even a remonstrative mew; nay more, instantly took milk from the housemaid's murderous hand—the hand "that did it."—To the genius of feline history that hath enshrined the cat of Whittington, we offer up the tabby of LUCAS. The cat is worthy of the alderman, and the alderman of the cat!

It struck eight, and the alderman, chewing an almond, sat with his eyes reading the mystic glories that, even more evanescent than a Lord Mayor's honours, shone and shifted in the burning coals. The alderman had dropt the scales of justice for the day; and like a chandler in his back parlour, wearied with weighing short ounce, half-ounce, quarter-ounce to the beguiled poor, sat, taking his ease, and shaping to himself from the burning Wall's-end before him, all the quaint magnificence of a ninth of November. Now the pageant would change, and in the embers would be seen—decked for the pleasant mirth of summer swan-hopping—the city barge:

> "In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,
> Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm!"

And now another change, and Lucas saw all the glowing embers fall and shape themselves into a huge turtle that seemed to palpitate into life, and draw, with mystic fare, the aldermanic bust still nearer to the fire. Thus sits Lucas, when the door is suddenly opened, and with no announcement of his advent, enters a visitor.

"Who the devil are you?" asks LUCAS.

"Hush!" exclaims the visitor, with a look and manner deprecatory of a too familiar use of the devil's name.

"Surely," said LUCAS to himself, "he is from Somerset House. Yes; there's no mistaking his looks. He must be a Poor Law Commissioner."

The visitor handed a dirty card to the alderman, shortly observing—"My name."

LUCAS held the card to the candle, and read—"*Mr. Mors, the Poor Man's real friend.*"

"I have been induced to wait upon you," said MORS, "in consequence of your sympathy with my recent very heavy losses."

"Take a glass of wine," said LUCAS; but Mr. MORS shook his head. "Humph! a teetotaler perhaps?" insinuated the alderman.

"By no means; but I have drunk too much blood for these last six thousand years to relish the insipidity of grape."

"Drunk blood!" cried LUCAS to himself—"I was right; he *is* a Poor-law Commissioner. But six thousand years! He must be mad!" And the alderman rose, and already his hand was on the bell-pull, when MORS, with a winning smile, requested the alderman to be seated, assuring him that, in good time, they would be inseparable friends.

"I believe, alderman," said MORS, "these are your words?" Whereupon the stranger drew from his pocket a "permanently enlarged" *Morning Herald*, and placed his withered finger on a police case, in which "four lads, all about nineteen years, were charged with stealing bread from a baker's shop."

"I recollect the matter perfectly," said the alderman.

"And I believe, alderman, these are your words—these are your opinions on the present lamentable longevity of the species?" Hereupon Mr. MORS read in a thin, whistling voice the following extract:—

"*Alderman Lucas remarked that first offences of this kind* (loaf-stealing) *were always prompted by necessity. More hands grew up now than there was employment for; and for this* THEY HAD IN A GREAT MEASURE TO THANK DR. JENNER AND VACCINATION!"

"Very correctly reported," said Alderman Lucas. "Such is my fixed opinion."

The stranger jumped up, and would have seized the alderman by the hand; but the alderman shrunk from his palm as from the contaminating touch of poverty.

"Never mind," said Mr. MORS. "But we shall shake hands some day, depend upon it."

"But you talked of my sym—sym—what was it?—sympathy," observed the alderman, wriggling very uneasily in his very easy chair.

"Very true, sir. What I have lost by Dr. Jenner, nobody can tell. My friend, Mr. Wakley—by the way, I put a great many guineas into his trousers pocket—has, to be sure, some notion of it*. But what I have really lost is incalculable."

"Doubtless, sir," ventured the alderman, "you are connected with the undertaking business?"

"Very intimately," said Mr. MORS. "I have employed all sorts of people—long before the embalmers of Egypt, down to the present tradesmen occasionally honoured by the commands of the House of Brunswick."

"Well, sir?" cried the alderman, becoming more and more anxious.

"Well, sir," responded Mr. MORS, "as you have shown yourself so profoundly knowing in one of the causes of my business—(the snake, to be sure, I'm very thankful to him, was my father; but the cow, sir, vaccination, has reduced me down to worse than Union diet)"—

"He's mad—certainly mad," thought the alderman.

"—I have called upon you with what I conceive may prove some remedy for the present evil of over-population"—here the alderman's cat mewed melodiously.—"Now, sir, what do you think of any of these?" And here Mr. MORS rose, and twitching from his pocket a book, in form and length not unlike a tailor's, flung it out at some yards' volume before the eyes of the alderman. "Now, alderman," said Mr. MORS, "do you think this would cure the evil? This is a remarkably fine case of sweating sickness: it has, in its time, carried off thousands and thousands."

"So I have heard," said the alderman, and grew a little pale and tremulous at the horrible display before him; for in the book were limned most cunningly all the physical types of all diseases, from the small-pox to the first blotch of the plague.

"What say you to the sweating sickness?" asked MORS.

"I have not the least objection," answered Alderman LUCAS.

"Or dysentery?"—

"Just as you please."—

"Or consumption?"—

"Isn't it a little too lingering? But you know best."

"Or hydrophobia," urged MORS; "and whereas innumerable pups are every year inhumanly drowned, they may, henceforth, be preserved, and duly inoculated with rabies, be let loose in the alleys, courts, and cellars of the poor, hitherto so shamefully preserved by Dr. JENNER. Humph! what say you to my plan?"

"'Tis ingenious," answered the alderman, with a wan smile.

"Still, for a speedy remedy, confess it, there's nothing like the cholera?"—

"The cholera has its merits"—

"Or the plague! The real, unmitigated plague? Come,"—and here MORS laughed, and his jaws looked like a gaping grave—"give your voice for the plague—say the plague, and I'm gone—shall it be the plague?"

"The plague by all means," said the alderman.

Hereupon the visitor hastily rolled up his pattern-book of diseases, smiled, bowed, and vanished. Whereupon LUCAS violently rang the bell, and JOHN answering the summons, was commanded by his master—"Never to let that MORS cross the threshold."

As, however, he writes upon his card, "*The Poor Man's real friend*," his bony finger may still lift the latch of the desolate and famine-stricken. Q.

* Look at Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination. Could they compare anything modern writers had done with that discovery? It had rescued hundreds of thousands of human beings from death.—*See Wakley's Yelp in Parliament on the Copyright Bill*, April 6.

Do you know how to play the cymbals?—Not exactly; but I know the way to Clapham.

The Markets.

THERE was a good deal of liveliness in Hops, and a party of strangers, who seemed to act together, took off the contents of all the *pockets* they could lay hold of. There was little doing in corn, and what Barley came in, was converted into barley-water for a large consumer. Peas were distributed freely in small samples through the market, by means of tin tubes; and as usual there was a good deal of roguery in grain, which it was found necessary to guard against.

TRY IT!

MR. EDITOR,—In the House of Commons last week I had the good fortune to expose the utter worthlessness and absurdity of Wordsworth's compositions. I did not hesitate (conscious of the power of my own genius) to assert that I could write much better. As some Honourable Member was polite enough to ask me to "try it,"

DESCEND, YE NINE.

I have complied with his request, and beg to subjoin the following lines, which you will be pleased to insert as

THE LAST MAN BUT ONE,

A LITTLE LITERAL POETICAL EFFUSION, BY MR. WAKLEY.

Last night, whilst prosy —— spoke,
I dream'd I slept—I dream'd I woke.
Methought that mister Time had sent
His latest quarter-day,
And there were none to ask for rent,
And there were none to pay,
Save one grim man (a foreigner),
And I the county coroner.
O mi! how dull it was to meet
Not e'en a Smith * in court or street!
The morning came, but came without
The chimney sweep's, or clothesman's shout;
No dustman's soft melodious bell,
No fishfag screaming "Mack-ee-rell"!
No mænad of the ditches said,
"Come buy my prime fresh water-*creases*;"
No surgeon's slip-shod servant maid
Sigh'd "last week's *Lancet* if you pleases †."
* * * *
The sun went down—I sought to see
The lamplighter appear;
He came not—and it seem'd to me
The rates were in arrear.
And then I wander'd down the Strand,
It was a desert way;
There was no jarvey on the stand,
Nor e'en a cabriolet.
At last I saw the Foreigner,
(Magnesia-like his hue);
He said—"Are you de coroner?"
I said, "What's that to you?"
"Look, sare, upon dis sable suit,
And dis long battledore;
Trowout dis day, as my own mute,
I stand beside my door.
And you must hold de crowner's 'quest
On me,"—and I replied,
"Pray where's the jury?"—"You know best,"
He answer'd, and then—died.
I donn'd a beadle's coat and hat,
And then a summons wrote;
Twelve times I served myself with that,
And then doff'd hat and coat *.
I gave the evidence—I took
The notes, that I might see
The verdict right—I sign'd the book,
And paid myself the fee! †
* * * *

* "*Not e'en a Smith.*" What a picture of desolation!—*Punch.*

† These last eight lines at once establish our author's claim to be considered the Apollo of Parliament. What is the simplicity of Wordsworth compared to the imagery of the above passage?—*Punch.*

"ASSES" IN PARLIAMENT.

THE *Times* suggests "as a curious subject of physiological inquiry, what it can be that makes the whole House of Commons go off into violent fits of laughter on the slightest mention of an ass—as if it were some newly-discovered animal, which had never before entered their imagination—some *lusus naturæ*—some startling and original phenomenon, as yet unheard of within or without the walls of their house." Certainly an ass can be no such novelty to Members of Parliament; can it, Colonel Sibthorp?

"I'm moving in a very high circle," as the sweep said when he turned himself round in a chimney-pot.

"I'll try another *bit*," as the jockey said when his horse ran away with him.

THE BEAR AND THE PINE-APPLE;

A TRUE STORY, DEDICATED TO THOMAS WAKLEY, M.P.

AN odd event occurred on the 6th instant at the Zoological Gardens. It appears that a man had by some means obtained an engagement in the establishment, and although utterly unacquainted with the habits of the animals, was employed to dole out to them their requisite provisions. A very choice monkey was taken ill, and refused to eat. It was thought, however, that its appetite might be stimulated by a pine-apple; and a pine-apple, at any cost, was obtained. Thus far so good: but the man who was to have administered the luscious fruit to the sick creature, in the fullness of his ignorance carried the pine-apple to the great polar bear. *Indignatus facit versus!* The beast was so disgusted, that, touched by the spirit of Esop, master Bruin spoke.

"What's this?" asked the bear.

"What is it?" replied the illiterate feeder. "Why, a splendid pine-apple. It cost five guineas, and has been produced after much skill, much anxiety."

"Phewgh! contemptible! How sickly its odour,—how pale its colour,—how insipid the whole thing. Take it away—take it away," cried the bear, with great loathing.

"Good heavens!" cried the man—"what! not like pine-apples? Why what on earth do you really relish?"

Hereupon, the bear crushed the fruit to pulp between his paws, and growled in answer—"Guts! nothing but guts!"

Thomas Wakley, on the debate on the Copyright Bill, calls the verse of Wordsworth "trash!" Alas, what would the literary coroner have?

And the bear growls—"Guts!"

* There is a power about this quatrain which entitles it to a place beside the "Su gallo cavallo," which appeared in the 5th number of *Punch*.

† The last line of this poem proves it to be the greatest work of fiction upon record.—*Punch.*

THE DRAWING ROOM.

ATRONESS Lady Cleaver held her first Drawing Room for the season on Thursday last, and will hold a *parlour* in a week or two.

The whole of the suite of rooms was thrown open, including the satin-papered front, the distempered back, and the stencilled china cupboard, which was reserved as the closet for those who had the privilege of the *entrée*. The brown holland blinds, which had been washed for the occasion, were lowered to the top of the second pane, and a costly collection of variegated shavings was thrown without regard to expense into the fire-place. A drapery of silver (tissue-paper) depended gracefully from the bars, which had been lavishly furbished with black-lead, and a sort of triangular device of dazzling brilliancy was achieved by a very tasteful arrangement of the elaborately leathered fire-irons. The whole of the carpets had been taken up, and the round table in the centre had been tilted so as to present its top in the form of a shield to the spectator, and this was wheeled into a corner of the room, forming a sort of rostrum for the fugleman who announced the company. The sofa bedstead was drawn out to its full extreme, and by some very skilful management was arranged to have the appearance of a platform, upon which Lady Cleaver stood, surrounded by the household. The suite consisted of the Shopman, under the title of Comptroller of the Treasury, the Errand-boy, as Ambassador Ordinary for the Metropolitan Districts, two Ladies of the Bedchamber, with their carpet brooms of office, the Footman in Waiting, who wore the collar and the garter, together with an Usher of the Brown Rod from a charity school in the neighbourhood. At precisely half-past one Lady Cleaver ascended the platform, but previously gave audiences in the china closet to the juvenile members of her own family, and a few other distinguished individuals. The adults shook hands upon having kept their appointments, and the younger branches were severally introduced to the lips of Lady Cleaver.

The following were admitted to the *entrée* in the closet :—

Barto Valle, Chargé d'Affaires of the oil and Italian shop in the Haymarket ; Herleogairt-Gharetin, on a special mission with gloves from the Custom-house ; Herr Farrance, from Ice-land ; Mons. Gradelle, on his arrival from the interior of France ; Signor A. Giubilei, charged with the execution of a treaty with her Majesty's Theatre ; and Madame Persiani, on having reached—all the way from Boulogne to England. Among the general company were, the Steward-in-Waiting on the Duke of Devonshire, the Captain of the Tulip Steam Packet, the Leader of the Band of Gentlemen Glee-Singers, Mr. Snooks, the Master of the Ceremonies of the Tivoli Gardens, Margate ; a Gentleman Usher, another usher not a gentleman, the Groom of the Three Cups livery stables, a newsman with the Standard, two Heralds bearing the banner of the wet blanket, Mr. Snivins, Baron Nathan and Sweet.

Honourable.—A. Blank.

Ladies.—Mrs. Snooks, Miss Snooks, Miss A. Snooks, Miss B. Snooks, and Miss A. B. C. Snooks.

Duke.—Humphrey, jun.

Doctors.—Morrison and Moat.

Field Marshal.—The Marshal of Cold Bath-fields prison.

Generals.—Postman and Dealer.

Major.—Longbow.

Commanders.—Of the Bachelor and Lily.

Captains.—Sniff, of the Duel-room, and Stump, of the Atalanta.

His Excellency Mr. Diddle, from the Netherlands.

At the investiture of the Bath, Master Cleaver was made a Saturday Night Companion of the Shower.

We subjoin an account of the

LADIES' DRESSES.

Lady Cleaver.—A magnificent body of sky-blue cotton velvet, trimmed at the sleeves with point-muslin, and having a narrow frilling of jaconot round the top ; the sleeves tastefully looped up with that venerable parent of jewels the mother-of-pearl, and pieced at the gussets with the same material as the body ; a very full skirt of bright yellow leno over a petticoat of real buckram, stockings of deep pink, and soiled shoes of amber satin. Head-dress of blue currant beads, and very large sprigs of artificial flowers, in which the triumph of art was shown by the total annihilation of even the semblance of nature.

Mrs. Snooks.—Corsage of pink persian coming down in a point, and trimmed with fluted cullier at the back and centre. Skirt of white book-muslin, with deep flounces of sarsenet ribbon, and bound at the placket-hole with a remnant of yellow lutestring. Head-dress a magnificent front of false curls, surmounted by a red turban of costly cotton velvet.

Miss Snooks.—A complete toilette of book-muslin. Head-dress a stout comb of beautifully spotted buffalo.

Miss A. Snooks.—A pink *coutille* body, with skirt of white leno over a slip of glazed calico. Head-dress, a sprig of black glass beads, and a comb of buffalo.

Mrs. Snivins.—A corsage of figured Saxony, with sleeves of white muslin, and a sarsenet stomacher basted over the bosom, with an edging of white net herring-boned round the neck, and descending in a point to the hook-and-eye of the belt of the body. A skirt of washing silk, very full on the hips, and shorter at the back than the front, so as to show the heels of the stocking. Leather slippers and head-dress of long brass pins, with mother-of-pearl balls at the top, interspersed with a chain of mosaic gold, platted in with the hair, and which was folded over the missing portion of a comb of *real* tortoiseshell.

Widow Miffins.—A body of black twill, with skirt of the same, and let out at the sleeves with narrow insertion. Rosettes of slate-coloured calico, forming a festoon from the right hip to the calf of the left leg, and finished off with a bow of black satin ribbon over the ancle. Head-dress, a profusion of weeds, and in the pocket-handkerchief a small onion.

Miss Snivins.—White calico body and skirt over a slate-coloured petticoat of real Manchester goods. Head-dress, a quantity of pomatum, and half a yard of black ribbon.

As we are desirous to make our account of the Drawing-room as complete as possible, we subjoin a few of the

DRESSES OF THE GENTLEMEN.

Mister Snooks.—Coat of dark brown, with plain buttons of white metal. Waistcoat of snuff-colour, with breeches *en suite* ; shirt and neck-cloth, shoes and stockings. Head-dress, a flaxen caxon.

Master Snooks.—A blue coat with scarcely any collar, and cut off at the hips, like a riding costume. Waistcoat of pink plush, embroidered with the large chain of the mosaic order, and surmounted with the collar of the linen of Ireland. Pantaloons of Saxony falling gracefully over the John Bull boot, and fastened by straps of harness leather. Head-dress, a bunch of hair hanging down the back of the neck, and plastered in front with bears'-grease close over the forehead.

Master A. Snooks.—A dirty face and a clean pinafore. Head-dress, a shabby tuft of dust-coloured hair, brushed upwards into a miserable attempt at a Brutus.

The Captain of the "Tulip."—The Thames uniform consisting of a Holywell-street pea-jacket, turned up at the cuffs, and turned down at the collar. Head-dress, a fan-tailed hat, attached by a yard of whipcord to the nearest button-hole. The gallant Captain was looking remarkably well after his recent voyage. He brought despatches from the Windmill Pier, Vauxhall, and was admitted to the closet.

The following ladies were presented to Lady Cleaver :—

Miss Snooks, on her appointment as governess to the Isle of Dogs Charity School.

Mrs. Snivins, on her return from a tour to the Eel Pie Islands.

Mrs. Muff, on presenting a copy of her new work on *Toast and Toasting-forks.*

Mrs. Grouse, on the renewal of the license of the Peloponnesian Tea-gardens.

We are happy to say that Lady Cleaver looked remarkably well, and every thing went off very pleasantly.

PERSIANI AT SEA !

An enthusiastic audience is assembled to hurrah Persiani—to cry *brava* —to throw bouquets, &c. The crowd open their mouths to receive the honied voice of a prima donna, and Doctor Wardrop throws blue pills into them. The following notice proves the truth of our metaphor :—

"Madame Persiani continues *to suffer so severely from the effects of sea-sickness, accompanied with violent retching*, that it is impossible for her to appear this evening. James Wardrop, M.D."

On this, says *The Times*, "the audience were at first disposed to grumble, and gave many signs of dissatisfaction."

The audience were perfectly right. In the first place, Persiani being considered upon all hands a perfect syren, must have been so used to the vicissitudes of the ocean, that sea-sickness was utterly impossible. (We should as soon think of a butterfly dying with ossification of the heart.) Secondly, all the bargains of all singers, foreign and native, prove their utter want of bowels ; hence the "retching" must have clearly been an Esculapian fallacy—a gratuitous benevolence of Wardrop, M.D.

We now come to the dissatisfaction of an enlightened British public. The audience were justified in becoming very savage at the violent retching of a sea-sick St. Cecilia ; and had she had the effrontery to die, they would—we are convinced—have been perfectly exonerated, by all the laws of English freedom, in breaking the chandeliers and tearing up the benches !

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

The following report of the debate on the copyright question in the House of Commons (for which we are indebted to a distinguished member of the House) may be implicitly relied upon.

Lord Viscount Mahon. Sir,—I rise on this occasion with considerable difficulty, being bowed down by the weight of my task. I feel I have all the works of the present generation of authors on my shoulders, and a heavy load it is to bear. It has hitherto been carried—not the bill, for that was lost—but the burthen, by Mr. Serjeant Talfourd; but as the *Reading* constituency, now, like the *reading* public long ago, will have nothing to say to him, I must do Atlas in his place. Authors, sir, are basely used in this country. In the historical line for example—to which I allude particularly, as it is in that I am distinguished, we are first obliged, at much cost and trouble, to collect the materials. I, of course, have a cab of my own—so that my visits to the Museum were not expensive—but the great majority of authors must either have hired the cab or walked, thereby exposing themselves to the cost of fare, and wear and tear; and as neither cabmen nor cobblers give credit, the inconvenience might be immense. Having ascertained there that Guy Fawkes was a Spaniard,

Group after Guido (Fawkes).

William the Third a Dutchman, and the two first Georges Hanoverians, I was enabled to state with confidence in my history that they were foreigners; and to deduce from the fact of the late Duke of Marlborough's having won the battle and estate of Blenheim (of which there can be no doubt, since my researches have set it at rest) that he was a Tory. So far for their labours—their toils and their expenditures; but there are still other ordeals to pass through. I allude, at least, to those who, like myself, are determined not to be satisfied with anything short of perfection. Others, I know, would be content with what I gathered at the Museum; and having discovered such facts as those to which I have referred, would stop at this comparatively easy task, and complete their volumes at once. I was determined to look to original documents; I turned over the records of the house of Stanhope; I threw open their contents to the public with a liberality seldom heard of. There were housekeepers' bills in hundreds, of which no note seemed to be taken; proofs that the absurd obduracy of wine-merchants frequently kept the cellar of the Stanhopes in a state of sobriety which would be very delightful to Father Mathew; my great-grandmother's receipt for ratafia, some considerable demands for which were always paid from her privy purse; interesting documents as to sums charged for regilding lace, reviving feathers, and patching breeches, which to an antiquary concerned in the *res vestiaria* of the 18th century must be as agreeable to read as they were disagreeable to those whose address they originally bore. I discovered, also, that Port Mahon, from which the title I honour is derived, lay on the east or the west side of Corsica, I cannot pledge myself to which, not having my papers about me. Corsica, did I say! I retract an error fallen into during the heat and agitation of debate. I intended to have said Minorca. I never was, I never am, and, thank God! I never shall be ashamed to correct an inadvertence.—(*Loud cheers from both sides of the House*). It would be unworthy of my character as an historian, if I did not retract an historical aberration. (*Hear, hear*). After all this tremendous toil abroad and at home, when the work is finished then comes another difficulty,—where are you to find the bookseller to publish it? And echo answers—where?

Sir Val. Blake. (*Awaking.*)—Who's that speaking about an echo?

Lord Viscount Mahon.—The interruption is most unparliamentary. I was saying, after a man writes a great historical work like mine, when it is finished and done, then the affair is anything but over and concluded. In my case there was no remarkable difficulty. As I am a Lord, my great historical works are published at once. If I wasn't a lord, who would have published them for me?

Sir Valentine Blake.—The devil a bookseller of the lot from Aldgate-pump to the ould gallows at Tyburn.

Lord Viscount Mahon.—This Jack Sheppard style of debate is utterly abominable. I was going to say—what was I going to say? I forget what I was going to say. I was going to move that historians should be allowed a certain salary from the state, as under the ancient government of Confucius, in China. A hundred a year for the next century for every copy they sell in the first seven years, and fifty pounds a year for all copies remaining unsold at the end of that period. In my case, of my first historical work—

The Chancellor of the Exchequer.—I fear the noble Lord is about to propose a tax, and that pleasant duty being mine, I cannot allow anybody to interfere.

Lord John Russell.—History, as written by the noble Lord who has opened the debate, appears to me to be the merest rubbish ever attempted to be palmed off on the public. Is everybody who happens to have a grandfather or two to empty out their notes of unpaid washerwomen's bills, and call it history? No; history to be treated properly, should have nothing to do with facts. It should be managed exactly as I have done in my Essay on the English Constitution. You can easily invent facts; but opinions are the main matter. And for a public man, let me tell you, it is no joke to offer opinions in print. There is scarcely a page of my book that I have not been obliged to contradict in practice. Is that sacrifice nothing? When I wanted the Methodists to vote for me, there they had my book abusing them, and they almost tore me to pieces. I should say therefore that mere historians should be left to the patronage of mince-piemen, and trunkmakers, and that to writers on great constitutional points should be awarded all the profits. But I ask no money from the state; all I ask is the happiness of anticipating that from my Essay on Constitutional Government my great-grandchildren may be allowed to derive as large a revenue as our family derives from the Essay on the Constitution made some three hundred years ago by Henry VIII., and that John Russell, the literary pillager in the days of the Guelphs, may be a founder of a house of his own, as well as the John Russell, the church-land pillager in the days of the Tudors.

Mr. B. D'Israeli.—I agree with the noble Lord who has just sat down that his noble friend's histories and his own constitutional essays are nothing but fiction. Why not then extend to legitimate fiction what they here demand for their contraband wares? My notion is this: that all authors of successful novels—be made Professors in the Universities, with handsome salaries, to descend from father to son for four generations—the lecturing class-book of each professor being his own novel. This would at once advance the literature of the country, and provide for us all.

Dr. Bowring.—Who talks of such trash as Henrietta Temple, in connexion with lecturing? No sir,—statistics, political economy—these are the things. I propose that perpetual commissionerships be kept up for the economists while living; and as nobody is expected to read a line of what they print, a state provision for their descendants, calculated on the sums which their employment has cost, or their advice lost. A small per-centage of this kind in my case would be a handsome legacy.

Mr. Blewitt.—That paragraph just quoted might fill a hole in our poet's corner on a day when we run short of matter—but I hear with the utmost disgust people talking of histories, and essays, and poetries, and political economies, and pharmacopœias, and other trash—and not a word said of the best public instructors! Ought not the labours of the journalist, as hugest in size, be most ample in provision? There is the glory of Wales—as long as Monmouth was Welsh—I need not say the Merlin—

A voice here was heard from the centre of the gallery, exclaiming, in shrill accents—What is all the press of England as compared to

"PUNCH!"

A deep silence succeeded the announcement of this "awful monosyllable," followed in a short time by loud tumult, and cries of "Order!" "I spy a stranger!" "The Serjeant-at-arms!" &c., during which we escaped.

Brothers in Arms.

Shipping Intelligence.

The Blooming Betsy, laden with Wallsend, having got on shore at Lambeth, was temporarily abandoned by the crew, who went inland during the night, and found on their return that the cargo had been completely scuttled, and every coal on board clandestinely carried off by a party of native marauders. The six-oared wherry Lively Lucy fell in with a punt in distress athwart the barges at Westminster. The wherry

CROSSING THE STICKS (STYX).

was afraid to approach near enough to assist the punt, whose crew, consisting of two lads, got on to a barge, and were ultimately taken off by the master, and turned adrift in the mud; along which they proceeded, till they reached Vauxhall in great distress, and with the loss of shoes and stockings. The punch-bowl Martha was high and dry at low tide yesterday. It is expected she will float when the water comes up high enough.

TO MARINERS.

A lantern of whitey brown paper is now fixed on the larboard end of the floating pier in the latitudes between Richmond-terrace and the Belvidere-road. All masters of vessels are advised to near the pier, when the state of the weather permits, and snuff the candle for the general convenience of all voyagers. In case of accidents there is a lucifer-box made fast to the handle of the lantern.

Punch's Theatre.

LA SONNAMBULA.

Italian Operas seem to be generally written as vehicles for the display of the talents or deficiencies of the singers who are to perform them. Being chiefly collections of tunes joined together by recitative, the privilege always taken by Italian vocalists of varying the melodies with roulades does not so much matter as if such indulgences were allowed in works of a higher school; because the accompaniments being as meagre, and often as bad as possible, the most ungrammatical departure from the score does not disarrange the harmony of the chord to which the altered passage belongs. Thus it happened that the music sung by Malibran in the part of Amina, although founded upon Bellini's airs, was somewhat different to that which Persiani warbles. Miss Romer grafted a few English cadences upon the Italian stock, but Miss Kemble sings the character just as Bellini wrote it.

Independent of the singing, the acting of the four Aminas present in our recollection differs as widely in almost every characteristic as Kean did from Liston. Malibran was the piquante village coquette, who flirted from instinct, and felt the terrible trouble brought upon her with a keenness of grief proportionate to her volatility. Persiani's Amina is a well-conducted, deserving lassie, who will make a thrifty wife. Miss Romer's is all simplicity at the beginning, and all energy at the end. Miss Kemble's is unlike either; she presents to us a simple maiden, with a mind occupied with no other sentiment than that of love. Every note she sings, every movement she makes, is influenced by that feeling. It subdues her tones in the first scene to the plaintive expression of assured, unalloyed happiness. The music seemed the means with which Nature had gifted her for expressing the love and content that filled her heart. You saw the character and nothing of the actress; there were no dashing cadences to show how well she could sing.

In the later and more impassioned passages, the horror in the bedroom and the despair in the last scene were the horror and despair of a country-girl, and not of a rampant actress; the snatches of recitative that interrupt her lover's celebrated scena at the opening of the second act, trembled upon the ear as if really issuing from a breaking heart; and it was not till the reaction of surprise and joy which takes place at the finale, gave scope for brilliant execution, that the singer became apparent. Up to that point we had been absorbed in, and sympathising with "La Sonnambula."

THE PRETTY GIRLS OF STILBERG.

This is the elegant title of a piece which has been translated from the French by an author who shows his competency to the task by calling it a "vaudeville," although there is not a single vaudeville in it from first to last—two choruses and a comic song being all the music it contains. It is, in fact, a sort of farce constructed upon one of those plots which it has been ascertained, from frequent repetition, are always well received by the public, let them be ever so clumsily reconstructed.

When the curtain rises, the stage is occupied by a dozen men, stationed there to tell you that they are pages belonging to Napoleon—a piece of information most essential to prevent mistakes, for they are all dressed in the green uniform of the Prussians, who they state are their fighting enemies. Being placed with great exactitude in the unvarying stage-semicircle, they continue their round and quite unvarnished tale for at least a quarter of an hour. What they relate is perfectly well known to themselves—for they describe an over-night freak of their own—but then the audience has to be enlightened, which is attempted by a division of labour peculiar to the reading classes at preparatory schools, where the scholars spell a paragraph a piece. This plan, when applied to the drama, is admirably adapted for confusing the simplest statement; and all we could make out from the running fire of narrative was, that the pages had been playing some trick upon the "Pretty Girls of Stilberg," two of whom make their appearance to retaliate. They demand to see the Emperor, and as they refuse to be persuaded of his absence one of their tormentors—Ernest—determines to gratify them by personating his Majesty in jest. This part is played by Mr. Webster, whom you are to imagine the image of Buonaparte, the likeness being strengthened by immoderate pinches of snuff taken out of a huge box—a rapid pacing to and fro at every sentence—and a constant use of the arms, that are sometimes folded up over the breast, and at others put by behind the back. But when the imitation gets to the elevated, characteristic interjection of "Hallo! What's all this noise about?" the similitude is to be considered perfect—so much so, that the girls are completely taken in, especially when the pseudo Emperor kisses them and invites them to supper.

The comic character—a drummer—is manifestly introduced into the piece for no other purpose than to undeceive the pretty ones about the fictitious Napoleon; for he does nothing besides, except coming on every now and then to sing out "Row-de-dow-dow!" The damsels vow revenge for the fresh insult, and call on their allies to partake of the forthcoming supper; by which arrangement each Jack-in-Green has his Gill. A remarkable circumstance ensues—in two minutes all the men get drunk and fall asleep! The precision with which this manœuvre is executed does great credit to their military talents: every one drops his head into his arms upon the table at the same instant, and in exactly the same position. The girls now steal their swords; and that nothing shall happen to wake them, scream a very loud chorus to the oft-repeated word "hush!" but fearing lest that precaution should fail in prolonging their victims' nap, go off to give the funny drummer an opportunity of vociferating a deafening comic ditty, to a thundering side-drum accompaniment.

These noisy sudorifics prove completely effectual, and the dozen sleepers slumber as soundly as if they were the seven ditto. But how are they to be awakened when the plot demands their services? That the author settles upon true homœpathic principles; as noise has lulled them to repose, noise is the proper thing to arouse them—*similia similibus curantur*—so a discharge of small-arms takes place at the wing, and all the pages are bound up in volumes of smoke. The cry is that the Prussians are on them; they start to their feet and fly to arms—at least they would do so if they had any to fly to; but the enemy—the ladies who filched their foils—now appear in regimentals and in marching order. For the rest vide "The Invincibles."

When we say that these silly, improbable events are developed in dialogue quite worthy of the Sadler's Wells or Victoria dramatists, it may appear astonishing that this drama was successful at the Haymarket. But there are certain sins against the decencies of taste mightily pleasing to too many play-goers—such as the appearance of women in costumes which, if not positively indelicate, are quite offensive to even mere respectability of taste. Military evolutions, also, are certain to enlist the favour of the gods, if ever so clumsily executed.

The success of such a piece as this is, Punch is sure, more injurious to a theatre like the Haymarket than its unqualified condemnation. It begets a different class of audiences than those up to whose intellects the manager ought to play. By producing such farces as "The Pretty Girls of Stilberg," he enters into a rivalry with the most dramatically debased of the minor theatres, and thus empties his boxes, to fill the galleries. A few more such productions, and his still-favoured theatre will no longer be visited by the admirers of the pleasing pictures of real life he was wont to produce from the pens of Kenny, Buckstone, Bernard, and others—or the appreciators of Knowles's higher qualities. To such persons it is painful rather than amusing to hear Madame Celeste swearing by the Devil, telling her companion to "stick to her," &c.; for none but the decoyed from the New Cut see the fun of it.

If the production of "The Invincibles" at Covent Garden be adduced as a precedent, the answer is to be found in the excellence of the dialogue, the admirable construction of the plot, and the unequalled manner in which that operetta was acted. Except the military exhibition the ladies made at the end (which nearly produced its condemnation on the first night), there is nothing in it offensive either to moral or intellectual taste. On the contrary, the Haymarket farce is a bad version of the only objectionable part of "The Invincibles," characterised by dialogue which is positively commonplace wherever it is not superlatively vulgar.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. III.

THE DESTINIES OF MR. RAPP'S GUESTS.

REGULAR dramatists in writing plays, appear to bear in view the various adventures of certain parties, who are separated during the progress of the plot, and eventually brought together again at the conclusion. So must we frame the present section of our experiences; for as all the visitors did not adopt the same course, it will be necessary to follow each party singly.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Rapp, with rather indistinct declamation, "the day is gone—the night's our own, and bright are the beams of the morning sky; so who 'll have some more punch! and then we'll be off. Mr. Jones will first give his imitation of the *cornet-à-pistons*, and play something from 'Norma' with the chill off. Order!"

This command was accompanied by so sharp a rap on the table with the hammer, that it made a large dent and broke the handle. The shock restored a temporary silence with all except Mr. Newcome, who was found, upon Mr. Manhug's endeavouring to ascertain the source of certain plaintive wailings which he heard, seated under the table, and singing "The brave old oak" in a most melancholy key, crying between the verses, but apparently with the idea that he was contributing in an important manner to the conviviality. Not heeding him, Mr. Jones twisted a piece of paper round a pocket-comb, and gave the desired imitation, which was a kind of variation of the duet "Yes, we together will live, will die," merging by a very clever gradation into "Nix my Dolly;" upon the introduction of which popular air all the party who were capable to do so rose from their seats, and stamped and twirled about the room, after the most approved manner of Mr. Paul Bedford, until the night-nurse again made her appearance. But just as she was about to speak, Mr. Muff threw a fifteen-shilling pea-coat at her, which repelled her into the passage, and she was never seen again.

On the proposal of the adjournment to Evans's being repeated, the party rose, and with some difficulty routed out their own Chesterfields and hats, which last were more or less contused from the superin-

cumbent wrappers. Then, having corked Mr. Newcome's face, laid him on Mr. Rapp's bed, and hid the looking-glass, they turned out into the open air.

"Cab, sir?" cried the leader of the nearest stand to the hospital, as he saw our friends approach.

"How many can you take, old fireworks?" asked Mr. Rapp.

"Many as you like, sir. Regler ingey-rubber cab mine is—stretch to anythink!"

Whereupon four gentlemen immediately rushed inside, put up the windows, and began to smoke; Mr. Muff climbed on to the box, by the driver, with one of the dressers, whose name was Tanks; and Mr. Manhug persisted in riding upon the back, until finding the spikes made rather an uneasy seat, he scaled the roof, and seated himself upon it. Messrs. Rapp and Jones said they would walk to Knight's for some oysters, and join them afterwards; and the others went home, did worse, or talked about setting off to walk to Hampstead for some country air.

"Where would you like to go, gentlem'n?" asked the driver, having reached the box by the succession of violent efforts peculiar to cabmen.

"As far as you can towards Brighton for eighteenpence," replied Mr. Muff.

"Hold your row," politely interposed Mr. Manhug; "Go to Evans's, and look sharp about it."

Their progress was not very rapid, for the horses in night-cabs are not over-brilliant; but at length the vehicle stopped at the end of the Piazza in Covent-garden, and disgorged its contents. Rather a fierce argument ensued respecting the fare, which Mr. Manhug offered to toss the cabman for first, and fight him afterwards; but it was at length amicably adjusted, and the party descended to the tavern. Elbowing their way through the guests, they pushed up to the top of the room, followed by one of the waiters.

"Pray order, gentlemen!" cried the chairman, as they adjusted themselves with some little noise.

"Well, we're doing it as fast as we can," replied Mr. Manhug, giving directions; "I declare I've got perfectly peckish again."

The room was very full of company, and the various characteristics of the guests would have afforded much amusement to a quiet observer. A large proportion of them were evidently visitors from the country, who thought going to the theatre and Evans's afterwards was "the thing." At the end of the room, a tall gentleman in a white Taglioni, large whiskers, and an overpowering shawl-scarf adorned with some gold posts-and-chains, having ascertained that everybody was looking at him, shook hands patronisingly with the singers, which proceeding he made sure stamped him a man about town, and the star of the assembly. Lower down, four "gents." (there is no mistaking the appellation) in cut-away coats and fierce stocks, were attempting the aristocratic, in which they might possibly have succeeded had their hands been less coarse, and their finger-nails less *dubby*; and in the alcove of one of the windows was another visitor, who, after various "goes" of grog, was half asleep, and half lost in apparent and unchanging admiration of some cigar-ashes that lay on the table before him.

"Herr Von Joel will oblige us with a song, gentlemen," cried the chairman.

"Bravo, Joel!" cried Mr. Muff, from the end of the room; "fire away, old boy. Lully-lully-lully-lully-liety!"

A sharp rap from the chairman's hammer cut short our friend's falsetto imitation, and the good-humoured German, who was at a table in the centre, began his own version of "The Swiss Boy." But here Mr. Muff's unhappy propensity to assist in social melody once more became apparent; and after singing the choruses with his customary exuberance of voice and style, he broke out in the middle of one of the verses, using his own dialect as he had picked it up by ear—

"To shlingalang, to shlungalong, for blatz a dun aloy
Steh ner ofe, steh ner ofe——"

"Order, sir!" cried the proprietor. "We cannot have the harmony of the room disturbed by one party."

"I beg to say I was contributing to the harmony," replied Mr. Muff.

It seemed that other persons entertained a different opinion, for the song stopped, and the attention of the room was immediately drawn towards the cause of the interruption. But our friend's steam was well up; and, nothing abashed, he rose gravely from his chair, and spoke as follows:—

"Mr. Evans, gentlemen, and waiters."

"Sit down, Muff, and don't be an ass," gently observed Mr. Manhug.

"I sha'n't. I came here to enjoy conviviality, and I mean to do it. Mr. Evans, I repeat, and gentlemen," he continued gravely, "I ask you, is it possible to discuss a roast potato, or enjoy a song, with such a small piece of butter as one of your waiters has brought me? Look here, sir!" And hereupon he exhibited on his fork a pat about the size and thickness of a crown.

"I am very sorry it does not meet your approbation, sir," said Evans, half angry, half smiling; "you had better speak to the waiter."

"I *have* spoken to the waiter, Mr. Evans," replied Muff with emphasis; "and he told me, although small in size, yet its flavour was most delicate, which caused it to go twice as far as pats in ordinary."

"I must beg of you to be silent, sir, and sit down," said the proprietor. "You are disturbing the company."

"The company may go——"

What he was about to say was never known, for Mr. Manhug interrupted the speech, by pulling the speaker forcibly down into his chair, in which proceeding he knocked over one of the pewter vases of hot water, which deluged the table, and slightly scalded the knees of two nice young gentlemen, with very clean exuberant collars and no whiskers, who were sitting on the other side, and trying to smoke cigars, without looking poorly. Possibly there would have been a riot; but Manhug apologised as well as he was able, and a comic song commenced immediately, in which an Irishman was made to bless the Lord Mayor, and offer a wish "that his red nose might never set fire to the powder in his wig and blow his brains out." By the conclusion, Mr. Muff's equanimity was completely restored, but Mr. Manhug fearing he would plunge into more alcoholic beverage if he staid—having already imbibed quite enough—ventured to persuade him to depart, in which he at length succeeded. But before going, he insisted upon giving each of the vocalists his card, as well as an invitation to come and stay a fortnight with him at Clodpole when the shooting season came on, or indeed whenever, and for as long as they liked; and he also shook hands affectionately with Evans, and hoped he was not offended, as what he said was this, that he never meant to insult anybody, but would be happy to see him at breakfast the next morning, and begged he would say what he would like to have. Then, favouring the company present with a slight extemporary solo variation of his own, upon a theme furnished by the last song, he accompanied Manhug to the door, the other students remaining behind. A slight altercation arose upon payment, Mr. Muff protesting against his friend's paying ten-pence for two poached eggs, which he affirmed was seven-pence clear profit, and which he was about to turn back and expostulate with Evans upon, if Manhug

PAYING HIS LITTLE BILL.

had not coaxed and overruled him. But having, at last, relieved his indignation, by recommending the waiter to study the "Ready Reckoner" in Punch's Almanack, he blundered upstairs to the Piazza, where they met Rapp and Jones, just on the point of descending.

THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT.

BILLET DOUX FROM A LADY, ON AN INQUIRY TOUCHING HER PROPERTY.

"I've no gold or silver, I'm able to send,
But such as I have I will give to my friend,"
Said St. Paul—and the offer was fair—
Just so 'tis with me—I've no gold to bestow,
But I've wondrous store of bright jewels, you know—
At least so I've heard you declare.

My eyes are such diamonds as none can eclipse,
And coral, the purest e'er known, are my lips,
While pearls are my teeth—is it true?
Yes, oft you've declared I these riches possess,
And if fortune you crave—'tis enough, as I guess,
That I give all these jewels to you.

With mines to dispose of, the covetous dame
Would ask for a settlement made in her name,
But to you I these jewels bequeath—
My eyes and my lips I will settle on you,
And merely request that you one thing will do—
Find plenty of use for my teeth!

CURIOUS IF TRUE.

Some rascally Radical paper having asserted that Sir Robert Peel during the last week "lost his temper in the House of Commons;" the kind hearted Sibthorp occupied the whole of Saturday in the vain endeavour to find it.

ENSIGN WILMOT'S FIRST LOVE.

"GOOD morning, Wilmot, I am going to Pondicherry for a fortnight. I want to see how the French manufacture a curry, and you, I dare say, will have no objection to flirt a bit with the tawny little *demoiselles*."

"I should like it of all things, my dear sir; but I don't think I can get away. I have just returned, you know, from a three months' leave."

"Let not that disturb you, my pearl of ensigns; get your old colonel to send in the application, and I'll speak to the general, who is a friend of mine, to give you division leave between the returns."

"In that case, I am at your service. I fear, however, that I sha'n't get on very well, as my French education has been somewhat neglected, my knowledge of that tongue being limited to two expressions, to wit—*bon jour* and *au revoir*."

"Quite sufficient, quite sufficient! So tell your boy to put up a few traps—I'll provide you with a *palkee* *, and we'll start to-morrow after *tiffin* †."

The above conversation took place at Trichinopoly, between myself, then a slip of an ensign of some two years' standing, and Frank Byam, Esq., one of the circuit judges of the district.

Mr. Byam was what the Persians call a *tun purwa*, which being interpreted, signifies "a nourisher of the body," and seeing that his fleshy tabernacle weighed some pounds beyond sixteen stone, it will be admitted that he had nourished it to some purpose; in fact, he himself was wont to jest upon his own size, and in moments of conviviality would designate himself "the elephant's pup." Profoundly versed was he in the art of concocting a Burdwan stew—learned in kabobs—an adept in the mysteries of curry-making; often have I heard him say that in default of better materials he would undertake to produce a very sufficient curry from an old boot.

Mr. Byam was somewhat of an original withal; one of his fancies was to sit every morning for an hour or so in a tub of cold water, with a scooped out pumpkin on his head, which, luckily for this practice, was nearly bald; and thus he would repose in state, smoking his hookah and reading, whilst a bearer agitated a large hand-punkah ‡ before him. This process, he said, "extracted the caloric" from his corpus, and kept him cool and comfortable for the remainder of the day.

My arrangements for the trip were soon made, my leave obtained without any difficulty, and next day, about sun-down, off we set, both palanquins well supplied by the provident care of his honour the judge with ham, cold fowl, brandy, laul sheraub §, and such like creature comforts to enable us to support "the fardel of existence" by the way. Our journey progressed merrily and without interruption, except that on one occasion, in crossing a small river, which being deeper than was expected, obliged the bearers to elevate the poles of the palanquins from their shoulders to their heads—the equilibrium of the conveyance that contained my fat friend being destroyed by the change in the centre of gravity, caused it to topple over into the stream, a method of "extracting the caloric" not quite so agreeable to its inmate as the matutinal tub of cold water. However, he was soon rescued, spluttering and choking, by his grinning and half-frightened attendants, and in due course we arrived without further accident at Pondicherry.

Byam had several letters of introduction, so we did not lack invitations, and accepted one to dinner, on the day after our arrival, from one of the principal government officials. At the appointed hour we presented ourselves, were ushered into a handsomely-furnished room, where several guests were already assembled, and received with much urbanity by our Amphytrion, M. Merival, a meagre, yellow little personage, who spoke through his nose, and clinched every sentence he uttered with an emphatic *hein!*

At table, I found myself seated next to our host's only daughter, Mademoiselle Herminie Merival, a charming brunette, with the slightest possible suspicion of native blood in her cheek, a bewitching manner, and a pair of black sparkling eyes, which discharged a dropping fire of glances at me, with such precision and effect, that I soon

* *Palkee*,—a palanquin. † *Tiffin*,—lunch. ‡ *Punkah*,—a fan.
§ *Laul sheraub*,—claret.

felt very queer about the *aorta*, my heart commencing to bump against my waistcoat like the piston of a steam-engine.'

A small voice snuffled something from the bottom of the table, of which I could only make out "*Monsieur Vilmotte—potage—hein!*"

"Hem, hem, *bon jour*," said I, taken all aback already.

"Vill you 'ave soup, sare?"

"Oh, ah!" cried I, "I beg your pardon, *au revoir*, if you please."

The spread was really an excellent one; there were dishes savoury and tempting beyond number, whose names I had never heard even in a dream; the wines were delicious, and cooled to the tenth of a grain of saltpetre.

GOING INTO PORT.

I discovered that my enchantress could babble a little English, which she did in the prettiest manner possible, and our acquaintance sped on apace. It was agreed before we parted in the evening, that, during my stay at Pondicherry, I should impart to her a full and particular knowledge of the English language, she, in her turn, engaging to do me a like good office with respect to that of France. O, thrice happy Peter!

"Well, Peter, you seemed to get on pretty well with Mademoiselle Merival, notwithstanding your ignorance of French," said the judge, as we sat discussing a glass of grog after returning to our hotel.

"She is, indeed, a most delightful girl," said I, with enthusiasm.

"Ah, ah! my lad, art avised of that? I say, did you taste that *poulet à la Marengo?* the most exquisite thing that ever crossed my palate."

"Such a foot and ancle"—

"Gad, I should enjoy a bit of it now—grilled"—

"A charming figure—I certainly admire a gown with a stomacher when the figure is good"—

"A Burdwan stew dressed that way would be divine; I'll try it to-morrow"—

"What an eloquent eye! how full of soul, feeling, and expression"—

"But I think a thought more of chili vinegar in it would be an improvement."

"Chili vinegar!" cried I; "good heavens, my dear sir, what do you mean?"

"Peter, my man, you're spoony I see, so go to bed and try and sleep it off."

I went to bed but not to sleep. Nature's soft restorer refused to visit my eyelids. Musquito bitten and restless, I tumbled about on my couch, agitated by the crowd of novel sensations that filled my soul; for this was the first time I had ever experienced a twinge of the tender passion. At length, towards morning, I dropped into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed that Mr. Frank Byam, in full fig as the Archbishop of Canterbury, was performing the marriage ceremony between Herminie and myself, in the Taj, at Agra, while her shrivelled little sire, togged as the Great Mogul, sat cross-legged by, ejaculating approving *heins!* and tranquilly smoking a huge hookah with a snake like a boa-constrictor.

The broad glare of day dispelled these visions. Early in the forenoon, off I hied to visit my charmer. I found her sitting at the piano, practising a lively *chanson* and looking more fascinating than ever. There was in the room, playing propriety, an ancient spinster, sister to M. Merival, and his very counterpart snuffle and all, in petticoats. Our lessons on the reciprocity system commenced; the advances in knowledge, however, were all on the lady's side. I remained, by invitation, to tiffin and dinner. "Next day 'twas the same, and the next and the next;" a fortnight flew by like the wind, and the day of our departure arrived.

Although most horribly in love, and notwithstanding having received every encouragement to do so, I never yet had found courage to declare my attachment to its object. The prospect of immediate departure, however, quickened my faculties and made me bold; and off I marched to throw myself, and my ensign's pay and allowances, at the feet of my beloved one.

She was alone when I entered the room; I sat down beside her; but, alas! all my valiant resolves had oozed and melted away; I was tongue-tied as ever, looking unutterable things certainly, for not one of them had I power to speak.

Herminie at length herself relieved my embarrassment. "Peter, *mon ami*," she said softly, laying her small hand upon my arm.

The light touch of those fairy fingers thrilled through me like electricity.

"*Mon petit* Peter, you yevery day come my father' house—curry and rice eatum—hand-ysqueeze—what for you not make propose!"

"*Bon jour*, my angel," I was beginning, when Mr. Byam rushed suddenly into the room, puffing, and "fiery red with haste."

"*Pardon, Mademoiselle!*" he exclaimed: "you are a nice fellow, Master Peter; here have I and the palanquins been waiting for the last two hours for you to start, and I find you philandering here!"

"One minute, my dear sir," said I.

"Not a moment; do you forget that the day after to-morrow is the first; and that as it is, you have hardly time to save your distance?"

I heaved a sigh that "seemed to shatter all my bulk," and looked at Herminie; her dark eyes appeared swimming in moisture. I faltered out, "*au revoir*," and the stout gentleman led me off by the arm, "a victim to delicate love."

"You're well out of that, my good ancient," he said, by way of comfort, as we walked down stairs. "Ah! 'curry and rice eatum, handy ysqueeze.' I heard it. You're not the first she has said that to, nor will you be the last, I'll engage. It was lucky that I was in time to prevent your making a ninny of yourself."

I never saw Herminie Merival again; and whether she be maid, wife, or widow, at this present writing, I cannot tell. So ended my first love.

AN EASY PROBLEM.

GIVEN: Wakley's poetry, to prove the rule
Which says, "That every poet is a fool."

THE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

THIS learned body met last week to take into consideration a collection of antiquities that had lately been bequeathed to it.

Among other curious objects was a manuscript farce, the jokes in which, though as old as the time of Miller, were in the highest state of preservation.

Professor Nodibbs produced an ancient coin, which had been lately dug up by the Lambeth treasure-seekers, of whom he had purchased it. The upper side consisted of a smooth surface of copper, and on turning to the other it was quite the reverse, and proved to be very rough and very rusty.

TOPS AND BOTTOMS.

A particularly sharp, and, we regret to say, rather an angry, discussion ensued, in which several members took part, some maintaining that the coin was a bad halfpenny of the period of Ethelwolf, others insisted that it was a Guthrum's farthing, but the majority seemed to imagine that it was a William Rufus coronation medal. The room was cleared for a division, and on our return we found Professor Nodibbs on all-fours, with his eyes intently fixed on the coin through a microscope. After another very long discussion the room was again cleared for another division, when we were so sick of the whole affair that we did not go back again.

"After me, is manners," as the turtle soup said to the cold punch.
"Pray keep your seat," as the cockney sportsman said to the wild rabbit.

"Is there a baronet in your family?"—"Not exactly; but brother Bob is going to be a surgeon (*Sir* John)."

PROLUSIONES ETYMOLOGICÆ;

SPECIMEN OF A PROPOSED PHILOSOPHICAL DICTIONARY.

MONEY.—Πολλῶν ὀνομάτων μορφὴ μία. The true ἔργον of man, strangely overlooked by Aristotle. There is more philosophy than is commonly suspected in the seeming truism of the distich—

God made bees, and bees make honey;
God made man, and man makes money.

1. *Dibs.*—Debeo, debits, debts, dibs; evidently, from its etymology, a thing "meant to be owed;" a most full, perfect, and satisfactory reason why it is never paid.
2. *Ready.*—Lucus a non; because nobody ever happens to have it at hand when anybody else wants it.
3. *Blunt.*—Possibly another lucus a non; because those who get hold of it often cut [and run] immediately. (For further information consult the treasurers of the joint-stock companies generally.) Possibly because those who possess it are very seldom sharp enough to keep it; to all which it may be added that they are never in danger of being cut themselves, so long as they manage to do so.
4. *Rhino.*—Derivation unknown. On consulting one of the most eminent philologists of the day, the only reply to be obtained was:—

Why gold and silver should be christened rhino,
As I'm a sinner, blow me tight if I know.

5. *Mopusses.*—Ditto to match. On application to the same improvisatorial authority we could only get the following rhyme without reason:

He that has the mopusses
May buy diamonds and topazes.

6. *Stumpy.*—Metaphora a ludo vocato "cricket" sumpta. A material of which whoso possesseth plenty may, in the expressive language of Jonathan our brother, "stump all creation."
7. *Dust.*—A title originated by philosophers, in respect of its worthlessness, and perpetuated by the swell mob and the under-graduates of the two learned Universities, in respect of its pithiness. The chief point of resemblance between the dust metaphorical and the dust literal appears to be the great tendency of both to obstruct our proper vision.
8. *Tin.*—Frequently acquired by brass; species pro specie; possibly from τίνειν, to pay; another lucus a non, it being considered derogatory to the dignity of its owner to apply it to that purpose. "Base is the slave who pays."
9. *Rowdy.*—"Vox vexata. Memini me verbum 'row-dy-dow, in quibusdam scriptoribus minoribus reperisse, tumultum quemdam, ut visum est, significans; sed an huic nostro cognatum sit, dubito."—Noodlius. "Inepte Noodlius; nam quis non videt cognomen illud usitatissimum 'Ready' facillime, mutatione duarum tantum literarum, in 'Rowdy' corruptum fuisse?"—Doodlius. "Perperam ambo. Hoc certum habeo. Me tamen, quid vox sibi velit, penitus ignorare confiteor."—Tomnoddius. Our poetical friend again—

What gives fools wit? What beautifies the dowdy?
Hear it and blush, ye servile! 'tis the rowdy.

10. *Needful.*—One of the most thoughtful appellations of the Nineteenth Century. Οὗ πάντ' ἐφίεται—the thing required *par excellence*. The key to all other necessaries, to which no counterfeit can ever open the door without the danger of opening another; to wit, that of Her Majesty's Jail of Newgate.

EXECUTED IN THE LINE MANNER.

11. *Oil of Palms.*—Metaphora venustissima. A specific much in vogue for rigid fingers and horny fistedness; though, strange to say, it only serves to augment the itch which so often affects the hand. It is absorbed into the system with singular facility, but requires a tremendous squeeze to re-express it.
12. *Shiners.*—A name supposed, from the senility of its wit, to have been invented by an elderly gentleman in his extreme delight at receiving a 100*l.* dividend in new sovereigns.
13. *Goldfinches—Canaries.*—Singing-birds; the which whoso possesseth needeth never to pine for lack of notes.
14. *Flimsies.*—Stamped pieces of paper, wherewith honest folks pay their bills, and some people light candles. Composed principally of rags. Singularly enough, the poorer classes, who produce so much of the raw material, never come in for an atom of it in its manufactured condition.
15. *Bits of Stiff—Kites.*—"My acceptance at three months." Things like the Members for Old Sarum and similar boroughs before the Russell purge—representatives of that which has no existence. Birds of prey, the flying forth of which bodeth ill to green-finches and such-like unsuspicious birds. Things raised by the wind—by an easy transition, things by which the wind is raised.
16. I. *Bulls.*—Probably a remote connexion of the Indian Cow-ries.
    II. *Hogs.*—So called because they always want more. "Increase of appetite doth grow with that it feeds on." "Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit."
    III. *Bobs.*—"Ods bobs!" i. e. the name is a curious one.
    IV. *Tanners.*—Because however black their owner may be, they varnish him over with bright colours to the eyes of the million.
    Benders.—From the ease with which they subdue the minds of the recipients. "Quid non mortalia pectora cogunt?"
    V. *Joeys—Bits.*—Economical coins, named in honour of the rejected of Middlesex and Leeds, late of Kilkenny, M.P. for No-Man's Land. Invented expressly for preventing the decay of blasphemy among coach-porters, cabmen, jarvies, and the like.
    VI. *Browns.*—Infima species. Nomen a colore sumptum. Things offensive to the feelings of a gentleman, and therefore for the most part wrapped up in whitey-brown.

AMENDED MONEY TABLE.

Browns							
1	Bits						
4	1	Benders					
6	1½	1	Bobs				
12	3	2	1	Hogs			
30	7½	5	2½	1	Bulls		
60	15	10	5	2	1	Canaries	
120	30	20	10	4	2	1	Goldfinches
240	60	40	20	8	4	2	1

Trade and Commerce.

OUR letters from Birmingham are so blotted with the tears of our correspondent, that there is no reading them. As far as we can make them out, they appear to be of the gloomiest description. The button business is at a complete stand still, and the substitution of the solar lamp has annihilated the snuffer trade, throwing out all the hands that lived by making them.

From Liverpool our advices are scarcely more encouraging. Cotton is lying neglected in the market, and scarcely a needleful has been asked for since Saturday. A few reels of thread were taken by retail customers, but it was only the coarser sort that could be got off at any price.

Our Manchester correspondent writes in high spirits, but only on some personal business of his own, which has turned out well for him. Trade is so dull that he declares, in his present comfortable state of mind, he cannot even mention it.

GARDENING DIRECTIONS FOR APRIL.

NAIL up string against outer wall of bedroom window, with a view to a crop of beans, and put pieces of stick in flower-pots where sweet-peas were sown two months ago, though there may be no signs of their coming up at present. Purchase daisy roots of men with donkey-carts, for planting in back-yards, and throw in radish seed, with a view to an autumn crop of stringy stuff for home-grown suppers. Dig the soil in broken breakfast-cups, and put in mignonette; and place dead geraniums in the sun, with the vague idea that they may possibly come to life again. Clear the ground of all that you have been putting into it for the last three months, and which you will by this time have discovered can never come to anything; but this will be an easy task, as the cats, those nocturnal labourers in metropolitan gardens, will probably have gone a considerable way towards scratching up the unprofitable verdure.

Label bits of wood with the names of various seeds, and stick them promiscuously in the ground; but it is not necessary to place them over the respective seeds, for it is not likely that they will ever appear as witnesses against the inscriptions on the pieces of stick alluded to.

"WOULD you believe it," said Jones to Smith, "Webster has engaged Charles Kean for only twelve nights?"—"For only twelve nights!" cried Smith. "For only twelve nights," repeated Jones. "Thank God!" ejaculated Smith, with a look of great thanksgiving—"it might have been worse."

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.

No. IV.—SOLOMON SCRUB, ESQ., THE STREET-SWEEPER.

THERE is a remarkable affinity between the subject of the present sketch and the common law of England. Both are uncertain in their origin, and both are liable to be affected by any future statutes.

Solomon Scrub never having been a member of any family circle of his own, was in the habit when a mere child of giving his services as one of the family of itinerant vagrants, whose own progeny was not sufficiently numerous to excite compassion, and in this capacity he made the *tour* of the greater part of London. After leaving this employment he invested his capital in the lead and timber trade, confining his operations principally to the cedar wood branch, and now and then speculating in some of the ordinary deals; but the sale of pencils becoming difficult, while any traffic in matches was found to be utterly impossible, he parted with his remaining cedars, and having relinquished all his interest in the deal and brimstone business, he determined on a different line of commerce.

The unsettled state of China naturally precluded him from turning his attention to oranges, but the partial tranquillization of Spain, and a large arrival from Barcelona having temporarily depressed the price of nuts, he took advantage of the circumstance to enter on a new branch of trade, which, by the aid of a wooden measure with a false bottom (very near the top), he followed for some weeks with great success in Clare Market. Some stringent regulations of the parochial authorities having laid an embargo on his basket, he relinquished his commercial pursuits, and determined henceforth to rely for success on the exercise of his own abilities.

At this period of our hero's history a very lucky circumstance occurred. He found a worn-out birch-broom, lying unclaimed in the middle of an unfrequented street, and, having picked it up, he immediately walked away with it.

It now occurred to him that the field of crossing-sweeping, though occupied by some very eminent masters of the art, was still a very wide one, and he resolved at once on boldly entering a career which might eventually lead to fame and fortune. He had heard of the sweeper at Waithman's corner, who left money in the funds, and his blood, if it did not actually boil, began sensibly to simmer. His first thought was what to sweep, for he was fully aware that he had something within himself that would tell him how to sweep it. He began by a little private practice in Lyon's Inn; but his operations coming to the knowledge of the trustees, it was politely intimated to him by the porter that it might be construed into a waver of right if they allowed him to practise within the Society's precincts. He accordingly withdrew, and planted himself at Charing-cross, where he knew he should meet with considerable opposition from rivals in the trade; but occupying a post of observation under the statue of King Charles, he awaited the approach of the enemy. At an early hour a boy marched down from the east, whom he soon put to flight; and a party of three girls having soon after advanced along the north-western route, were with some little difficulty eventually routed. Scrub now considered himself by right of conquest the sole master of the field; but he had scarcely begun to enjoy the fruits of his triumph, when a determined veteran with a wooden leg wheeled smart round upon him, and demanded that he should immediately vacate his position. A parley ensued; and the cabmen on the stand having expressed their determination to act in favour of the opponent of Scrub, the latter was permitted to leave the ground unmolested. After several weeks of incessant changing from place to place, in the course of which, if he could not be said to scour the country, he must certainly be looked upon as having swept the town, he settled on a comfortable crossing, which he at the present moment presides over.

His style of sweeping has all the freshness of an ardent love for the profession, without any of that impetuous vigour which too often accompanies it. He regards his crossing with an artistical eye, and, like the late Sir David Wilkie, never makes a superfluous stroke of the brush, to destroy what is in reality the very picture of neatness. No sweeper so thoroughly understands the public as Scrub; and there is scarcely an artist who knows so well how to adapt his conversation to his company. His usual exclamation to men of business, is "Sweeper, sir!" which he is aware, from its brevity, saves time, and "time," as some people tell us, "is money," though there are many who would be glad to take sixpence an hour for all they have to spare of the article. To the charitable-looking, he throws in the adjective "poor" before the substantive "sweeper," and often with great effect; while to some he makes the touching request that they will "please to remember" him. Scrub is in his 35th year, and he declares that his birthday is on Good Friday.

ON THE GEOGRAPHY OF SEVEN DIALS.

SITUATED at the northern extremity of St. Martin's-lane, having the Broker-row for its eastern, and Monmouth-street for its western boundaries, in longitude nothing, and lat. 0° 5′, is a singular conformation of country, radiating from a common centre and an illuminated clock, known—from the number of its rays—as "Seven Dials." These rays are formed by several habitations built of burnt bricks and mortar in regular rows, or streets, all diverging from the above-named apex.

The geology of this district is peculiar. The superficial strata consist of granite rhomboids placed closely together, the whole forming a compact surface, or carriage-way. On each side is a smoother formation of flags, which, from their worn appearance, are supposed to be those which "braved a thousand years."

In the department of Natural History, Seven Dials is peculiarly productive. Dogs, cats, and a great variety of insects, together with donkeys, abound. The last are used for conveying from one part of the district to another the vegetable productions which form a large article of import from Covent Garden-market. The indigenous vegetation consists of boxes of mignonette, picturesquely laid out on the window-sills; together with large quantities of mustard and cress, cleverly grown upon flannel in exposed situations. Cabbage-leaves are thickly sown in every gutter.

The trade of Seven Dials is extensive, it being the *entrepôt* for glass bottles, rags, old iron, left-off clothing, and second-hand tooth-brushes. An enlarged commerce is also carried on in lollypops, and other sweet articles affecting the Colonial sugar-markets.

A BLACK-AMOUR.

But the most important feature of the country is that presented by its inhabitants—a brave and affable race, whose manners and customs are more worthy of observation than emulation. The ladies are peculiarly easy in their deportment. This trait is doubtlessly imparted to them by the free intercourse which has taken place from the earliest ages between the Seven-dialers and foreign immigrants. The Irish particularly abound in every direction

of the dials, and have introduced many of their national customs, especially the use of whisky and the shillelah, in the employment of both which the hospitable natives are highly proficient.

Amongst so enlightened a people it may be expected that education has made rapid progress: and such is the case; the younger branches have a celebrity all over the kingdom for their proficiency in marbles, and boxing is nowhere so scientifically or so frequently practised. But it is the literature of Seven-dials which gives it a proud pre-eminence over the surrounding districts. Within its precincts are situated two printing and publishing establishments of a high character. The balladography daily issuing from Messrs. Pitt and Catnach's toy and marble warehouses finds an immediate circulation throughout the neighbourhood, and also forms a considerable article of export to St. Giles's, and other colonies.

The government of Seven Dials is conducted upon republican principles, except when interfered with by the New Police. The basis of its social economy is community of goods, that is to say, whenever property is so situated as to be abstracted without the owner's knowledge.

NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.

This charming little gallery was opened to the public on Monday last, with every mark of improvement in the contributors and with an additional claimant or two for public praise; not but that the earlier members, Messrs. Warren, Duncan, Corbould, and others, continue to strengthen their well-earned titles to distinction in the truly British art of water-colour painting. This society grew from the monopoly of the old body of watermen, who finding a considerable quantity of comfort arise from their locating together, had very snugly bolted their doors against any intrusion from a younger waterman, and were thus fattening themselves upon the patronage of the admirers of their craft in chuckling privacy, seeing that the purchasers had no other "locus in quo" to draw their purse-strings. Naughty old watermen!—had your gaping greediness preserved you in tact to the present period, Punch would undoubtedly have hewn a clearance baton in hand for the younger and more innocent body of paper stainers.

The same galling conduct on the part of the old Somerset House gentlemen in like manner produced the Society of British Artists—thus proving that a free trade in art, as in commercial matters, will in time work its own emancipation, whatever fetters may be imposed and rivetted by the bony hand of monopoly.

The present exhibition is unusually rich in subjects, which are attempted only by those whose pencils seek to be famous by essaying the higher order of art—the historical. Amongst the best specimens of this class is No. 258, Hagar, the Egyptian, and Ishmael, her Son, cast out into the wilderness (H. Warren); a drawing displaying an intimate knowledge of art, and the cleverest application of the means which the *material* supplies. Next in merit is No. 77. The Woman taken in Adultery (E. Corbould); not so perfect as a general whole as the preceding; it was nevertheless purchased by H.R.H. Prince Albert on the private view day for 200 guineas. No. 25. A Roundhead (J. J. Jenkins), is an excellent drawing, as are also, No. 90. The First Ride, No. 156, A Lancashire Girl, and No. 194, The Prisoner, by the same. No. 291, Summer, by John Absolon, is a pleasing composition with a warm tone of colour indicative of the season. No. 268, Gipsy Tent, (T. W. Topham), is true to nature, well grouped, and painted with a degree of force not usually seen in water colour. No. 196, The Wearied, by the same artist, is one of the most beautiful pastoral subjects we have had the gratification of witnessing for some time, and Mr. Topham independent of good landscape, well chosen and highly picturesque models which he has disposed with much taste and a firm mastery of handling, has shown an eye for colour, and a refined knowledge of its use not to be surpassed by any painter of the present period. No 187, Reflection, (J. J. Jenkins.) We strongly recommend the above-mentioned qualities to be carefully looked to by this artist, more particularly choice of model. Cockney rustics are very disagreeable. Punch has no sympathy with Mutton-hill maidens or Lambeth lasses in the maudlin sentimental. Sterne's Maria is not the metropolitan lady of the same christian appellation. No. 276, R. H. Penson, with a lengthy French quotation, purporting to be the tomb of the Cardinal d'Amboise, with its niches, pilasters, and little statues of Faith, Charity, Prudence, Temperance, and several other teetotallers, to the number of six, withal a large blank drawing, about as interesting as the fork, some time since shown in a travelling museum of curiosities, and said to be the companion to the knife with which the maniac Nicholson attempted the life of the late King George the Third. There are works of great merit, which we have neither space nor time to notice, but well worth a visit from the lover of this delightful style of representing "scraps and facts."

"Does Snoozel chew opium now?"—"Not exactly; but he takes in the 'Morning Herald,' instead."

THE *LITTLE* SONGSTER.

We have the greatest satisfaction in laying before our readers a few specimens of a work now in course of publication, by Mr. Mæcenas Pitt, the well-known and equally esteemed proprietor of the Toy and Marble Warehouse in Seven Dials.

The work, when completed, will form a neat volume of about six pages (including the author's memorable speech upon the Copyright Bill), and enjoy the very attractive title of

WAKLEY'S WARBLER;

OR,

FINSBURY FRAGMENTS.

BY

A CORONER.

Any criticism upon this valuable addition to our Grub-street literature, would be superfluous; but we feel bound to add, that such is the effect produced in the book-trade by the bare announcement of this lyrical gem,

MUSIC BY HANDLE.

that Wordsworth's Poems may now be bought at exactly the same price as they were offered at last week.

"Wakley's Warbler" will be printed on the same quality of paper as the "Lancet," and ornamented with a portrait of the back part of the head of the talented author. Whether this modest idea originated with a too diffident painter, or the bashful Member for Finsbury, we have not ascertained. We could have wished that Moore's beautiful conceit of the Irish Harp had been realised in the present instance; for we do think, had Mr. Wakley's long hair been brought artistically down his back, there would not have been one admirer of poetry in the kingdom, who would not have instantly recognised the wonderful resemblance to a lyre.

We will not keep our readers longer from this metrical banquet; but serve up at once some

LINES TO A PATIENT.

Oh! take the cup! the draught within
Was ne'er express'd from grape;
It is not brandy, rum, nor gin,
Nor eighteenpenny Cape.
Nor does it come from Aldgate pump
(That pump renown'd of yore).
Then drink—with sugar moist or lump,
The mixture as before!

This song should be in the mouth of every mother, for the most nauseous medicine would be preferable to the repetition of it. We now come to some exquisite lines to

AMARANTHA.

I bring thee not turquoise or pearl,
For they may be mislaid;
I bring no wreath for thee, sweet girl,*
For flow'rs, like silks, will fade:
But say the little gift thou'lt wear—
His gift who loves thee best.
Look but consent, and I'll prepare
A blister for your chest.

The next specimen which we extract from the "Finsbury Fragments" partakes more of a political character, and shows how instrumental poetry might be made in rendering interesting the dulness of

PARLIAMENT-ARY DEBATES.

We can only echo the request of the member for We-wish-we-knew-where to Poet Wakley, and say, "Try it." It is called

AN IMPROMPTU

Written on the back of a Petition in the House of Commons.

I often wonder if these honour'd walls
Will bear my name when I am changed to clay.
I *rayther* think not, and the thought appals—
It tells me I am nothing in my day.
Oh! would some gen'rous brass-founder but say,
"Wakley, for love of thee, and not of pelf,
I'll cast your phisog!" I would say, "You may;
And, noble man, I'll find the brass myself!"

With these extracts we must conclude our present notice. We don't think that either Moore or Wordsworth will like them, but an application has already been made to the talented author for

"AN ANNUAL COPY OF VERSES,"

by the beadle of St. Clement's Danes, and he *is* an authority that can be relied on.

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. III.—Hancock's Dining Room.

This magnificent pile of building was erected some years back in Rupert-street, and still stands a memorable monument of the perfection to which the honest sons of the hod have carried the useful art of bricklaying.

The progress of this celebrated structure was rather curious, and the mind is literally overwhelmed by contemplating the irresistible force with which "the business" has extended itself from the ground to the first floor, and ultimately burst out across the yard in a range of brickwork, which is commonly termed the "large room" in the conventional language of the habitual customers.

We shall beg the reader to accompany us up the staircase, which is approached through a door, that obligingly opens either way, and thus a party going in is prevented from a collision with the party coming out by one or the other receiving intimation (in the shape of a blow on the head from the door itself) that some one is on the other side of it. Having reached the stairs, when we have ascended five or six, a pleasing delusion is practised on the visitor. He continues straight on down a small flight of ten steps, when he finds himself hemmed in between a door, a window, and a washing convenience. The latter of these is liberally fitted up with a towel of the stoutest diaper, and a square of soap may be found until about twelve o'clock, after which hour it is seldom to be met with, for it is supposed that it gets into the hands of a frequenter who is not very well off "*chez lui*" for the article alluded to.

HIS TRADE SOOTS HIM.

Upon getting out of the triagonal enclosure, which we have humbly endeavoured to describe, we continue our ascent of the principal (indeed the only) staircase, and find ourselves on a commodious landing, where we are met by the seductive glances of a pair of waitresses, who seek to win us by the mute eloquence of looks to the rooms they respectively attend upon. The least pretty of the two generally attempts to make up for personal drawbacks, by a rapid and luscious recital of a series of sentences down the waiter-pipe, and "one of beef," "two of veal and ham," "one of mutton, well done," "six of greens," "eight of potatoes," run through our ears with such velocity, that we rush forward almost unconsciously and find ourselves under the seductive influence of James the waiter, of the large room which we have already alluded to. This extraordinary individual is one of the most accomplished members of the profession to which he belongs, and carries everything before him by appearing not to care *an execration* about anything. The nonchalance with which he wipes away the crumbs, and repeats in a monotonous tone the contents of the bill of fare for the day, is regarded as one of the finest triumphs of art; and the tact with which he parenthesizes his oration, giving not only a catalogue of the joints, but a brief synopsis of their present condition, may be placed among the proudest triumphs of synthetical eloquence. We will attempt a specimen of the style we are alluding to:—"Roast beef; roast lamb (very good cut); roast mutton; calf's head (just up); boiled beef; boiled leg of mutton (rather low);

LEG OF MUTTON AND CAPERS.

roast goose; roast pork (only the loin left, no leg)." The effect of this—while the crumbs are all the time being brushed gradually off—must be heard to be conceived, and it has long ranked James, of Rupert-street, as the prince of waiters at the metropolitan dining-rooms.

We must not, however, lose sight of our interior. The building is a magnificent quadrangle, the two ends being shorter than the two sides, one of the former being appropriated to the fire-place, and the other to the door; while of the latter that on the right is intersected with windows, and that on the left is picturesquely fitted-up with an unbroken series of hat-pegs and a mahogany timepiece.

The ground-plan of this room is divided into several compartments, each of which forms a separate box, in the middle of which is a table, supporting a decent cloth, with a water-bottle, a salt-cellar (without a spoon) and in the liberal proportion of one to three, a mustard-pot. In one corner of the room is an ingenious piece of machinery for raising the dishes; and it is calculated to hold four plates of meat with two of greens at the same instant.

The floor is entirely laid down in the centre with a strip of strong oil-cloth, and the seats are surmounted with rich remnants of cheap but choice carpeting. In the centre of the ceiling is a chandelier, and on the chimney-piece is a small wine-glass liberally stocked with toothpicks.

Some of the most distinguished characters of the present day are said to have been frequenters of these rooms during the early part of their career; and we could point to a well-known *repetiteur* in the band of one of our theatres, who, in company with the now very eminent flute who occupies at this moment a stool in a well-known orchestra, always, when he dined at all, went through that interesting but somewhat expensive ceremony at the rooms in Rupert-street. The waiter takes a melancholy pleasure in pointing out the vacant seat of the famous *repetiteur*; and indeed the spot is generally to be distinguished by an inverted tumbler, which James affectionately places every day exactly in front of the seat that his late exalted customer was wont to occupy.

Punch's Theatre.

THE PEARL OF THE HAREM.

The romantic drama unquestionably reaches its topmost height when it mounts upon horseback. As a man's respectability is materially augmented when he keeps a horse; so the biped drama gains dignity by the addition of quadrupeds. Raised to the altitude (not of a "chopine") of a courser, the woes, accidents, escapes, and comicalities, of the theatrical infantry are sublimated, intensified, and the cavalry *corps dramatique*, while it awakens our interest, demands our awe.

This may be proved by a visit to the Surrey, and once witnessing "The Pearl of the Harem" which is a love drama possessing the most thrilling intensity, and exhibiting the most proficient horsemanship. At first the reminiscients of Grimaldi might imagine that this union of "pearls" and the tender passion bore some reference to the celebrated oyster which

was crossed in love. But it is not so. The "pearl" is an Eastern, poetical, periphrasis applied to a young lady of surpassing beauty and superior equestrian accomplishments, whose fate it is to be crossing horses (*à l'Asie*) and to be crossed in love during three entire acts, every such crucifixion admirably managed to admit of the entrance of a large number of horses and the display of their most intricate evolutions. "The pearl" is blessed with two lovers, both excellent horsemen, with very respectable studs even for Asiatic chieftains, which they are. The favoured lover goes through all sorts of adventures to gain his mistress. Her father, being a khan, boils over with rage when he hears she loves the head of a hostile tribe; the rival, a vizier, rides on when he is not wanted, and rides off when he is; the friend, a duenna, shares some of the troubles, and gets them into others. Fights to music, and flights upon chargers that gallop furiously quite across the stage, occur in every scene, till—after the horses have exhausted all their evolutions, when the property-man has only red fire enough left for the last scene, and the musicians' fiddles are getting squeaky for want of rosin—the lover is rewarded for his bravery by the lady, and the audience for their patience by the last scene. This we have too just an appreciation of our own poor abilities to describe; and such presumption would be of double enormity when the task has been so eloquently accomplished by the poetical and powerful reporter of the *Sunday Times*. The whole range of critical literature may be ransacked in vain for passages to match with the elegant glow and fervour of the following:

"Burning piles and blazing ruins *light on* the followers of the Beguut chief to death and vegeance. The fire-arms send about their

'Winged messengers of death,'

[The Surrey muskets being of course loaded with ball] and *the flickering sabres flash with a lightning glare on every side.* At length the wolf is overpowered, his stronghold is demolished, and he himself, after bravely sustaining a single combat (in the front of the stage, with his fortress blazing in the rear—*the effect of this is very fine*), 'bites the dust' and as his triumphant foe is gazing upon his last dying struggles, the curtain slowly descends."

The electrical sabres that flash lightning during a single combat (which is cleverly sustained in prince's and robber's cuts) was only to be equalled according to our notion by the graceful movements of the supernumeraries sliding about their toes to get them out of the way of their fellow performers' hoofs, every one evincing a desire for

CHAIRING THE MEMBERS.

This, with the fortress blazing in the rear, and the triumphant foe gazing upon his dying struggles to the fall of the last roll of curtain, describes a scene of theatrical splendour in sentences of gorgeous critical description that may defy comparison.

ANOTHER COMMON-TATOR,—(A LA MURPHY.)

S editing, annotating, illustrating, commentating, notifying and playing other Galvanic tricks upon Shakespeare, seems, notwithstanding the late Mr. Martin's Act prohibiting cruelty to animals, to be the order of the day, we may as well join the rest in rolling our tub, as Diogenes did upon a certain occasion, narrated by Lucian in his Essay on the Art of writing History. The tub we roll at present is a French tub, which gives us sincere international and patriotic pleasure, because it has for a long time been considered something very martial and Marseillaise among the members of that noble body known by the name of *La Jeune France*, to look upon Shakespeare as one of the main instigators to that treaty of the *quinze Juillet*, which has *isolé* the greatest of European countries in the very heart of Europe; and cries of "*A bas Chespire!*" ("*C'est le même que les Anglais s'obstinent d'appeller Shakaspir,*" as M. Jules Janin once declared in his enlightened feuilleton of the *Journal des Débats*") were mingled with "A bas Palmerston!" In this feeling it will be seen that a very eminent man, M. Le Souffle de Claque, does not participate. He delivered the following Lecture on Macbeth to a select assembly, on Saturday night last, congregated in the principal lecture-room of M. Picnot's Academy, at the corner of Leicester-square.

LECTURES ON SHAKESPEARE.

LECTURE I.—MACBETH.

It may semble to you, Messieurs et Gents, dat it is somevat audace for vot de Bureau d'Intérieur here call an alien to criticise Chespire—an ecrivain, who, de say, is altogedder national. But, en effet, read the annotations of the commentateurs Anglais, and you see von swears dat d'oder do not comprend a word. Read, I say, and you vill find dat dey all declare dat dey are a crew, a troupe of fats, ânes, ignorans, coquins, laches, pauvres diables qui ne peuvent pas lire ni A ni B, all but de Monsieur who den write, and the next Monsieur say it of him—and dey all prove vot dey say. A friend o' mine has told me dat in one of de serious operas of d'Englis, dey call L'Opéra des Gueux, dere is a cavatina which say—Read him, mon secretaire! [*Secretary reads.*]

Dr. Johnson calls Tibbald a brute,
George Steevens abuses Malone,
And Collier his big bag of soot
O'er his knightly opponent has thrown.
The knight calls his wood-cutters to
The coalman to drive from the line;
And this is the cry of the crew—
"You must buy no edition but mine."

I den take Mac-a-bess, vich is de true pronouncement; for d'Englis cannot pronounce de *th* justement. It is a grand tragedy, plein de sang, vich make a grand critique Anglais say—"'Tis a bloody fine play." It commence by d'appearance of tree old ladies upon a heas. De old ladies are *bitches;* and de heas is *blasted*—vords vich are mosh used togedder ven von lady speak of anoder in de reports of the Tribunaux of de First Instance. Dere's a great bataille ranged, and these tree old ladies, like oder ladies in de campaigns, go to look for de butin. Von of dem say, "Fair is fowl;" dat is to say, it is *juste* fair to rob de hen-roosts of de volille. Anoder old lady continue, "Fowl is fair," *c'est à dire,* de fowl is a very fair; dat is, a very respectable dish for dinner.

De next scene I pass. In the scene as follows, d'old ladies are dere again. Dey have not been paresseuses in dere absence. The Coryphée ask, "Vere hast dow been, secster?" She explain, "Killing svine." Ha! ha! dis is vot I never found in no commentor. Vot vos she killing de svine for? For vot but to lard, to piquer de fowl vich she stole in de first scene; or else as de Englis, who have tree hundred religion, and no cuisine, are fond of fowl and bacon, for cotelettes of pork vid de volaille, servi in the same assiette! Ah! quelle horreur!

But d'oder old lady vos more recherché. She had voyage and knew something better dan bacon and shickin. She go look for truffles; but vere could she get truffles in this triste pays? But she know dat ven dere is no truffles, chataignes, shessnotes vill do—comme ça, comme ça. So she go to de vife of a matelot. "A sailor's vife had shess-notes in her lap, and mounsh, and mounsh, and mounsh." Dat is, she pound dem in a mortier for de sauce for purée. "Give me," quoz I. "Aroint dee, old lady;" for d'Englis vord is malhonnete. De commentaires know nozing vot is *aroint* dee. I have découvert in a ver old MS. vich dey call de Flas Lexicon,—dat is, de old méthode to say, "I vish you may get it," "Aroint dee, &c.—de rump-fed ronyon cry." De reading is wrong. It must be de rump-*fat* rognon—de lady who get as fat and as plump as a kidney, from sitting upon her derrière and feeding upon chataignes.

De rudeness of dis dame d'embonpoint is not to be admired at. Chespire—he vos a great homme—provide for *tout cela.* He describe her as she appear to her own mari, the Maria. "Her usban to Aleppo gone—master of the Tyger;" dat is to say, de master of his own vife—she was de tyger—maitre de la tigresse; and she drive him avay to Aleppo—any vere—but de old lady, she say she vill follow him in de sieve of de Shessartes, vich his disagréable femme refuses; and dere, like a Monsieur of de Chambre of Députés, who ave got nozing ven he ask it—and par conséquence is a rat. She vill do—vill do—vill do; nobody knows vat she vill do, or vill note do; but dere is no tail à présent.

Messieurs and gents, I am most oblige for you polite respectability to my lecture. Monsieur le Secretaire, do your devoir. De begging-box,

Dus do go about, about,
Trice to mine, trice to dine.

Trice to dine! Diner trois fois por jour. Ah, ciel! vraiment c'est une pensée digne du Paradis!

And trice again to make up nine.

Dank you, Messieurs. Garçon—vere is de quart de demi-et-demi, vich I ave demanded it vos an hour!

"Here, old feller," replied the waiter; "but there was precious little chance on your getting a drop on it until I seen the coppers a turning in."

We shall perhaps continue the lectures of Mons. Le Souffle de Claque.

NOTICE TO EVERYBODY.

ON SATURDAY NEXT, APRIL THE 30th, 1842,

PUNCH'S LIONS OF LONDON

WILL BE OPEN TO PUBLIC INSPECTION.

Our correspondents will find their "rubbish shot" for the future on the Wrapper of our Monthly Part, to which let the trembling turn.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

THE LIONS OF LONDON.

HISTORICAL AND DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

BEFORE taking the stranger on his rambles through London, it may be as well to give him a slight sketch of its ancient origin.

According to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who is borne out by Catnach of Monmouth-street, the ground where London stands is as old as the creation of the world itself, though some enthusiastic antiquaries assign to it a still earlier origin. In an old black-letter and brown paper MS., which was dug out of the ruins of a Quaker's house, that had fallen in with several friends, there is no mention of London; and it is therefore presumed that the city is older than the authority alluded to. King Lud is considered to be the first monarch who resided in the metropolis, and his palace has since been converted into the Belle Sauvage, on Ludgate Hill, so called from his garden-gate having opened on to it. The old cockney exclamation of "Lud a mercy upon us!" fixes the building of the city at once upon Lud; whose name, by a process peculiar to ingenious antiquaries, has been corrupted into London. This is the account of only one antiquary: but Camden goes further, for he declares that it was formerly a town in a wood, and hence we have Camden's or Camden Town, which is a little way in the country.

London is situated in a short latitude from the Observatory at Greenwich, being 51° 31′ north by the railway, and 004° 2$\frac{3}{11}$′ by the river. There is no doubt that the city was formerly a forest, and that the family of Alderman Wood is consequently one of the oldest in the metropolis. "It was filled," says Camden—only the black-letter booby insists on spelling filled with a y—"it was *fylled* with ye beasttes of the ye chase;" and of these none remain, but the wild cats, who still infest the neighbourhoods of squares, and the romantic fastnesses of certain crescents. These animals afford the means of subsistence to a large class of yagers or bone-grubbers, who sell the skins and supply the market with sausage meat.

BEASTS OF THE CHASE.

The most ancient river in London is the Fleet Ditch, but there are Shore Ditch, and Hounds Ditch, and other Ditches too numerous to mention. It is supposed that Fleet Ditch is so called from the Fleet—perhaps the Spanish Armada—having once laid at anchor there; while Shore Ditch is obviously named after Jane Shore; and Hounds Ditch derives its appellation from the quantity of dead Hounds thrown into it.

The Old Wall of London is supposed to have been built by some bricklayers, whose names are not preserved; and it is thought that the military road by which Cæsar entered with his invading army was either at Artillery Row, Battle Bridge, Cannon Row, or Ball's Pond, Islington.

Paulus says that London was sacked in the year 61, by Boadicea, who, of course, bagged the greater part of its treasure. On the establishment of the Heptarchy, ancient London was confined almost exclusively to the Seven Dials, and each of the seven kings instantly took possession of one of the Seven Dials. The city was again sacked by the Danes some years after, and in 1354, the privilege of carrying a mace before the chief magistrate was granted by Cloves or Clovis, a French sovereign who flourished at about the same period.

SACKING OF LONDON 1842.

In the reign of Richard the Second, the Lord Mayor's mace was found very useful in peppering Wat. Tyler, and the citizens obtained permission to add the dagger to their armorial bearings, in token of their readiness to stick at nothing when defending their sovereign.

When England was threatened with invasion, London valiantly raised a few men; but when the danger was over, almost every man resolved to share it, and joined a volunteer regiment for the defence of his native country. The first attempt to illuminate the city was made by Sir Henry Barton, the Lord Mayor, who used lanterns for the purpose; but his successors of the present day have resorted to wit, with which they flare up continually for the enlightenment of the metropolis.

The inhabitants of London have been estimated to amount to several thousands; but as we never knew any one who counted them, we do not give any figures. They are certainly between 000,000, and fourteen millions.

LODGING HOUSES.

are distinguished by square inscriptions wafered to squares of glass, which usually intimate a desire on the part of the exhibitors (generally blooming widows) to share their domiciles with a "single gentleman." When introduced to the lady, she declares that everything is "clean and comfortable," especially the window-curtains, whose colour cannot be seen for the dust; and the bed-room, which was fumigated by the last lodger with tobacco smoke. On inquiring the terms, they are said to be "dirt cheap," which, judging from the state of the tables and carpet, they ought to be.—"Fifteen shillings a week, and find your own bed and table-linen," and the bargain is closed.

At the end of the first week you discover how exceedingly dear, cheap lodgings prove to be—for you are charged five shillings a week for blacking, and twelve-and-sixpence for coals. It also appears that you have had friends to supper every evening, or else what could have become of nine bottles of stout? You perceive that meat is half-a-crown a pound, that hens will not lay in that neighbourhood under fourpence an egg, and that the chicory and roasted grain, off which you have been breakfasting, is nearly double the price of the best Mocha coffee.

Should you remove, on the score of economy, into a house where there are "apartments to let" at three guineas a week, and cater for yourself, it is soon perceptible that every article you order in pays a tariff varying from four to eight ounces in the lb., during its passage through the kitchen. Thus driven, by a limited income, into the illiberality of giving notice to quit, you are forced to turn yourself out of house and home, and belong to a club: taking—merely to sleep in—the "room to let" which is advertised at the green-grocer's in a street. You are balloted for at the P——, or the L—— U——. Admitted to the first, you are sure to get involved in a dozen duels; to the second, and you soon find that its nick-name, "the cheap and nasty," has not been unjustly bestowed.

BOARD AND LODGING.

Finally, you are driven to despair, and get married.

DRIVEN TO DESPERATION.

CONCERTS

Are entertainments much in vogue during the season, by which various professionals form a species of vocal banking, and raise numerous half-guineas in a genteel way, exchanging their notes for money, which notes are too often promissory, more especially in the case of great singers, whose names appear in big letters on the programme. The most popular establishments are the Eagle Tavern, Hanover Square Rooms, Swan at Hungerford Stairs, Willis's, the Bower Saloon, and Exeter Hall, embracing all sorts of performances, from the accidental surgical complication of "an itch with burns," to the oratorio of "Solomons in Houndsditch." At some of these places a ticket for refreshment is given in with the admission, which varies from threepence to ten and sixpence; as it must not be understood that the term "giving a concert" signifies a gratuitous performance.

Promenade Concerts, instrumental and vocal, take place daily in the streets.

The former, consisting of a cornopean, harp, and violin, are usually held towards dusk in front of retail wine-vaults; the latter comprise three or four children and a father or conductor, who frequent quiet streets, and after detailing an autobiography, perform a hymn of many verses, with an obligato chorus, thrown in *ad libitum*, until ordered off by the nearest policeman.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.

The *Ancient Concerts* are supposed to be thus named after the style of the audiences that attend them, as well as from the musical exhumations which take place there. In the taste for reviving long-forgotten subjects, we are promised some selections from the works of Orpheus, and an undoubted symphony of King David; a *mélange* from the celebrated *opera* of Virgil, familiar to every scholar, may be confidently looked for before the conclusion of the series.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH

Is a large mass of building, very unlike the regal ottoman, though uninitiated persons might imagine it the destined seat of royalty; but one glance at the bristling and revolving *chevaux de frise* through which it is seen, would at once satisfy them of their error.

The site upon which this edifice was raised was originally a deep and stagnant bog. The peculiarities of the foundation seem manifested in the superstructure; as its inhabitants, like the passengers over the old surface, generally stick in the mud, and remain there much longer than they expected.

In some few cases, a process, as it were, of "man-draining" is resorted to; this is excessively expensive, and, like pumping a rotten ship, if once adopted, the "bailing-out" remedy very generally requires unpleasant repetitions.

HYDROPATHY.

The place itself is supposed to be a debtor's prison; but is, in point of fact, properly speaking, a huge laboratory for the alchemic process of wringing gold from the wants of the incarcerated. A strong moral lesson is inculcated by the approved pastime in which the prisoners delight—"*Racketing*" generally sends them to gaol; and once there, it is their most innocent amusement. The building is in the immediate neighbourhood of Bedlam, an institution built for the reception of persons who, being creditors, consign their debtors to a prison where all means of active exertion being cut off, it is utterly impossible for the said debtors ever to liquidate the poor lunatics' claims.

The interior of the building is approached through four doors, which appear to be erected for the purpose of giving so many turnkeys an opportunity of receiving a shilling a-piece from such visitors as may be pleased to bestow it.

The duties of the marshals are exceedingly onerous; they are to keep safely the prisoners, and a country house—go round the gaol once a fortnight, and receive something like three thousand a year; yet such is their sense of duty and the force of habit, that none of them were ever known to resign.

AN ACTIVE OFFICER.

THE TEMPLE.

This ancient locality was formerly the residence of the Knights Templars, who settled there in unfurnished lodgings on their return from the Holy Wars; but they having long ago gone to the deuce—the devil is said to have sent his emissaries to occupy the ground vacated by the Christian heroes—and the place has accordingly become peopled with lawyers. The successors of the Templars are many of them inured to hardship and privation; but with the holy banner of the blue bag, and the mysterious symbol of the curly wig, they are said to be ready to face the devil himself, who often visits the spot in the shape of a creditor. By some the Temple is believed to be the abode of evil spirits, and it is certain that few persons pass through it without feeling a cold chill creep over them. The esquires of the Templars have degenerated into a race of ignoble clerks, who instead of girding on the armour of the knights of old, assist the modern order in putting on the gown, which is now the dark emblem of their deeds of blackness.

BILL OF COSTS.

Nature has not been kind to the Temple, but art and the New River Company have lent their aid in the erection of a fountain. From a circular basin of nine feet rises an upright pipe of about two yards high, through which a stream of muddy liquid eternally flows, during the time that the water is turned on to the cisterns in the neighbourhood.

Among the attractions of the Temple is the *Hall Staircase*, a handsome structure of deal, which is greatly admired by architects, for it is so arranged as to render it impossible for any one to say which is the Hall and which is the staircase. Most visitors, on being shown over this interesting portion of the *Temple*, are struck by the fact, that though there are three staircases (leaving them in doubt which they ought to ascend), there is no Hall within fifty yards of the spot spoken of.

There are several porters in the Temple, whose duty consists in forming small conversational parties at the corners of the different courts, and preserving a dignified silence, or affecting an amiable ignorance, if a stranger asks them for information of any kind.

THE COURT OF CHANCERY

Is celebrated as a manufactory of suits which generally last a very long time. The best method to obtain one is to get a legacy left you by a lawyer; for gentlemen who have been engaged as attorneys and solicitors have either so great a regard for their profession, or so great a fear of it, that they usually contrive to leave plenty of employment for those who follow them. Persons who have had Chancery suits describe them as rather unpleasant, being as difficult to get out of as a pair of wet leather breeches.

CHANCERY SUITS.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

This admirable building is full of everything curious, from an elephant's tusk to the magnified leg of a bluebottle.

The Museum contains the finest series of butterflies in England; and these valuable insects are preserved on pins, in order to mark the epochs in which they flourished. It is a curious fact that the pins on which the articles are impaled are often quite as valuable as the specimens attached to them. A curious instance of this is shown in the Musca communis, or common parlour fly, which is placed on an embossed card, and fastened with a pin of peculiarly perfect workmanship. The Museum is open to donations, and was last year enriched by the gift of a series of bottled gooseberries, commencing at the spring of 1835, and continued to the summer of 1840. This valuable bequest is held by the curator of the Museum in trust for the nation, who are the real owners, and are entitled to the exclusive enjoyment of the gooseberries. The Library and Reading-room are well-known, the latter often having temporarily supplied the pecuniary wants of some of its frequenters; who, being part of the nation, have not scrupled to avail themselves (on a pressing emergency) of the *national* property.

HUNGERFORD MARKET

Is built on the model of a Roman Basilica, or Hall of Justice. The idea is felicitous, for justice is regularly *done* every day in this convenient market. A popular superstition attributes freshness to the fish purchased here, and it is supposed by many that the lobsters are caught clinging to the piers of Westminster Bridge, while the shrimps are picked up at low tide in the mud of the Savoy. The same vague error prevails as to the freshness of vegetables, which are thought to be imported from the gardens on the banks of the Thames.

DOING JUSTICE.

There is a suspension bridge in course of erection across the Thames for the exclusive use of the basket ladies who attend this market, but unless it is very rapidly completed the probability is that the market will be finished first.

STATION-HOUSES.

The most ready way to obtain admission to the interior of these commodious erections, is to assume the garb and appearance of a starving pauper, as the police are ever anxious to inculcate the wholesome doctrine that poverty is as criminal as it is disagreeable. Two or three door-plates may also be looked upon as letters of introduction; and a knocker has been known to cause the opening of the doors of some of the more fashionable station-houses. To any one fond of society, these places afford opportunities not generally to be met with; and the professor of languages may occasionally discover some etymological curiosities in the cells of these temporary domiciles. The usual charge for a night's lodging is five shillings; but those of an industrious turn of mind have the option of working it out on the tread-mill, or in the more refined occupation of picking oakum, so any one may be

EASILY SUITED.

THE THEATRICAL AGENCY OFFICE.

This modest building comprises the corner house of the north side of Great Russell Street, Covent Garden; and affords to its spirited inhabitants a favourable view of the House of Correction van in its daily run between Bow Street Police-office and Coldbath Fields. The lower part of the building is divided into two repositories. In one may be Punch and Duncombe's Minor Drama and other objects of the classical stage, whilst the second is devoted to the exposure and sale of artificial flowers. That the useful, however, may be grafted upon the agreeable, the penny post is attached to the establishment; and we will say it is conducted with an urbanity equalled by few and surpassed by none.

UNFIT FOR THE POST.

The Agency Office is reached by pushing a small door that faces you on your entering the house, and by boldly venturing up a corkscrew staircase of the most ingenious twist, you enter the office: it is at least ten feet by eight, and furnished with a modesty highly indicative of the soul of the proprietor. The walls are tastefully hung with portraits of dead and living actors, the grateful offerings (as may be seen from their autographs) of the illustrious individuals themselves to the indefatigable and disinterested agent. A proof impression of Ramo Samee, playing with a shower of golden balls, decorates the chimney-piece, and is enriched with "his mark."

The table is sometimes spread with real letters from real actors, whilst the antiquary in stage history may now and then delight his eyes with a Gravesend playbill of 1840, or some such rare and interesting relic. On the table lies a book! In this *libro d'oro* are inscribed the names of *Othellos* out of business and *Juliets* wanting work.

It will afford the reader some slight idea of the magnanimity with which this vast concern is conducted, when we inform him that for only half-a-guinea he may have his name inscribed in the volume as a candidate for stage honours. It matters not—oh, reader!—if you have two eyes or one—a crooked back or a wooden leg—no nose or an invincible stutter,—it matters not, we say again; you may write your name in the mystic volume, pay your money, and——hope the best!

"Lightly tread, 'tis hallowed ground!" Consider it, reader, the deals you stand upon are classic by the shoe-leather of hundreds of actors. "Stars" have sat in that rush-bottomed chair, and have talked familiarly of terms at Edinburgh, Hull, and Brighton!

The managers (we give their portraits) of Dunstable and Stoke-pogis have trod the floor!

And many a time, at dead midnight, does the shade of Grimaldi sing Tippitywitchet to the agent's mice, and the ghost of Barnes—time honoured pantaloon—"squeak and gibber" in the dark!

THE MANSION-HOUSE.

This elysium of London apprentices might be figuratively designated the City grotto of turtle-shells. In a lower room of this building justice is daily administered to moral sufferers. It is also the laboratory for mural jokes, the perpetration of which formerly constituted the duty of the Lord Mayor's fool; but the first magistrate, of late years, with a commendable spirit of economy, has generally undertaken the motley office himself. The hospitality of the Mansion House is said to be very distinguished; but as we have never had an opportunity of testing the truth of this report, we beg to hint that a ticket for the next dinner, addressed to our office, will be certain to ensure our attendance.

ENSURING HIS ATTENDANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OFFICES

Are the temporary residences of numerous patriotic gentlemen who are anxious to serve their country—at from 75*l.* to 5000*l.* per annum. They are generally very snug berths, and are pleasantly situated in the vicinity of the parks, thus rendering one of the duties of the *employés*—that of looking out of window—less arduous and irksome. The interiors are usually fitted up in the "severe style of classic coldness;" but the fire-places are admirably constructed for imparting a grateful warmth to the dorsal part of the body when the coat-tails are officially expanded. The

chairs are of that peculiar style of upholstery which, partaking of the character of the employment, is appropriately denominated "easy," and are so constructed as not to induce positive sleep, nor to disturb those valuable reveries in which government clerks are in the habit of indulging for the benefit of their country. The desks are of mahogany, elaborately embellished with initial letters and peculiar cyphers in office ink. They are found to be highly suggestive to a negligent correspondent; and from the beauty of the paper and pliability of the quills with which they are furnished, the delinquent has no excuse for any further neglect; they also lend an air of dignified condescension to the acceptance of a polite invitation to dinner, and render impressive and indisputable a downright refusal to aid your tailor in "meeting a bill which he has to take up."

The paper is of that superior quality known as "Government post," and from the smoothness of its surface forms an admirable cartoon, whereon the Raphaeline Clerk can delineate the portraits of his superiors, heightened by those playful touches of fancy which always characterise the early productions of the imaginative school of artists. The "office-pen"

A GOVERNMENT CLERK'S CARTOON.

is so well known, that any lengthened description would be supererogatory; but in order to detect the spurious from the genuine, it must be observed that the true government goosequill is selected from that class of pinion-feathers which admit of its being instantly converted into a tooth-pick.

Government offices are liberally supplied with the daily papers, the careful perusal of which constitutes one of the principal duties of the Clerk whose glorious privilege it is to assist in the regulation of the affairs of his native land.

The salaries are always arranged upon that gentlemanly scale which connects the greatest remuneration with the least labour.

The most direct road to the government offices is through a member of parliament who supports the party in power. The independent elector may with confidence look to the Excise-office for the reward which he naturally expects as the consequence of voting according to his conscience. The liberal and faithful butler, who procures discount for his master's bills, may certainly consider the Customs as the Ararat of his old age, while the member of parliament may honestly expect an honourable provision for his younger sons, as a trifling equivalent for the many hours that he has slumbered in the cause of the Ministry in the House of Commons.

THE THAMES.

In contemplating the entire fluvial system of Great Britain, we shall find the Thames its most important member, whether we view it as a picturesque arena for rowing matches, or as a huge gutter for the emptying of London slops.

Its shores from Vauxhall to London Bridge consist entirely of coal-barges, which leave just room enough in the middle of the stream for pleasure parties to be run down by steam-vessels. That this operation may be performed the more readily, long narrow boats are so made as to be upset with moderate exertion; but if that should fail, the rowers frequently quarrel concerning the best method of steering under the arch of a bridge, and thus get driven against a pier; there to await the coming of one of the steamers. The latter, not being allowed to travel slower than twenty miles an hour, has no time to avoid the smaller boat, and swamps it with the utmost dexterity.

Large inlets or bays indent the sides of Old Father Thames. Wherever

these occur the navigation is extremely dangerous; the violence of the wind and waves has been known to overturn a two-oared skiff with remarkable promptitude. Sometimes the surges run so high that persons not actually belonging to the Thames navy have a violent internal motion communicated to them, causing the unpleasant sensation which has given these dreaded bays their name—that of "reaches." Chelsea Reach is not so formidable as is sometimes represented by voyagers, though in some winds it is difficult to keep one's hat on upon the open deck. Erith Reach is positively not navigable in a sow-sow-east wind.

CHELSEA REACH.

The water of this river has been celebrated in all ages, and has mainly contributed to that immense increase in the China trade which it now enjoys. For the decoction of the "gossip's shrub," the Thames water is far superior to that, even of the river Tees; whilst from this circumstance, and from our city being built on a chalky soil, London has become universally famous for the manufacture of milk.

When analysed Father Thames is found to consist of

Pure water, ...	4 parts.
Miscellaneous, ...	96
	100

This water is considered by the inhabitants of London a most delicious beverage, and they all pay certain companies (who lay it on uncommonly thick) for the privilege of drinking it.

The river is provided with floating baths, floating hospitals, a floating chapel, and a floating police. The duties of the last consist in seeing that the steamers keep up to their regulation high pressure speed; to take all little boys before the magistrates who are found fishing, and all felonious persons found drowning. The Lord Mayor is the conservator of the river Thames, and goes "swan-hopping" when the weather sets in fine.

The chief attraction of the Thames is, however, to be found in its navy, and it is calculated that there are no less than three hundred coal barges always available at a moment's notice, in case of a descent by a foreign enemy on the coast of Rotherhithe, which is, perhaps, the only point where the attempt would be made; for the Tunnel would be a safe and commodious harbour of refuge. The chief ports on the Thames are so well known that they do not require mentioning; but there is a fine, natural harbour at Millbank, which is formed by the occasional rushing of the tide over the Horseferry Road, and into the public-house cellars, thus saving the landlords the trouble of going through a very dilatory process of mixing.

HOLYWELL STREET.

This street, as its name peculiarly indicates, was in former times celebrated for its miraculous water, or *Holy Well*. And whereas, according to Stowe, and other antiquarians, old London abounded with blessed streams, much frequented by the blind, the lame, and the leprous—who, on quaffing thereof, obtained their eyesight, and were made whole; so did the waters of the Holy Well work extraordinary virtue on the doublets, jerkins, caps, and shoon, of our illustrious ancestors. When a man's garments became tattered or threadbare, he had only to seek the Holy Well, and, if faith abounded, he was sure to return to his friends in a bran-new suit. This he obtained by copious immersion. Hence, in due time, arose the saying, "to be deeply dipped,"—"to be over head and ears,"—as applicable to those in debt.

CAST-OFF SUIT.

We have made the most scrupulous search throughout the locality, as it now presents itself, and think we have traced some remains of the

OLD WELL IN THE CISTERN of Mr. Emmanuel Lazarus,

whose urbanity in the transfer of coats, waistcoats, and pantaloons—for ready money only—has obtained for him the honourable appellation of

THE CHESTERFIELD JEW.

The street at present affords a delightful subject for the contemplation of the philanthropist. Here reside at least a hundred noble creatures—a glory to humanity!—whose daily occupation it is (making allowance for the Passover and other holidays) to watch at their hospitable thresholds, that they may take in their fellow men, and—whether they will or no—clothe them!

"Do you vant a coat?"—"a vaistcoat?"—"a cloak, better as new?" These are the words, uttered with a melody of intonation, that all the live-long day awaken in the breasts of the benevolent the tenderest yearnings towards the querists. There stands Ikey Levi, glancing mildly from his doorway as a jackal from a tomb! There watches Solomon Solomons, with drooping lip (as though heavy with a weight of honey!), asking the wants of passing bipeds. And there, too, Miriam Jonas, a mother in Israel, the parent of eighteen Jonases—(poor pilgrims, vending the apocryphal fruit of Seville and Teneriffe, and selling black-lead pencils, never made to mark—scattered, it may be, about the town with nets of lemons to catch a customer)—there she stands, with the oil of new-fried flounders lustrous on her face and balmy on her lip!

Literature and the arts also find an abiding-place in Holywell Street. Nay, more—the eighteenpenny roysterer at the Lowther Rooms may, from the costly wardrobe of Aaron Lot, be a red-cross knight, a harlequin, or brigand, for less than three half-crowns. Here bookworms loiter. A first edition of Shakspeare has been bought for two-and-sixpence, whilst the magnanimous picture-dealers of this favoured spot commonly add Raphaels and Correggios at eighteenpence a piece!

Reader, there are solemn thoughts abounding in Holywell Street. Are not its dealers the descendants of the patriarchs? May not the blood of him who "wrestled with the angel" run in the veins of that red-headed Israelite now hanging on the button-hole of that newly-caught customer? Look at that venerable man holding a pair of pantaloons between himself and the light of Heaven! Doth he not seem to read every stitch as though he searched the starry firmament?

Reader, 'tis impossible to look at that white-bearded Jew, and not think of Moses and—the profits!

GLIDDON'S DIVAN.

This magnificent resort of the refined, the literary, the artistic, and histrionic lies to the north of King-street, Covent-Garden, in close proximity to the hostelry of Evans. Through two large windows of real plate glass the fortunate spectator, standing in the shop, may catch some glimpses of the grandeur and the taste of Gliddon.

Quitting the counter, and passing in a northerly direction, we enter the Divan. Its walls are decorated with the glories of eastern fable, painted by Stanfield, Charles Tomkins, and other giants of the four-pound brush. In the centre of the room is

TIPPOO SAIB'S OWN SPITTOON.

taken with the famous tiger's head (now in the possession of her Majesty) from the despot, and purchased at an immense outlay by the magnificent Gliddon.

The waiters are warranted real Mussulmans, and are of course habited in the oriental costume. The principal attendant is named Tomk Il Pack, a young gentleman with a bass voice, of the Mahometan persuasion.

A real Arab has been imported at a vast expense, and tells tales to the curious from eight till ten. Here Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer may sometimes be found playing chess with William Cribb, Esquire; the great Whig-Tory-Radical politician of Covent-Garden, who has in the handsomest manner presented an egg in spirits to Gliddon—(it decorates the mantel-piece of the Divan)—being no other than the identical egg flung at Sir Francis Burdett, when he last stood for Westminster.

The poet, the painter, the actor, the politician, may all be found here in every variety. Here, too, the famous Baron Slenderlim, accredited to this country by Holland for the express purpose of protecting the shape of Dutch cheeses, may be seen circled by attentive listeners, the while he talks of Antwerp sieges, and at times, singeth the *Cancan*. The Baron, with an urbanity wholly his own, has favoured us with the portrait of his hat.

This hat, we have been privately informed, is of high political significance, there being more in it (especially when the Baron has it on) than the superficial spectator would imagine.

THE ADMIRALTY.

This beautiful building is a substantial structure of bricks and mortar, and is surmounted by a wooden erection with a pole at the top of it, commonly called a telegraph. This long pole is used to stir up the authorities in case of any news of importance, and is often watched with considerable interest by persons in the street, who vainly endeavour to make either head or tail of it. Its powers of communication are rather limited; for it will only make an L, an E, an F, or a T, though it sometimes aspires to form an indifferent Y, and was once observed to be struggling violently to achieve a W. It is generally at work on foggy days, when of course no harm can be done by a misunderstanding, which might otherwise prove fatal to the interest of the government. The late King, when First Lord, is said to have shown his devotion to his duty by appointing six captains to one ship, so that if one should have been unfit for the post, there were five more always on board for the purpose of superseding him.

PRESS-GANG.

A WARRANT-OFFICER.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

This elegant abode of royalty is peculiarly adapted for everything but living in. It is built on a marshy soil, and commands an extensive view of the stagnant water in the Park; the mist from which acts as a constant screen to intercept the prospect of the Horse Guards, the Treasury, and other unsightly objects in the neighbourhood. As it is desirable that the Sovereign should always overlook the people, there is one wing of the Palace which commands the whole of the first and second floors of the houses in the Victoria Road, and the royal party can at all times observe what is passing in the tap of the Gun Tavern. The centre of the Palace is occupied by a vast hall and staircase for the convenience of the royal footmen;

while the wings are devoted respectively to the guards on duty, and the tools of the gardener. Two or three apartments at the back of the building are reserved for the Queen and her family. The Picture Gallery is a very fine apartment without any windows, the light being ingeniously admitted through some ground glass in the ceiling, which, by improvements on the original design of the architect, is almost totally covered over with domes and chimney-pots. The Drawing Room is a large apartment constructed on the strictest principles of ventilation, for in every part of it there is a thorough draft, which, however, blows chiefly from the fire place; and the smoke thus produced contrasts boldly with the gilding of the ceiling.

The Music-room is provided with an elegant velvet pile carpet, for the convenience of the Italian artists, whom the climate of England causes to expectorate frequently in the course of their professional labours.

The sleeping apartment of the Queen is very tasteful; and there is an ante-room adjoining it, which is fitted up for occasional visitors, and goes by the name of The Boy Jones's Room, from his having been hitherto its principal occupant.

The architecture of the Palace is of various styles and orders, among which the modern Gothic is predominant. The centre is surmounted by a dome after designs from a cottage loaf, and on each side are square compartments, accurately copied from the well-known bricks in baker's windows. The whole of the exterior is profusely decorated with a strong solution of chalk and water.

GENTLEMAN IN WAITING.

The Palace was commenced by George the Fourth, who built the carcase. The plastering proceeded rapidly under William the Fourth, and the moving in was accomplished by our present most gracious Sovereign. It was commenced as a plaything by the first-named monarch, and its present illustrious occupant has converted it into an extensive baby-house.

THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS.

These buildings are said to contain the collective wisdom of the empire, and foreigners are generally much surprised when they go there to look for it, although many have left the House of Lords with the impression that it is contained in the large crimson bales designated the woolsacks. The benches in the House of Commons are remarkable for their narcotic properties, and many members, who are said to be particularly wide-awake to their own interests, have been known to sleep soundly throughout a debate which has involved the happiness of thousands. Some few years ago they were destroyed by fire, and the Whigs have recently found them too hot to hold them.

THE COMMONS.

THE PARKS.

The Parks are poetically known as the "lungs of London," because most of the breathing time snatched from labour by a busy population is passed in them.

In the forenoon it is interesting to observe trains of children led by charming maidens of rigid deportment to the banks of the ornamental waters of St. James's Park. The lovely charges are there left to feed the downy swans, whilst their blooming conductors indulge in simpering conversations with downy "noblemen in disguise," who have been metamorphosed into very seedy apparel and magnificent tips. Upon the chairs intended for sitting on you can recline for the small charge of one penny; but if you want to rest your legs, it is twopence; if your arms also, threepence. In short, the price is a penny for chairing each member.

The Green Park is so called from being almost, if not quite, a flat. It is particularly famous for a mud-reservoir which adjoins Piccadilly. This elegant stone tank is occasionally filled with water, but is more usually seen applied to its original use which is to ensure a continual supply of miasmata to the surrounding neighbourhood, and more particularly to the hackney-coach stand which has been humanely placed beside it.

Hyde Park takes its name from a particular circumstance which occurred somewhere between the seventh and seventeenth century—what that particular circumstance was nobody knows. One of its entrances is adorned with a colossal figure dedicated to the "Iron Duke," and has consequently been made of bronze. The respect of the English for works of art is beautifully exemplified by the pedestal upon which the Achilles is placed, being thickly strewn with common pebbles, pieces of old brick, and now and then a fragmentary castor—all the free-will offerings of an enthusiastic people.

The Piccadilly entrance is formed by nearly as many columns as go to a newspaper. They are of stone beautifully stuccoed, and being of a rich cream-colour, impart, it is supposed, an exquisite flavour to the curds and whey which is sold at the lodge beside them.

Hyde-park contains a "ring" which is nearly square, and a river so perfectly straight that it is called the Serpentine.

The Regent's Park consists of two circles, which are intended to communicate with each other, but an experienced person is sometimes puzzled

A SCENE IN THE CIRCLE.

to discover how. The houses which nearly surround the outward ring are looked upon as wonders of architectural design and execution. The liberality of the genius employed is manifested in the generous conglomeration of style which is everywhere apparent. The Corinthian and Ionic are continually contrasted with the simple Doric and the street-dooric. Here stands the Colosseum, which is a very large building, and we hope it pays; but the lion of the Regent's Park is the Zoological Gardens. The animals in this collection are particularly well fed and well behaved, and have strict orders never to devour a subscriber should they have the opportunity.

The Diorama is also in this *locale*, and may be seen without any difficulty by payment of a shilling. The Regent's Park is principally frequented by little boys with hoops, tradesmen who keep an animal, and men with water-carts.

BAZAARS

May be termed the Noah's Arks of ornamental manufactures, since they would be found to contain specimens of every kind of fancy work, should that genus of poetical industry ever become extinct. Money need not be carried when visiting these resorts, as no one ever thinks of buying anything; the main object of these places being, according to the design of certain benevolent founders, to provide an amusing lounge for idlers, rustics, and children home for the holidays. The more mercenary stall-keepers realize small incomes by ingeniously placing fragile goods on the edge of the counters, so delicately poised, that the slightest touch knocks them down and breaks them, when payment is usually expected.

FANCY WORK.

The Sóho Bazaar is chiefly remarkable for the diverting and expert manner in which the young ladies who keep the stalls run about backwards and forwards through certain apertures, under the counter, like rabbits in a warren. It is generally presumed that this degree of perfection is obtained by much practice, at home, under a shutter placed on the backs of two chairs; but this appears to be a popular error.

The Western Exchange is principally used as a short-cut from Bond-street to the Burlington Arcade, in wet weather; and is chiefly celebrated for the extreme difficulty encountered in finding out the entrance from the latter place, which is most ingeniously concealed, to puzzle novices and afford a little harmless perplexity in a pastry-cook's shop.

The Pantheon is also a thoroughfare from Oxford-street to Marlborough do., and is mostly frequented by governesses with their charges, and lovers of zoology. At one extremity is a conservatory of unknown plants, and evergreen shrubs, occasionally disposed of to horticulturists who are equally so; and a fountain and basin, filled with what are presumed at first sight to be live red herrings, but which prove to be gold fish upon close examination. There is also an excellent gallery of perpetual pictures upstairs; to which the public are admitted with orders—never to poke sticks or parasols against them. An ancient attendant perfectly recollects the sale of one of these pictures some years back.

THE DRY ARCHES.

For the country visitor, to whom pure air and economy are indispensable, the cheapest and best-ventilated lodgings in the metropolis are, without exception, those situated literally at the foot of the Surrey-side of Waterloo Bridge; which have the additional unique attraction of being the only accommodations of the kind erected under the immediate superintendence of the great Rennie.

The best way to reach them, is to pass Punch's Office, and having crossed the bridge (which leads from one side of the Thames to the other), after experiencing some slight, but merely temporary inconvenience, from running against the wrong turnabout at the Surrey toll-house, you reach Waterloo Road. Under the second lamp-post on the left is a collection of perambulating zoology, well worthy of notice. The one cage contains, in the words of the proprietor, "four owls, three cats, six rats, and a dog; two bats, ten mice, four pigeons, two hawks, and a crow." Having taken a comprehensive bird's-eye glance of this *mélange*, it is as well to proceed, or you will be asked for some money, which may be saved to pay the toll back again.

Tripping down the steps opposite this menagerie, you will find on arriving at the bottom one, and not until then, that you have made a mistake and taken the wrong turning. Instead of the dry arches, you discover a floating promenade of wood, so curiously contrived, that the instant you tread upon one of the beams which compose it, it revolves upon its axis, and slides you off into the river underneath the others.

Returning to the pavement, you seek the next flight, and descending to the road below, enter a timber-yard, on the left side of which is situated the place you are in search of, forming a series of handsome elevations, upwards of 700 feet in length.

The proprietors of Waterloo Bridge "having larger premises than they require" (which phrase, of course, always signifies, that the concern, whatever it is, does not pay), "are happy to receive several inmates as lodgers, where a comfortable home is certainly thought of more than remuneration." To those who intend making this spot their nightly residence, during their stay in town, we would recommend keeping early hours, as after nine o'clock the gates at the entrance are closed by a policeman. Some of the structures, which are numbered similarly to other rows of houses, are fitted up with ottomans of broken granite, but the majority are unfurnished. Like other lodging-houses, the society at these places is of a mixed description; but a primitive fellowship exists amongst all the inmates, coupled with a hearty desire to share all they have—which is nothing—with each other.

Although the proximity of the timber-yard furnishes board *ad libitum* to all who may require it, yet the general arrangements of the establishment do not allow of cooking; so the majority of the lodgers dine at their club in Red Lion Square—a reasonable house under the direction of a society to whose notice we recommend the economical visitor; who, unwilling to incur any outlay in such a luxury as food, prefers gratuitous soup to fore-quarter of nothing and no potatoes.

THE BRIDGES.

Westminster Bridge is a remarkable structure; for it has been tumbling to pieces ever since it was originally built: and it is a singular fact, that as soon as one arch is rendered safe, another is discovered to be dangerous. Though it is difficult for horses to ascend one side, the inconvenience is overbalanced by the rapidity with which they are hurried down on the other.

Waterloo Bridge is a very handsome pile, the shareholders in which have the peculiar privilege of paying a large amount of interest on money borrowed for the purpose of raising funds from others, after having exhausted all the funds of their own; and it is an encouraging fact, that there has been lately a slight diminution of the daily loss that is incurred by the owners of the property (!). The great characteristic of this bridge is its perfect flatness, in which it greatly resembles its own shareholders. The toll-house is a snug retreat; but as the occupant of it is necessarily obliged to remain on the outside of it in all weathers, its delights can scarcely be appreciated by the official resident.—Waterloo Bridge is peculiarly adapted for sentimental life-haters, and the toll gives it a select air, which renders it preferable to the others.

STICKING TO HIS POST.

London Bridge was, a few years ago, completely Rennie-vated:—indeed we may say rebuilt—and *would* have said so if the above unrivalled pun on Sir John Rennie, the architect, could have been brought in. This bridge has the largest arch—if we except that of the Thames Tunnel—ever spanned by the hand of man. It may, perhaps, be necessary to inform the stranger that Holborn Bridge and Battle Bridge do not intersect the Thames.

HOSPITALS.

THE readiest way to arrive at any of these noble Institutions is to slip down under a loaded omnibus in a neighbouring thoroughfare, from which spot the journey is easily and pleasantly performed on a shutter, with a large train of attendants, who readily offer their services to escort you. These edifices have in view the provision of subjects for anatomy, the pecuniary benefit of their officers, and the trial of new remedies upon a class of mortals who, from their resigned tractability, are termed patients; whilst the wards form an agreeable promenade for a number of studious and scientific young men in the middle of the day.

They are principally under the female jurisdiction of a matron, nurses, and governors, the heads of the latter conjointly forming a board.

The attributes of the gentlemen walking the various hospitals may be thus enumerated:—

GUY'S . . . . } Half-and-half, anatomical *fracas*, and
ST. THOMAS'S . . . } billiards.
ST. GEORGE'S . . . Doings at Tattersall's.
LONDON . . . . Too remote to be ascertained.
UNIVERSITY . . . Conjuring, juggling, and mesmerism.
BARTHOLOMEW'S . . . State of Smithfield Markets.
MIDDLESEX . . . Convivial Harmony.

AN EVENING CONCERT.

CHARING-CROSS . . . Dancing at the Lowther-rooms.
KING'S COLLEGE . . Has not yet acquired any peculiarity.
WESTMINSTER . . . Dashes of all the others combined.

THE ARTILLERY GROUND

Is an eligible piece of waste land, which has not yet been let upon building leases, in the neighbourhood of Finsbury Square. Here that renowned corps, the Royal City Artillery, muster once a month and play at soldiers. There is a vague tradition of a cannon having been once discharged in the Artillery Ground, but owing to the dampness of the powder the eruption took place at the breech.

BAWL AND ROCKET PRACTICE.

The corps is not more remarkable for courage in the field than for personal contrast in its ranks, thus proving that an heroic soul is not particular about its lodgings.

No time should be lost in visiting this interesting grass-plat, as the gallant fellows have (almost) volunteered to join the Indian Army, and of course will take the Artillery-Ground with them.

BREACHES-MAKER'S COMPANY.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS splendid specimen of Gothic architecture has for some years been converted into a raree-show by the Dean and Chapter, who are entrusted with the care of it. The interior is considered to be of so sacred a character, that none are admitted who cannot afford to pay threepence. It contains monuments of many of our great poets, statesmen, warriors, and little men, together with some wax dolls, the size of life, which are said to be speaking likenesses of the originals.

THE COAL-HOLE, CYDER-CELLARS, EVANS'S, &c.

Are pleasant places of general resort, having for their object the promotion of social harmony and relief of domestic ennui. On entering the rooms, the first impression is that some one has been smoking therein; which supposition is found to be correct as soon as the smokers are discovered through the surrounding clouds. The chief productions of these spots are comic songs, kidneys, glees, and roast potatoes; and the comestibles derive additional *gout* from the period employed in cooking them, which averages as follows, dating from the moment of giving the order:—

For two poached eggs . . . . . Twenty minutes
Two broiled kidneys . . . . . Half-an-hour
A chop or steak . . . . . Forty-five minutes

and so on in proportion.

It is generally advisable to catch your stout flying as it goes round the room supported by two waiters—a tin and a human one; and goes of gin, whiskey, or brandy, may be captured in the same manner; but a quick eye and sure aim is necessary.

Payment is tendered at the door as you go out, with the exception of cigars, which are settled for on delivery, the proprietors having found the ostensible consumption of these luxuries frequently ended in smoke. It is somewhat singular that the amount of your damage never comes to even money, but always leaves some change to be received which can never be found in any of the waiters' pockets. Instances are recorded of a singular mental delusion existing amongst some of the visitors upon taxing their memories with what they have had, when they have called a grilled fowl "a welch-rabbit," and several glasses of grog "a pint of stout."

WARM WITH.

MOCK AUCTIONS

Are composed of imaginary auctioneers, imaginary buyers, and "lots" of imaginary valuable property. They are to be found in various parts of the metropolis, and are supposed to have been established for the patriotic purpose of increasing the revenue. They generally present a large assortment of showy and tempting articles, whose real value is determined by what they will fetch. The casual visitor has only to wink his eye, rub his nose, yawn, sneeze, or cough, and he is sure to find himself the fortunate purchaser of a pair of elegant cut-glass decanters, which cannot be matched—even by one another; or a dozen of town-made table-knives, which could not be injured by opening oysters.

DOWN WITH YOUR DUST.

NELSON'S MONUMENT.

THIS national testimony to our greatest naval-hero is formed of a square enclosure, composed of deal planks, profusely emblazoned with posting bills. The interior contains a stone erection, nearly six feet high, and has been used for some time past as a promenade for two respectable journeymen stonemasons and their labourer. It is confidently expected that the next generation will be enabled to see it without looking over the palings by which it is surrounded.

A NAVAL ENGAGEMENT.

POET'S CORNER.

For the nearest road to immortality and Poet's Corner, inquire of Mr. Catnach, Great St. Andrew's-street, Seven Dials.

BILLINGSGATE.

This agreeable watering-place is on the north bank of the Thames, and there is a fancy fair continually held there for the sale of curious shells with fish in them. The inhabitants of this region speak a language of their own, and it is a favourite study with many speakers and writers who acquire occasionally a sort of native proficiency in Billingsgate. This peculiar phraseology forms, as it were, a counterpoise to the namby pamby of St. James's, as presented to us in the novels of Fashionable Life.

FANCY FAIR.

At the commencement of the oyster season there is always an interchange of blows on the arrival of the smacks, and the scene is said to be very striking.

THE THAMES TUNNEL

Is a large bricked tube which passes under the bed of the stream. The purpose for which it was constructed has never been clearly ascertained, but some highly scientific individuals have conceived that during a severe winter it is intended to be filled with boiling water, and so ensure the uninterrupted navigation of the river, by preventing an accumulation of ice. Others have imagined that it is to be converted into a powder magazine, and in case of invasion, to be used as an American tornado, and set the Thames on fire, or blow up the enemy's fleet, whilst our own men-of-war are safely anchored in

PUDDLE DOCK.

STEAM BOATS.

It is,—according to Malthus, and to a higher authority, Alderman Lucas,—to the over population of this country that we are indebted for its present depressed condition. Of the numerous remedies applicable to the evil, none have been found so effectual as Steam-boats; and, although their superiority over the small-pox and rail-roads has been disputed, yet, from the increased favour in which, every succeeding season, they are held, as engines of destruction, it is clear that the highest opinion is entertained of their efficacy.

In proof of this, the stranger has only to trust himself on board a six-penny Gravesend boat on a fine Whit-Sunday. The deck crammed, and no standing-room on the paddle-boxes, he will be wedged in by the crowd so tightly as to preclude the use of his limbs when the accident, which is sure to occur, takes place. Exactly at the moment of the start, an opposition boat will also set off, so that the speed will be deliciously exhilarating. In trying to give "Bugsby hole" as narrow a berth as possible, each captain will foul his adversary, and a few passengers will be missed from the paddle-boxes, to make an additional hole or two in the water. As they will very likely amount to a dozen,—quite enough to help one another,—it would be nonsense to stop either vessel, so the speed is doubled.

RUNNING FOWL.

In furtherance of the praiseworthy object for which these vessels were originally started, (the reduction of the population,) they are ordered to "go on" at the precise moment a passenger is stepping off.

If the stranger get a sight of the cabin, it will be a mistake to imagine that its occupants are confined there as a punishment for some misdemeanour, however much their imprisoned and crowded condition might warrant the supposition. The error will be corrected when he hears them giving vent to bottled porter, and to songs of a comic character; the latter are "volunteers," but the former a compulsory employment, the heat of the "saloon" being so intense that the malt would open itself in spite of the corks.

As the number of passengers gradually decreases at the various stopping-places,—by means of "easing her," and then suddenly going on just in time to send the debarkers into the water instead of into the wherry waiting to receive them,—several of the tappers of stout escape from their confinement to the deck and commence a series of pleasing practical jokes, in the course of which numerous hats, (with a wearer sometimes attached,) find their way either to the bottom, or to the Nore. So you are sure to get to Gravesend, either in due course, or by means of a cold bath in the Thames.

EASE HER!

For a full account of the Above-bridge Steamer Fleet, we must refer the inquisitive stranger to "Punch," Vol. 1., page 35, and to "A Sentimental Journey along the Coasts of the Thames," published in recent Numbers.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE,

which stands at the corner of Parliament Street and the Strand, is principally remarkable for a wooden entrance painted in imitation of the richest red bricks, and the peculiar ferocity of the tail of the lion, which has so long ornamented the top of the building. There is a tradition that the celebrated Madame Saqui once danced a hornpipe on this extraordinary appendage; but upon applying to the porter we were assured that it had *not* happened during the time the keys of the gates had been in his posssession.

PUNCH'S STRANGERS' GUIDE

TO

THE METROPOLIS,

SHOWING HIM HOW TO SEE EVERYTHING IN LONDON, AS WELL AS A GREAT DEAL THAT IS NOT, IN SIX DAYS.

Introductory Observations.

PRESUMING you arrive by the Birmingham Railway, your first object will be to find the way out. Whilst lost in admiration of the entrance, your luggage will probably go off in the Spread Eagle omnibus, you yourself being taken in by the Charing Cross one; and as none of your traps are directed, the hunt after them will cause sufficient diversion for the first evening. You will at length discover, that by an amusing species of pantomimic change, only practised at Coach Offices, a carpet bag answering your description was seen to go down to Winchester by the mail-train. Hereupon you return to your hotel—the Tavistock, in Covent Garden, and by the kindness of the landlord, are provided with a change, against the re-appearance of your effects.

FIRST DAY.

Taking the principal object of the metropolis, of course, your starting point each day will be PUNCH'S OFFICE. From hence, for a small consideration, BRYANT, or our boy, will show you the way to the corner of the street, on turning sharply round which, you will possibly find yourself in the arms of a person coming in the opposite direction, and the salutation will be, "Vere are you a drivin' on, spooney!" of which characteristic dialect you ought to make a note. Turning up Wellington-street North, stop at the horde on your right to inspect the exhibition of the Association of Out-of-door Wood Engravers, which is now open for the season. Passing across Catherine-street, and through some courts, you will arrive at the celebrated Clare Market Labyrinth, (whose intricacies will afford you much amusement), where you may be violently forced to buy a joint of meat against your will, by the aborigines to the locality. After many futile attempts to find out the way, a policeman will conduct you into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, where your principal object of interest will be to seek out the great turnstile of which you have read. This will cost some pains to discover, as also will Whetstone Park; but, when found out, will repay the trouble. On emerging into Holborn, observe the weathercock of a man with a gun on the top of one of the opposite houses, and then ask your way to the British Museum, which, when you get there, you will of course find closed; but the inspection of the sentry-boxes will repay the curious visitor, and you can read the synopsis of the Museum in a neighbouring public house, which, assisted by a prolific imagination, will answer all the purposes, without the fatigue.

Returning to Holborn, two colossal dustpans, each laying claim to minuteness and originality, will attract your attention; as well as a gratuitous exhibition of mechanical sentinels and moving skeletons, in the clock shops. A reasonable meal can be procured in this neighbourhood for a sum varying from one halfpenny to threepence, as you respectively incline to a simple potato *al fresco*, a saucer of pickled whelks, or a basin of leg-of-beef soup with bread and potatoes, either of which will refresh you before starting to discover St. Giles's Pound, which you will be fortunate to find.

A REGULAR DINER-OUT.

On passing the frontier which separates the Rookery from Oxford-street, an examination of personal baggage frequently takes place by expert persons brought up to the business from infancy. Crossing Oxford-street you arrive on the opposite side of the way, leaving behind you the things you have passed.

At this point of your peregrinations you may possibly discover that you have lost your pocket-handkerchief; and it will be advisable, therefore, to seize the person in closest proximity to you. As he will be certain not to be the thief, you will most probably be knocked into the gutter; and upon calling for a policeman will find yourself given into custody on a charge of assault and attempted highway robbery. Your next destination will then be a station-house, where you will be conducted to your chamber, and lighted to a bench, by a policeman with a bull's-eye lantern, and the best thing you can do will be to go to sleep—if you can.

SECOND DAY.

About nine o'clock in the morning a carriage (kindly provided at the expense of the Government) will call for you, and you will then be driven to Marlborough-street, and introduced by several footmen in blue livery to a gentleman who is called his Worship. As the prosecutor will not appear, you will only be fined for being drunk, and may then proceed upon your day's ramble.

There is a valuable public library of very old works indeed, under the doorway of the Princess's Theatre, worthy inspection; as well as two exquisite full-length figures of "gents" in wax, dressed in the last style of fashion, at a tailor's shop farther on. Turning up towards Langham Place the extinguisher spire is to be noticed, and by keeping straighton from this point you arrive at the Diorama. The blindness occasioned by the sudden transition from light to darkness causes you to tumble over the benches, one after another, in regular succession, until you arrive at the bottom one, where it is not considered a breach of etiquette to sit down in the lap of anybody who comes first. The deception of the paintings is so remarkable, as to convince you they are actually the spots represented: indeed, on the day of the late earthquake, one old lady persisted in remaining there all day long, in the idea that Bethlehem and Alagna were too remote to be affected by the catastrophe.

As economy should guide all your actions, you will find that you can walk from this spot to the Bank, by which means you will save sixpence, and see many curious things on your way, including the rare collection of statues, eagles, vases, and chimney-tops, in the New Road, liberally thrown open to public inspection by the proprietors. Further on, on your left, you will observe the London University, celebrated for its large medical school, and nothing else. It has every required advantage of theatres, lectures, and laboratories, as well as taverns, dancing academies, and pawnbrokers, in immediate approximation.

Passing King's Cross, with the magnificent statue presented to the Duke of Wellington by Praxiteles, when the allied armies entered Florence, and arriving at the Angel at Islington, you will, in all probability, lose your way, and, by a variety of odd streets and turnings, ultimately arrive at the Tea Gardens, opposite Saddler's Wells Theatre.

A magnificent theatrical gallery, consisting of one portrait, is exhibited in front of an adjacent public-house. It represents the late immortal Mr. Joseph Grimaldi, in the costume of a clown, with a bottle of wine in his hand, which he has obtained surreptitiously. The time chosen, from the attitude and expression, is when he may be presumed to be saying, with much simplicity and politeness, "How d'ye do, Mr. Policeman—see what I've found!"

Proceeding in a southerly direction, the next point of attraction is Clerkenwell Workhouse—an order to visit the interior of which may be obtained from the relieving-officer—and passing under an archway, ornamented with placards, you arrive in a short time on the classic ground of Saffron Hill.

On entering Field Lane, you will at first suppose it to be some festival of the tribes located there, from the number of gay banners and streamers displayed from the houses; but on closer inspection these prove to be innumerable pocket handkerchiefs, with the marks picked out, amongst which you will not fail to recognise your own, should you return after a short interval. To account for the accumulation of these articles it may be stated, that, by some inexplicable phenomenon they never leave the place, but, like carrier-pigeons, always return to their abode shortly after they have been purchased and carried off.

You had now better enter any of the public-houses in the neighbourhood, and having refreshed yourself, indulge in a short siesta. On waking you will be somewhat surprised to find the lining of your breeches, pockets con-

spicuously displayed, and upon a closer examination you will discover that your purse and its contents have been borrowed by some unknown friend for a short time. The best thing that you can do under these circumstances is to abuse the landlord, and declare you will not pay, as you have nothing left.

OLD SMOAKERS.

You will then hear yourself designated as Mr. Dando, and in a few minutes more find yourself on the road to the Station-house. As you will be, by this time, perfectly conversant with the routine of that desirable residence, we will merely add that unless you wish to visit the House of Correction you had better send to your hotel for five shillings and your character.

THIRD DAY.

Having regained your liberty for the usual consideration, you start in pursuit of Doctor's Commons, which may be readily distinguished by three or four Cupids in velveteen breeches, white aprons, and pewter labels, who are continually hovering round the entrance to this city Paphos. Upon inquiring your way of any of these gentlemen, you will instantly be told to and in a few minutes be introduced to some dusty-looking gentleman, who will bow to you through the rails of a desk, and then inquire your name and address, which you will readily give, conceiving that you have infringed some regulation of the college, and having a pardonable disinclination to form an acquaintance with the City police.

"FOLLOW ME, SIR,"

You are then surprised at being asked the name of the lady; and after some little boggling, you discover that you have narrowly escaped taking out a matrimonial license. You will next observe, on Bennett's Hill, the College of Arms, or Heralds' College, the members of which are generally employed in remedying the deficiencies in the animal kingdom by the invention of graceful griffins and engaging dragons.

"ARMS FOUND."

You will now hurry along Watling-street, merely pausing at the corner of Queen-street, leading to Southwark-bridge. This bridge cost 800,000*l.*, and was intended for the use of passengers at a penny a head; but as you have no desire to appear singular, you of course decline to cross it. In Cannon-street you ought to see London Stone; but as the aperture in the wall in which it is inclosed forms an excellent resting-place for fatigued porters and fishwomen, you may be left to conjecture what it is like.

In Great Eastcheap stood the famous Boar's Head Tavern, but having been pulled down some time ago, you will find it useless to look for it. At a little public-house in the neighbourhood may be seen a portrait of Falstaff. It was formerly in the possession of the celebrated Mr. West, whose gallery (at a penny plain and two-pence coloured) needs no commendation from us. Here also may be seen the handle of the "parcel-gilt goblet," and one of the identical "stewed prunes" spoken of by the immortal hostess Mrs. Quickly.

A SEL-FISH DISPUTE.

Continuing the eastern line through Upper Thames-street, you will shortly find yourself at Neptune's Bazaar—more generally known as Billingsgate. It will not be advisable to make a too scrutinising survey of the Naids and Tritons, as their modesty soon takes the alarm, and they are then disposed to be saucy.

You will next proceed to the Tower; and should you be fortunate enough to arrive there on the right day, you will have the gratification of seeing the lions washed in the moat which surrounds the fortress.

The Royal Mint stands on the east side of Tower Hill. The interior is well worthy of inspection—if you can get in—and the contents would amply repay you for bringing them away, only the officers in charge of the building won't let you do so.

With this conviction it is useless to remain longer in the neighbourhood; so, proceeding further eastward, you arrive at the entrances of the London Docks, which by this time are certain to be closed, but, upon hiring a boat and being rowed into the middle of the river, you will have an opportunity of seeing the top-gallant-masts of those vessels in dock which have not struck them.

After leaving the Docks you will generally meet two or three nautical gentlemen who have just been paid off, and who being necessarily concerned for the safe-keeping of their hard earnings, have deposited them in small amounts with the various publicans in the neighbourhood, receiving as acknowledgements for the same, sundry pints and half pints of rum. You will do well to avoid an introduction to them, but as this cannot be readily done, it may sometimes occur that you find yourself in company with an apple-stall in the middle of the road. Roadside Pomonas are by no means as generous as their heathen prototype,—so you are then—but you can anticipate the result, being forced to make yourself as comfortable as you can with your old friends in the station-house.

FOURTH DAY.

Starting once more from the PUNCH OFFICE, you leave Waterloo Bridge behind you, and take your seat on the roof of an omnibus at

A WATERLOO BRIDGE.

the corner of the street, and take a bird's-eye view (between the hats of the opposite passengers) of every object of interest. Having proceeded some distance you come to Temple Bar, which is the western fortification of the city, and which would be utterly impregnable but for the barber's shop underneath, whose owner could, by merely opening his private door, place the civic powers at the mercy of an invading army.

Proceeding along Fleet-street there is nothing very remarkable until you get to Waithman's corner, where there is a block of dull granite erected to the worthy alderman's memory. The likeness is considered exceedingly good, and the whole affair, which is from an unknown chisel, is highly honourable to the talents of the artist who designed and completed it. Pushing further up into the interior you reach Cheapside, in the centre of which are the famous Bow Bells, which are never heard, because of the noise underneath, and about a quarter of a mile above your head is the famous clock, which it is impossible to tell the time by, on account of its altitude.

We now arrive at the Mansion-house, a magnificent building of stone, with a shabby peristyle of wood, and an ugly façade of ticket porters and policemen. Opposite is the Bank of England, a modern structure, which, as we never went there except to take up a bill, we cannot describe with more minuteness. The public are admitted from nine till five, and on the same principle as hungry people stare in at a cook's shop, it may be agreeable to the stranger in London to drop in and see other people receiving their dividends. You next come to the Stock Exchange, which is generally resorted to by individuals who sell and buy a large amount of visionary funds, without having a penny in their pockets.

The New Royal Exchange is now in the course of erection on the right, and as Prince Albert laid the first stone there is no doubt the building will be a very substantial one. His Royal Highness liberally placed a few halfpence in the cavity under the stone, and spread some mortar with a silver-gilt trowel, which will of course add greatly to the future brilliancy of the structure.

Passing along Cornhill you eventually reach St. Mary Axe, a place of very ancient origin, for it is supposed to be the identical spot on which Mary Queen of Scots landed on her arrival, and where she asked—or rather axed—her way to the Palace, but this very nice question we leave to those who are best able to solve it. One of the chief points of attraction in the Axe is the Jews' Synagogue, where service is impressively performed, and bargains are freely struck, in the intervals of the solemnity.

A DIFFICULT INQUIRY.

Returning westward is the London Tavern, where there is an extensive menagerie of lively turtle, and the worthy proprietor, Mr. Bleadon, shows every attention to all who are inclined to pay for it.

Further on is Crosby Square, in the centre of which Crook-backed Richard is said to have sat and concerted his measures to obtain the crown. It is certainly a very out-of-the-way and quiet place for such a purpose, and as there were no Square-keepers in those days, the tyrant probably sat there unmolested.

Going along Norton Falgate, you come to the *City of London Theatre*, and much information may be derived from a perusal of the bills of that establishment, for you will perhaps gain intelligence of a treaty being in contemplation with the Caoutchouc Unbelieveables in opposition to the Indian Rubber Incredibles at a rival establishment.

On the north side is St. Luke's Hospital for lunatics, where the day may be wound up very pleasantly. You should then take a cab and proceed to the Spread Eagle in search of your luggage, and are delighted to see your carpet-bag lying upon the counter of the booking office. Without troubling the office-keeper with any remarks or inquiries, you proceed to

convey it to your cab, and are somewhat astonished when a red-faced man, who travels for a Brummagem button-house, seizes you by the collar, and gives you into custody for stealing his property. Upon a closer inspection you discover that you have made a mistake, and instantly tender an apology, which is pronounced to be gammon.

You again find yourself in a station-house, and begin to entertain serious thoughts of purchasing a portable mattrass, in order to be provided against such contingencies for the future.

FIFTH DAY.

Having got bailed back to the Punch Office, in order to save time you refuse to enter an omnibus, but make at once for Piccadilly. On the south side is a row of shops, and on the north is another row also of shops; but intersecting these at an angle of 999 11111 degrees is the Albany. This agreeable place is chiefly inhabited by the persons who reside there, and a porter is stationed at each end, to whom you may apply for permission to enter, when it will be summarily denied to you. Further on is the Burlington Arcade, where there are several exhibitions of wax-work in the perfumers' windows, at any of which you may have your hair (heir) cut off with a shilling. The Burlington Arcade is considered to be so dangerous a pass that an armed sentinel in a gold-laced hat is placed at either end for the protection of the inhabitants. Nearly opposite the Arcade is the Egyptian Hall, so called from its hieroglyphical character, for it is impossible to say whether it is an exhibition room, a chemist's shop, or a bookseller's.

In order to get through your day you will now run helter-skelter down St. James's-street, bound along the stable yard, and put up for ten minutes at the Curds and Whey House, where you may lay out a penny and converse with the gate-keeper, a very intelligent person. You will also have an opportunity of examining the leaden spoon, which is placed in your mug, and may also become acquainted with the quality of crockery that is used in these districts. You now set off at full speed towards Hyde Park Corner, and cutaway at a furious rate down Grosvenor-place, and having seen the cab stand at the bottom you pass rapidly on until you get to the Bun House, where you will not delay a moment, but will push on to the Duke of York's school, where there are about 1000 boys and girls, who will be at dinner when you get there, and you can rest for a few minutes against the railings, contemplating in imagination the pleasing sight, though you will not be able to witness it. The boys have an excellent military band, which it is at least satisfactory to know, though you will have no opportunity of hearing it. A little further on is the Royal Hospital, which, if you are an antiquary, will give you an interesting half-hour's amusement in inspecting the curious collection of old files that are to be seen in the neighbourhood.

You had better now take off your pilot-coat, and set off again as fast as you can towards Battersea, and having seen the bridge run on to Fulham. Here you will see another bridge, and had better start off towards Vauxhall, which is only three or four miles from Fulham; and on getting to Vauxhall bridge it will well repay everything but the penny you have to give for going over it. It will perhaps be unnecessary to run on to the Railway Terminus, but you can do so if you feel disposed, and may amuse yourself for half-an-hour in counting the cabs on the stand, and making a memorandum of their numbers. Keeping, however, on the other side of the Thames you are on Milbank, and will have an opportunity of seeing the Penitentiary, where prisoners are confined, as a very capital substitute for capital punishments. Instead of laying hold of the neck, it seizes the lungs, and comes to the same beneficial result by a less violent and revolting process.

Having examined this building as long as you feel disposed, you may be induced to enter some hotel on your returning, where you will perhaps meet with a purse-proud individual who will talk largely of his pecuniary superiority. As you have always opposed pretension in your own parish, you challenge the boaster to the proof, and having produced the contents of your purse and watch-fob, you are gratified to find that you have defeated and confounded your opponent. A disinterested spectator will congratulate you upon your success, and kindly assist you in replacing your cash in your watch-pocket, shake you heartily by the hand, call you the "knowingest cove as is," wish you a good evening, and retire. You should then take up a newspaper, and it is most likely that you will find an article, headed, "Doing a Yokel," in which you will find your present situation accurately described. Upon ascertaining this fact you throw your tumbler at the head of the boaster, who is about leaving the room, but being unskilled in the laws of projectile forces, you demolish a looking-glass, and in a few minutes you will find yourself once more in the station-house.—We again refer you to the direction given you at the termination of your first day's *route*.

SIXTH DAY.

Behold the stranger (no longer one of the F. Division) once more on the Punch-office pavement! taking a view of Waterloo Bridge with the shot-factories shooting up in the distance. He rushes forward to the toll-gate, and in his enthusiasm darts into the embrace of a very fat woman coming in an opposite direction. He should then return into the Strand, and seek out the Coal-hole hotel, which will be found at a wall's-end right down a court, and is not easily mistaken; for the "Rhodes" belonging to it is painted conspicuously over the left.

He will then dive into a sort of tunnel filled with toys, called the Lowther Arcade, which will bring him opposite to Trafalgar-square, one of the most extensive and entertaining "external paper-hanging stations," in our great metropolis. An attentive perusal of these advertisements, (one of which is generally pasted over half of another,) will assure him that "Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean will appear in"—"Punch every Saturday"—"at the Metropolitan Convalescent Institution"—"for the cure of"—"distressed widows and"—"fine York hams." It will also gratify him to find that "Mr. George Robins is instructed to sell"—"the Emperor of Prussia, Sir R. Peel, Commissioner Lin, and George the Fourth in his coronation robes."

On the right he will perceive a large stone deformity with a hideous portico; its upper-works diseased with two conical wens in the shape of comical pepper-castors. This, though sometimes called the National Gallery, is better known as the National Disgrace. Further on is a statue of George the Third riding a cock-horse, grasping a cocked-hat, and making a graceful bow to the first cab on the Haymarket stand. The stranger must now cross over to the sticks (sold under the Opera Arcade by a Jew in spectacles), but only to cut them for the Clubs which will strike him on both sides of Pall Mall. After beating about to find Carlton Palace, he puts up with a sight of ditto Terrace, and the Duke of York in a state of Royal elevation.

MEMBERS OF A SPOUTING CLUB.

Of course the stranger will pass Buckingham Palace as unworthy of particular notice, for it is merely the residence of Her Majesty, and was not exclusively so till lately; having been a short time since a boarding-house for the accommodation of the Whigs; though, we rejoice to add, they have at last gone the way of all Fergusons and

DONT LODGE HERE NOW.

Ascending St. James's-street, we find, on the left hand side, Crockford's establishment for the manufacture of Notes-of-hand, by I. O. U's., &c., which naturally leads the way to Piccadilly; here the stranger is forcibly detained at Fores's window to look at the prints, but does not see them, because he is accosted by a country friend, who asks him if he has dined?

A prompt negative conducts the pair into a celebrated tavern, where the Punch is unsurpassed. Glass succeeds glass, till the stranger is sent to his hotel in a crazy cab, which breaks down and shoots him against a lamp-post. Thence he is removed by F., No. 1001, to whom he is well known, and who drags him to the Piazza, where his landlord refuses to take him in, upon the plea that he has passed *every* night in the Station-house, and his name is stereotyped in *every* Police report; that he thought it would be more convenient for him to have his luggage sent to where he preferred residing; and therefore begs to refer him to his other landlord, the Inspector of Bow-street Station-House.

On the following Monday the stranger returns for the seventh time to the Punch office, takes a farewell of Bryant, gives a half-crown to the boy, and causes himself to be enrolled as a subscriber to the London Charivari, paying a twelvemonth in advance. He then writes home to his friends, and returns himself by the same post.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. IV.

THE DESTINIES OF MR. RAPPS' GUESTS.—(*Continued*).

LOUNGING out of Evans's, the first proceeding of the quartette was to form a council under the Piazza to consider what should be done next; and here, as is usual in the deliberations of medical students, much confusion prevailed. Mr. Manhug proposed an adjournment to his lodgings, where "they could light a fire, and have some more grog;" Mr. Rapp voted for going to a ball at the Lowther Rooms, having ascertained, from an imposing gas star in King William-street, that such a festivity was being perpetrated; Mr. Jones appeared inclined to follow the first proposal; and Mr. Muff, whose excitement was considerably increased by coming out into the fresh air, leant back against one of the columns and said "he wasn't going to put up with humbug from anybody; and that if they intended to insult him, or break friends, they would find themselves in the wrong box."

"Well, come along then, old fellow," said Mr. Rapp, persuasively.

"I shan't come along," was the firm response.

"Then stay where you are," rejoined Mr. Rapp.

"I shall do just as I please," answered Mr. Muff, gravely. "If I like to go to sleep amongst the turnip-tops in the market I shall do it."

"Nobody wants to hinder you," said Mr. Manhug; and knowing their friend's obstinacy was rather peculiar, when he was at all elevated, the other three walked off, leaving Mr. Muff gazing at a gas lamp: his condition being not inaptly described by the inscription over the door of the tavern—"Evans's late Joys;" which was equally applicable to the bygone pleasures and the time of night.

Leaving him for a while to his meditations, we will follow his three companions. By Mr. Manhug's persuasion they decided upon going to his lodgings in Alfred-street, Bedford-square: and accordingly proceeded in that direction, varying the usual route by going through the Rookery, where Mr. Jones informed them they would see some life.

For the benefit of the upper classes, we may state that "the Rookery" is the name applied to a portion of St. Giles's which may be comprised in an irregular quadrangle, bounded by Great Russel-street, Tottenham Court Road, High-street, and a small thoroughfare whose name we know not, down which the unsleeping eye of Grimstone never ceases to watch from the snuff-manufactory. Ladies and gentlemen who visit Meux's Brewery, to see the vats, partake of stout and biscuits, and occasionally break their necks, or tumble into the malt bins, may obtain a glimpse of the Rookery from some of the

BURTON ON MELANCHOLY.

upper windows of that establishment. They will discover some narrow dirty streets, into which the scavenger's cart has apparently never penetrated, choked up with rubbish of every description, amidst which, a tribe of ragged infants are tumbling about, so intimately assimilated to it, that the unpractised eye at first mistakes them for animated dirt heaps. Tattered articles of wearing apparel, are displayed on poles, here and there projecting from the windows, deluded into the belief that they have been washed; and if a view could be gained of the interiors, similar things, patched and ragged, might be discovered upon lines stretched across the apartment; but for this purpose the casements must be opened, as the greater part of its panes have brown paper and pieces of board substituted for glass.

No animals, except the aborigines, are seen in the streets; nor is there a single bird-cage hung out from any of the houses; for the inhabitants are so miserably poor that they can scarcely keep themselves. A ragged hen from Tottenham Court Road once misguidedly ventured within the precincts of the Rookery, and was immediately massacred by the natives in a savage and blood-thirsty manner; since which time poultry has been considered as an apocryphal genus in the district. As evening approaches, dull lights gleam from each of the windows, and a few gaunt cats, with grizzled coats and hungry eyes, occasionally make their appearance, darting like spectres past the startled passenger who has dared to invade this wretched spot; whilst one or two dead rats lying in the road, crushed and mangled, prove that they are sometimes found by chance in the houses; but even this is a rare occurrence, for the very vermin would starve, in such a locality.

Not until after nightfall does the vitality of the Rookery spring into full action. Many of its inhabitants, who live perpetually in dark cellars, are distressed, like bats and owls, with the daylight; many more dare not face it. It is then that a few wretched females, shoeless and unbonneted,—their matted hair twisted carelessly round their heads, and a coarse, dirty shawl hugged over their shoulders,—emerge into the nearest thoroughfare, in the hope of gaining a half-quartern from some idle frequenter of the gin-shops. Squalid children also creep out, in search of what they may purloin—children who never knew what childhood was, but who grew up at once from the baby to the adult, cunning and precocious.

"Now, my ancients," said Mr. Jones, as they turned out of Broad-street, "button your coats, and put your handkerchiefs in your hats."

"I attended my first case somewhere about here," observed Mr. Rapp, "and didn't exactly know what to do; so I stood some whiskey to the lot, and I can't help thinking that we all got exceedingly drunk."

"And what became of your patient?" inquired Mr. Manhug.

"Oh, I followed the advice of a celebrated Professor, and left everything to nature. That's my general plan in all cases that I don't clearly understand."

Which assertion, not being at all doubted, provoked no reply; the other two merely thinking what a very active partner nature must have proved in Mr. Rapp's practice.

They had not proceeded a great way, when a terrific riot in a house on their right attracted their attention. As the portal was open (there being no door, in common with the other mansions) Mr. Rapp plunged into the passage, expressing his admiration of a "jolly shindy" of any kind, and was of course followed by the two others. As they entered the back parlour, from which spot the popular indignation burst, a curious scene presented itself. The miserable chamber was packed full of Irish,—all screaming and shouting at the top of their voices; and in the thickest part of the throng, various quart pots were observable, with arms attached to them, wheeling round in eccentric figures before they descended on the heads of unseen individuals. Several ladies were stationed on boxes and other articles of furniture round the room, gazing at the *mêlée*, like spectators at a tournament, whom they perhaps resembled, from the extreme antiquity of their costumes; and it was pleasing to see them encouraging their professed champions with their voices, or occasionally throwing a guerdon of their affections, in the shape of a flat iron or broken candlestick, into the lists: not with any avowed aim, but feeling sure, like a cockney

SHOOTING AT A COVEY

with his eyes shut, that something must be hit out of the lot.

"What's the row?" inquired Mr. Rapp of a gentleman next to him, in a livery of blue blanket, turned up with dirt and whitewash.

"Vot's the hods?" was the reply; "are you crushers in disguise?" Not deigning to reply, Mr. Rapp, by dint of extreme muscular exertion, elbowed his way into the centre of the combatants, Messrs. Manhug and Jones being "the creatures who followed in his lee."

"Ooraw for the svells!" cried one of the insurgents, as he tried to bonnet Mr. Rapp, smashing in his gossamer like a strawberry-pottle; whereupon that gentleman put his *flexores digitorum* into a state of extreme contraction, and, by the sudden extension of the elbow-joint and fore-arm, dealt a violent blow on the face of his aggressor, which evidently ruptured a small branch of one of the vessels which accompany the first pair, or olfactory, nerves.

This was the signal for a general change in the attack; and it would have been an awkward affair for our friends, had not a policeman providentially appeared at the door. Beating the mob away with his staff, he immediately pounced upon Mr. Rapp, who was throwing his

fists about in wild convolutions, something like a dislocated windmill, hitting whoever came first.

"Who are you?" cried the ex-house-surgeon, as he found himself seized.

"I'll pretty soon show you who I am," returned the policeman: "come out of that, and let's see what sort of a story you'll tell the inspector."

Forcing his way to the door, he pulled Mr. Rapp after him; and with the other two at his side, they gained the street—the policeman looking about him for a companion, in that wistful manner which these functionaries assume when one man wishes to take three into custody.

Those conversant with street-rows must be aware of the supernatural manner in which policemen appear at any *émeute*. Nobody sees them approach, and yet there they always are, as if they came up traps in the pavement, or dropped down from the skies. We should incline to the latter opinion, only we never saw them on the wing.

In another minute an additional member of the F division marched round the corner; and as the first turned to summons him, Mr. Rapp took advantage of the circumstance, and with a sudden spring jerked himself from the clutch of his detainer.

"Cut like bricks, and bilk the jug," he cried, in one of those speeches which bother the French authors so much when they try to translate our works. In an instant the three were off, whilst the policemen started after them.

"The street—splits—into—three—at the top," gasped Mr. Rapp, as they darted along the centre of the road. "I'll take—the—middle one.—Jones, right—Manhug—left. Now—don't—jib."

The value of this advice was soon visible; for the policemen were so confused at the division of their chase that they actually stopped for two or three minutes before they could make up their minds which to follow;

A FIVE BAR REST.

and this space was sufficient to place the three students out of danger.

OPENING OF THE GRAND SOUTH-WESTERN CROSSING AT THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE.

It has for a long time been in contemplation to open a crossing at this well-known spot, to extend from the Elephant, in a transverse direction, to the Fishmongers' Almshouses. This great desideratum has at length been obtained through the patriotic zeal of an individual who, for some years, has maintained in the Blackfriars Road *a post* of some distinction.

This praiseworthy person on Wednesday last proceeded, accompanied by one attendant only (a black mongrel), from the Blackfriars Road in a direct line to the Obelisk, and from thence down the London Road to an oil-shop, where he was invested with an order for a broom of the newest and most approved construction. Having arrived at the crossing, he was met by a troop of the L division of police, who however did not stop but passed on directly towards Kennington.

As far as the eye could reach down St. George's Road, was an unbroken line of coaches and cabs. On the completion of his arduous undertaking, the enterprising projector proceeded along it accompanied by his broom and mongrel. The cortège having arrived at the other end of the line, went directly through the S.E. door of the Elephant and Castle to the tap-room, where the proprietor and a select few sat down to a cold collation.

The first train that passed down the line belonged to a lady in a blue gown; it swept gracefully along, but in going off caught the left embankment, which was demolished for the space of two feet.

Next week a board will be erected at the S.W. terminus with this inscription—

PARCELS AND
MESSAGES
CAREFULLY
DELIVERED BY
THE SWEEPER.

THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE.

Good Master Punch,—It hath often occurred to me, that there be many reasons, as well of prudence as of choice, that should induce men, who are foolishly anxious to distinguish themselves in the dramatic line, and unwittingly eager that the conceits of their brain should receive the empty applause of the vain multitude, to clothe the said conceits in a language which, while it passeth the comprehension of common men, passeth with others for Elizabethan, as most of the plays written in the time of our blessed Sovereign James I. have been subtilely called; the advantage of which clothing is, that those thoughts which be ill in themselves, and by no means suited to those who possess even a grain of sense, are straightway lifted up into a station of high degree, and flaunt themselves about right lustily, and with the air of a courtier. To set forth which doctrine, I have composed a Scene, the subject of which is exceeding mean, as likewise are the personages and thoughts that do appear therein; yet do I stoutly maintain that there be many who would hear this scene in the mouths of stage-players, and, taking it for the good thing, would applaud it with a rantipole air, albeit it be but dross, and is utterly unprofitable. Rest you fairly, Master Punch,

One of the Many

LOVERS OF FAIR PLAY.

SCENE.

Smallclothes, *with a new pair of gallant velveteen hose.* Jerkin *his man regarding him.*

Small.—Affectest thou my nether garments, Jerkin?
Methinks right quaint hath proved the tailor's work.
The pattern 's marvellous—and for the cut—
Such cut a tailor's brain ne'er spawn'd before.
'Tis featly done, I wis. Now, truly speak,
Saw'st e'er these goodly haunches worthlier deck'd
Than in these velveteens?
Jerkin. They're fairly made.
Small.—How *fairly* made! "Fairly 's" a phrase unfair!
A most vile phrase!—A phrase unfairly phrased!
Fifty cold brains like thine could ne'er conceive
Hose of such rare device. What! *Fairly* made!
The phrase bespeaks a coward, craven mind,
That dares not breathe the venom that it would,
But veils it aye in coldness.—*Fairly* made!
Jerkin.—Master, I use not to o'erlay my sense
With glittering gawd and phrase extravagant.
Mine is an honest tongue, good Master Smallclothes.
Small.—I do believe that thou art honest, Jerkin.
But, heavens! what means that look? those staring eyes—
As though at sight unsightly?
Jerkin. Master Smallclothes,
I know not if I dream; but sure a rent,
A gaping, yawning, hideous, ghastly rent,
Afflicts these eyes; and an unwonted horror
Bedaubs my trembling face with livid white.
Small.—A rent, good Jerkin—do not say a rent:
Unsay that word, or else my heart is rent.
How long a rent? how wide?—a *gaping* rent?
Art silent? Ay, I see the truth is writ
Upon thy murky and portentous brow;
My hose are rent—my swelling pride has fall'n.
Jerkin.—Nay, Master Smallclothes, be not overcast;
Hose have been rent ere now—and I have heard
How subtle wits have craftily devised,
By patch and piece, and such like shrewd conceit,
To heal such wounds in cloth.
Small. What say'st thou, "Patch!"
Patch is for knaves and not for gentle blood.
Shall Smallclothes wear a patch—a horrid patch!
Like a pied jennet stride along the Mall!
Back to the tailor's shall my hose return,
While in my study I console myself,
Deep-buried in some learned pond'rous tome,—
My soul's executor. [*Exit.*
Jerkin.—"My soul's executor!" Quaintly express'd!
By cock and pie, I marvel what it means. [*Exit.*

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.—No. 5.

SAMUEL SINGE, ESQ., THE BARBER.

THE subject of our present sketch was born in the same year that Napoleon, in order to obtain more elbow-room, ran away from Elba; and young Samuel entered the world a little before the Allies entered Paris.

The mother of our hero, seeing no probability of bringing him up, thought it better to put him down, and, having wrapped him in a shawl, placed him at the door of the parish workhouse, when he formed the subject of a small placard, offering five shillings reward for the discovery of the person who had deserted him. The graphic portrait drawn of him at this period, though avowedly from a parochial, and consequently a hostile pen, is terse and spirited, describing him as "a fair child, with a snub nose, a mole on his back, a man's night cap on his head, and wrapped round with part of a torn counterpane."

Young Singe was so called from the incident that is supposed to have marked his first entrance into life, and he well preserved the character that his name appeared to bestow on him. He signalised himself as the leader of a violent anti-gruel party in the workhouse of which he was an inmate, and was the first to sign a round robin demanding the repeal of the union between the pump and the milk-jug. At an early age, he became so great an object of terror to the authorities, that they were glad to apprentice him to the parochial barber, who had contracted to shave the paupers at a farthing a beard, and cut them at a halfpenny a head; a duty which young Singe contrived to blend into one transaction—for the shaving and cutting were with him synonymous.

He divided his practice between wooden blocks and paupers' faces; but the latter, being more sensitive, were considerably more convenient, and an unlucky touch was more easily detected on the human skin than upon the unfeeling dummy.

After a few years spent in learning the business—in the course of which he shed a great deal of innocent blood—he determined on setting up for himself, and instinctively selected the New Cut as the scene of his labours. Having purchased some hair-pins, and placed his own comb in a glass that he had obtained from a dealer in barley-sugar, he bought a wax figure, which had been partially melted in the sun, and had found its way to a rag and bottle shop. The shop in question was a repository for marine stores—so called, perhaps, from the piratical mode usually employed in obtaining them. Having prepared a few placards, in which he boldly announced "Ease and Comfort in Shaving," his energetic mind at once fixed upon a penny as the figure at which the operation could be performed; and, with a decision worthy of Napoleon, he determined to cut and curl for three-pence; which was one penny lower than a rival, who promised a luxurious reap for three-half pence, and an expeditious dressing for double the money.

Singe's style of lathering has been the subject of much remark; and it has been asserted that he introduces more soap into the mouth than is absolutely necessary; but it should be remembered that boldness must be sacrificed, if every minute corner were to be turned by the brush, and it is always in the power of the customer to close his lips, which would prevent the possibility of accident. In his style of shaving, the delicate certainly gives way to the forcible; but when it is remembered how rigid are the materials with which he has to deal, (for the majority of his customers have beards of a week's growth,) it will not seem surprising that he should display a roughness appropriate to what he is dealing with. His curling is of the stiff, rather than of the graceful order; and his hair-cutting is distinguished by its decision, rather than its tastefulness.

The Share Market.

A GREAT deal was done yesterday in shares, but prices were nominal. The West of England United Warming-Pan and Anti-Rheumatic Company's scrip was freely offered at a considerable discount; and a single share in the Anti-monopoly Match and Lucifer Association was purchased, without the coupon, for a mere trifle. A plan is talked about for putting London under cover in rainy weather; and a party is in treaty with the trustees of St. Paul's Cathedral, for the purpose of ascertaining the practicability of erecting a large umbrella on the top of the dome, which is to be put up in the event of a shower, and is to be so constructed as to protect from wet the whole of the Metropolis. It is expected that the suburbs (which would, in all probability, be inundated by the drippings) will protest against the plan; but individual interests must of course give way to general convenience.

Should the scheme succeed, it is said that the same parties will take the necessary measures for guarding the capital against excessive heat, by erecting a parasol on the top of the Monument.

Something has been said of a proposition for laying on the letters to every house—in the same way as water is now conveyed—by pipes from the Post-office. We do not see any objection to this, provided there are any means of doing it. A letter-box might be erected in the same way as cisterns are now built, and the scheme would altogether abolish the expense of postmen.

KNOW YE THE HOUSE.

SUGGESTED BY BYRON'S "KNOW YE THE LAND."

KNOW ye the house where the Whigs and the Tories
Are emblems of deeds that are constantly done;
Where the prosing of Peel, when in candour he glories,
Now sinks into twaddle, now rises to fun?
Know ye the house, of the benches all green,
Where dosing at night many members are seen;
Where the dull words of Borthwick,—the figures of Hume,—
Wax faint, e'en to those whom to gull they assume;
Where parties but squabble for place and its fruit,
Where the voice of self-interest never is mute;
Where the minister's speech, and opponent's reply,
In phrases though varied, in falsehood may vie,
And the strongest assertion 's the cleverest lie;
Where the heads are as soft as the yarns that they spin,
And all wish for change save the few that are in?
'Tis the House of the Commons—and Peel is its sun;
Can he smile when he thinks how the country is done?
Oh! vile as the votes which at Ipswich they sell,
Are the measures they pass, and the lies that they tell.

THE OUTGOERS AND THE INCOME-RS.

THE *Whigs*, O, they never could get them to jog.
The *Tories*, O, they were the lads to do work:—
None so *active* as they,—so they ousted *King* LOG,
To put in his place (*you'll* soon know it!) *King* STORK.

BLOOD.

r all the short cuts to notoriety in England, murder is the shortest. Let a man shed blood, let him commit some ruthless act of homicide, and he instantly becomes a most interesting object of art. His portrait is taken, and offered by a benevolent and refining press as a household thing—"excellent for families." From the moment that the man sinks into the monster, his pettiest acts are registered with all the fidelity and amplitude of the old chroniclers. "The king drinks;" and immediately

"—the kettle to the trumpet speaks,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth"—

declare and dignify the potation. *The murderer takes coffee!* On the instant, a hundred goose-quills register the fact. The assassin eats one—two—three slices of bread-and-butter; and one—two—three slices are faithfully registered by the historians of blood. The murderer smiles—and the ever-watchful public instructor makes inventory of the homicidal dimple. The man-queller "talks unconcernedly," and the light chit-chat of the ensanguined wretch is served up for families at Sunday tables. The miscreant sleeps, but is he left in solitude! Oh, no! for the Press—a harridan gossip—sits at the pallet of the man of blood, and counts his throes, his groans; marks his convulsed limbs, and the sweat of agony upon his Cain-branded-brow—and straightway vends her babble to all buyers.

Is this an exaggerated picture, limned by spleen? Is it so, ye ogres* of the press, who, when murder has done its work, straightway

"—lean your hungry nostrils down,"

and snuff sweet profit steaming from the blood—who dress and prank up an assassination with all the hackneyed verbiage of slaughter, with all your best and boldest (the boldest still the best) variety of type!

A deed is done, enough to numb and palsy the national heart; a deed, at which humanity stands aghast, and they who think at all, think shudderingly upon the human mystery. A people is awe-stricken, as though some fiend had risen from the eternal pit to appal and terrify poor human nature with an act of fiend-like power. Man looks almost distrustingly in his fellow's face, as he thinks of the enormity. Horror broods over the land; whilst Justice, leaning on her sword, in solemn stillness waits the fitting hour to doom the malefactor.

Oh, no! We are a trading community—a commercial people. Murder is, doubtless, a very shocking offence; nevertheless, as what is done is not to be undone, let us make our money of it. Hereupon, we turn a murderer into a commodity, and open an account with homicide. Our marketable hero is caught, and his progress to London is narrated stage by stage with a scrupulous verbosity worthy of the cause of Mammon. His every gesture becomes a thing of price—his every word a piece of money dropt into our hungry pocket. His beverage—his food is a matter to dwell upon, and thus we take toll from the murderer's coffee and the murderer's bread-and-butter. The offender is brought to the bar; nobles grace the bench, and an artist (one "Alexander Driscoll" †) is favoured with a magisterial ticket for the express purpose of investing with graphic immortality the aristocracy on the seat of justice, in goodly company with the blood-shedder under question.

It has been the custom—and may it continue—to give a fitting place to the historical painter on the occurrence of any national solemnity, that the artist may transmit to posterity a faithful copy of the scene;—but, until a late examination, we never heard of the historical painter to Newgate—of an accredited R.A. to the gallows. However, Mr. Hall doubtless, signed the ticket of admission for Mr. Alexander Driscoll; hence, by the painter's labours, we, and let us hope posterity too, may learn how a murderer looked at lords, and how lords looked at him. Possibly, we may be suffered to inquire, if the picture is to be considered national property, or if Mr. Driscoll was merely employed by the enterprise of private speculation? Any way, a great object is obtained. If the picture be ordered by Government, we shall, of course, have it in the National Gallery; if, on the contrary, it emanate from the munificence of private patronage, it will doubtless be disseminated in tens of thousands of copies throughout the kingdom, with a *cum privilegio* of the magistrate, for the especial profit of the risen and the rising generation. Who, after this, shall say that the Government does not patronise the fine arts?

A less refined, less civilised people than ourselves, would start with vulgar horrror from a murderer; would do justice on the malefactor with due, yet brief, solemnity. We are wiser. We show a murderer, "as men show an ape." We rake together all the outlying incidents of his life—we retail his conversation—we give his picture in little—we record with tenacious fidelity his "most domestic" movements—we lie in wait near his prison-bars—become Newgate eaves-droppers—we fee turnkeys—get hangman's patronage—leave no vile task undone—no loathsome path untrod to feed the appetite we create—a morbid, wolfish craving for all that's foul and hideous in humanity. We familiarise the social mind with the blood-shedder—we make him so much a part of the daily concerns of life for the time being, that we insensibly merge our horror in our curiosity. The iniquity of the assassin is almost neutralised by the small-talk that is lisped about him.

A foolish respect for social decency discontinued the good old custom of hanging the murderer in chains, as a warning against homicide. It was proved that the neighbourhood grew at last as familiar with the intended horror as the ravens that fed upon it. We, however, have improved upon the practice. We gibbet in newspapers. We send to the furthermost parts of the empire the true likeness of the murderer—the equally *vera effigies* of his victim—with all the wounds—the place of the scene of bloodshed, with every particular, so kindly, so elaborately recommended to the senses, that even babes and sucklings may read, and gaze, and be instructed!

Next—nine times out of ten—comes the crowning glory. Good men visit the doomed wretch; and in due season, the heart of the murderer—we are assured of the fact on the best authority—is turned into a ball of honey. Day by day, he becomes "more comfortable." He has, in his own credit, and in the belief of many of his well-wishers, sloughed the rotten part of his nature, already

"Wings at his shoulders seem to play,"—

and having, on the word of the prison chaplain, been promised instant immortality, the miscreant dies, with a "beautiful camellia" pinned over his heart (we *had* such a touching exhibition a few weeks since), the gift of a pious lady, one who visited the repentant murderer and assisted at his new birth. And thus the excitement mainly caused, and certainly continued by cupidity, ends—a fit ending—in cant!

To take human life is terrible; but is there no guilt in moral murder? Is there no crime in systematically killing the finest sensibilities of our nature by daily and hourly familiarising them with the atrocities of monsters? Look at the placards exhibited throughout London for these past three weeks! We read nothing but "Blood!" The very walls cry, "Blood!" Q.

* Be it understood, we speak to the Sawney Beans *only*.
† Vide *Globe*.

A FRAGMENT.

His eye was stern and wild,—his cheek was pale and cold as clay;
Upon his tighten'd lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was there;
It was the steady solemn pause of resolute despair.
Once more he look'd upon the scroll—once more its words he read—
Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him spread.
I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue cold-gleaming steel,
And grimly try the temper'd edge he was so soon to feel!
A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,—
I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and dead;
Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses o'er;
I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * * * *

Again I looked,—a fearful change across his face had pass'd—
He seem'd to rave,—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was cast;
He raised on high the glittering blade,—then first I found a tongue—
"Hold, madman! stay the frantic deed!" I cried, and forth I sprung;
He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he gave;
And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to *shave!*

MEDICAL POETRY.

MR. WAKLEY, THE MODERN ORPHEUS,

told the House of Commons, some nights ago, that if he had the command of a few ingredients, he could mix up a poem as well as any of the regular practitioners, and licentiates in the verse line. The recipe, he said, was simply this :—

℞ Solis. matut.
Rosis vesper.
Arborum fol.
Zephyrorum murmur.
Osculorum candent.
Oculorum dulc.
Virginum lacrym.
Hominum perjur.
} *Quant. suff.*

Fiat mistura. Sumend. mane, si vomendo—nocte si dormiendo opus sit. Ut istissime sequitur somnus cave ne inter legendum candela curtanas tuas igne compiat—i. e. *si domus non sit insurata—si insurata hoc est equus alii coloris.*

Mr. Wakley has composed the following, according to his own recipe :

TO MY LOVE.

The sun up-getting,
The dews at setting,
The leafy treeses,
The murmuring breezes,
The kisses glowing,
The glances knowing,
The girls all crying,
The men all lying—
They move the heart so,
That I can't part so ;
And ere I know it,
I shine a poet.
O Amaryllis !
Or Rose or Phillis,
Or, as it may be,
My Poll or Phœbe—
Don't be so cruel,
My darling jewel.
Come on not slackly,
But near your quack lie.—
Madam, your servant to command,
J. Wakley.

Wakley is booked for the laurel as soon as poor Southey departs.

"There's plenty of room inside," as the pauper said to the penny loaf.
"I shan't come out to-night," as the moon said to the thunderstorm.
"Where do you hang out?" as the Black Dwarf said to "THE KING'S HEAD."

CHEATS OF THE BRITISH MANUFACTURER!!!

PILOTS TO WEATHER THE STORM.

TO MR. FERRAND, M.P. (FAVOURED BY PUNCH.)

SIR,—Your late manly speech in the House of Commons, in which you so successfully showed the master manufacturers of England to be cheats, swindlers, and impostors—the accursed of Paraguay, and the denounced of Heligoland,—has cheered the heart of every honest man, and delighted the bosoms of the great family of Respectables.

Your affecting allusion to the "needles without eyes," to the "clocks that would only go half an hour," and other cheats put by the British *Autolycus* upon the unsuspecting foreigner, will warn the unsophisticated of Nova Zembla—will put upon their guard the unwary inhabitants of Owyhee.

Having myself been engaged in various manufactures, it will afford me great pleasure to supply you with a few more instances (all equally veracious with those you have already quoted) of the surpassing dishonesty of the English merchant.

You speak of blind needles—of "needles without eyes." Alas, Sir, what think you of colanders *without holes?* and yet, a whole cargo of these articles was, two years since, shipped for Timbuctoo, and they were subsequently sold at an immense loss by the original purchaser for *barbers' basins!* What is the consequence of this fraud? Why, that for all time, Timbuctoo is closed against English colanders.

Look, again, at our poker trade with Barbary. When I was a boy, we used to export 10,000,000,000,000 pokers annually to that kingdom. Our exports, for the past year, stand 10 pokers! The politician naturally seeks the cause of this decline. I am in possession of the fact. It is this,—For the past ten years we have sent out pokers (will it be believed?) with painted *wooden ends?*—Yes, with deal terminations craftily fitted on the polished iron!

The name of England was once mighty throughout the world for her mousetraps. How stands she now?—Despised, insulted, execrated. And why?—It has been found by the foreign buyer that stained pasteboard has been recklessly substituted for the wood of the trap ; and that what seemed the iron was nothing more than felt cuttings—the refuse of the hatter.

How proudly did we stand upon our humming-tops! And what says the universe of us now? Why, that the only exported article in which there is no *hum* whatever, is our tops!

Our marbles were sought for on both sides of the line ; they were then what marbles ought to be, an honest sphere. What have been our exports for some time past?—Why, no longer spheres, but truncated cones. The consequence of this is obvious. Sir, there is not a negro-boy on the banks of the Senegal who does not indignantly refuse to "knuckle down" with the English marble ; whilst as for "funking," allow me to say, that is now the peculiar habit of the dishonest merchant. 'Twas only during the last month of Lord Ponsonby's official residence at Constantinople, that two Englishmen—one the boatswain of the *Banner* brig—were killed by Turkish boys in the street ; yes, stoned to death by what had been vended to the unsuspecting children as real English *alleys.*

I could multiply instances of British roguery ; but, Sir, with a spirit of patriotism which *you* can peculiarly estimate, I break off, and am, your obedient Servant, JOHN GULLWELL THE ELDER.

P.S. Your blind needles just now bring to my mind the frauds in the export pin trade. The ladies of the Sultan's Harem (Miss Pardoe can testify to the fact) have come to a resolution to let their clothes hang about them rather than use the English pin. And why?—For this good reason—it has been found that some of the trade make pins as some constituencies make Members of Parliament, that is, with tin heads and *no* points.

ON A RECENT EFFECT.

No wonder that the *thunder*-storm
Should shake the mansion of Reform ;
The House and inmates both must feel
The woeful influence of a "*Peel!*"

Fashionable Intelligence.

The fashionable season is now at its height, and the dinners every day are numerous. Friday being the first day of Term, the Usher of the Queen's Bench gave the usual breakfast to the porters, all of whom appeared in their tickets. His Ushership then went in procession to the Court, and having made the customary demand for silence, he knocked a hat off with his wand, and the business of the Term proceeded. We regret to say that the Usher looks a few weeks older than he appeared at the close of the last sittings.

The Sheriff of Middlesex has commenced his levies for the season. They will be attended by the officers, who generally officiate on these occasions. These interesting reunions will be held at various houses, for the convenience of the numerous frequenters of the Sheriff's Court.

RETAINED IN A SUIT.

Mr. Whitcomb, late of Chancery-lane, took his usual airing in Hyde Park; but it is supposed that all the airing in the world will not acclimatise him to an atmosphere so foreign as that of the West-end must naturally be to him.

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. IV.—The Horse Guards.

In taking this beautiful pile of masonry for the subject of our article, we shall doubtless surprise the reader, and set him wondering what portion of the interior it is our intention to describe—for the main building is divided into dirty little rooms for Government clerks, while the wings are devoted respectively to a range of stabling, and a pot-house. The steeple is tastefully fitted up with a clock, which has the reputation of being always right; but as the time-teller happens to be double-faced, and the street-side of it is often a few minutes either earlier or later than that which looks upon the Park, we are often puzzled as to which we ought to set our own non-repeater by. The clock at the Horse Guards is certainly well known, but by us, at least, it is better known than trusted; and we are happy to aid in demolishing the old superstition—worthy of Papal times—that the said clock is infallible.

But we are forgetting the interior, which it is our province to describe, and we must therefore beg our readers to accompany us into Parliament-street—where, by the bye, there is not room for a hundredth part of them,—and, taking their stand on the pavement—from which they would soon have an order to move on,—take a survey of the interesting object we are going to point out to them.

On the street-side of the Horse Guards is a row of iron railings, designed after the fashion of ancient javelins, and executed after

THE MODERN PLAN OF GROUNDING ARMS.

the manner of crow-bars, slightly pointed at the top. This elaborate specimen of smith's work in general, and blacksmith's work in particular, is interrupted by two very substantial structures of massive stone-work, each occupying about the eighth part of a perch of land, and brought out almost flush with the railing which we have already done most imperfect justice to. It is the interior of these erections that we are about to introduce our readers to, if the tutelary saint who inhabits them will leave sufficient room for us.

The building itself is severe, rather than seductive, in its general appearance; and the architect has certainly lost sight of the snug, in his efforts to achieve the strong, and the cosey has been, perhaps very properly, altogether merged in the massive. We have looked in vain among the classic temples of ancient Rome, and searched fruitlessly a panoramic view of Athens, for the models upon which these remarkable piles have been erected, but we are assured upon good authority that there is something like them somewhere; and we have ourselves a vague recollection of a quadrilateral tool-house and cistern in the little cloisters at Westminster, which in some degree resembles the structures we are at present speaking of.

The places in question are entered by two massive wooden gates, which form the entire front, while two doors similarly massive, and similarly wooden, constitute the back of the building. We will now suppose ourselves inside, but, in order to leave room for the imagination to have not merely full play, but fair play, we must suppose the soldier to be outside, and we may then begin to look about us. The walls are plastered, and were whitewashed under the late king, but the present reign has the merit of having repaired the roof, and rendered it almost entirely waterproof. There is a window on each side, commanding a lively view, but as the lowest pane is upwards of ten feet from the ground, the prospect is entirely lost on the temporary occupant.

We will now turn out of the building, and allow the soldier to turn in; which he does by the door at the back, which is opened purposely to allow of the performance of the following beautiful military manœuvre. The soldier in possession, at a given signal—the opening of the door at his back—goes through a splendid evolution, and, like a vanquished foe retiring with the honours of war, retreats before a force in his rear—the soldier coming in, who is supposed to have entered the citadel in triumph. The first soldier

FLYING COLOURS.

then meets another force retreating from another town before another victor, and they unite their forces; but only to retreat—into the stables. We now return to the triumphant troops, or rather troopers, who are supposed to have gained peaceful possession of the garrison. Here they repose upon their laurels, which is typified by their lounging on their saddles, and giving themselves up to the seductive influences of love and beauty, emblemed in certain winks at the nursery-maids, who have brought the children out for a walk. The warriors are only startled into a recollection of their military duties by the sound of the Horse Guards' bell, the clang of bolts, and bursting open of doors; when, hearing the clatter of hoofs and the rattling of arms, they, in their return, retire before other soldiers. These again give way to beauty's blandishments for an hour; and so the game goes on from ten in the morning till three in the afternoon, when the gates are finally shut for the night, and the military manœuvres abruptly terminate.

Having spoken of the place and its warlike associations, let us now cast our literary eye—which has squinted through the few last sentences, by skilfully taking in two buildings at once—at the occupant. The bravery with which the gallant fellow keeps, not only his post but his countenance, in spite of the glances of a juvenile party, which assembles every day to witness his performance, must rank among the most hardy acts of martial prowess. We defy even the Duke of Wellington to sit as unmoved and unconcerned in one of the buildings we have been describing as these godlike-looking creatures generally do, amid sneers and jibes, jokes and insults offered to them on every side. Not a hair of the mustachio moves; not a look of the eye winces: and it is only by the convulsive dilatation of the nostril that any emotion is rendered visible. We advise our readers to repair in crowds to witness this glorious exhibition of human nature in one of its most exalted aspects; for exalted it really is, since it is not often that a man is found sitting so unconcerned for so long a time so far

ABOVE A IS FELLOWS.

THE GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

This learned body met at the rooms of the President, and after partaking of a *déjeûner à la congou*, repaired to the back premises for the purpose of inspecting the treasures of the dust-hole. This rich mine of geological lore was first approached by the Secretary, who withdrew the lid, and a sort of atmospheric phenomenon was immediately observed, for the air within a circle of a few feet was suddenly filled with ashy particles. The Society now formed itself in a body round the interesting spot, and the President, having been previously provided with a hooky stick, began to disturb the upper stratum. It consisted chiefly of cinders, such as are to be seen in the neighbourhood of Mount Vesuvius; but a good deal of vegetable matter was found within a few inches of the surface. On getting lower down, a hard substance offered some resistance, and a veteran geologist, who has made numerous personal sacrifices to science, plunged in his arm, and brought up a piece of slate, of rather irregular form, which became immediately an object of intense interest. It was generally believed to have been introduced to the position where it was found as a portion of the ashes from the kitchen fire; and the conclusion was immediately deduced, that it was an experiment of the coal-merchant—a profound geologist no doubt, who was desirous of witnessing the combination of slate and carbon. There was also discovered a tertiary deposit of potato peelings, which were scarcely altered in their appearance by having been so long embedded in the soil; and one of the Society placed a portion in his mouth, with the laudable view of ascertaining whether the vegetable deposit had entirely lost its original flavour. His report was, however, not very satisfactory.

Fashions for May.

In the early part of the month (including only the three first days) artificial flowers will be very much worn, and an entire suit of evergreens will be occasionally met with. The gentlemen will wear cocked hats, with a *garniture* of gold paper, and tassels of the same, while the coats, of which the prevailing colour is likely to be black, will be striped with bright yellow. The ladies will wear low-necked muslin dresses, with a head-dress of blue or pink gauze; and golden ladles will be seen, though it will be usual to hold a coloured handkerchief in the hand, as a relief to the brilliancy of the basting spoon. The above fashions will be observed at every *matinée dansante* that takes place within the three first days of the month, and it is expected that they will be much followed.

In the course of the month Taglionis will still be seen, but they will be thrown back off the chest; and an air of lightness will be obtained by leaving off the waistcoat. White trousers will be the same as last year, but many of them will be seen with false hems, by which greater length is obtained; and a military effect will be achieved by letting out the seams, which will form a sort of stripe down the leg, and combine ornament with convenience.

In some instances there will be an abrupt transition from bear-skin great coats to brown holland blouses—

NO SMALL MATTER—

though the former will be worn by many until the autumn, when the latter will be very generally resorted to, and continued in some cases into the winter, with a great degree of hardihood.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

It has been arranged by the Government to attach a new ladle and chain to Aldgate Pump, and also to remove an elevated paving-stone on the crossing in Piccadilly, opposite St. James's church, which, as it now stands, is a great stumbling-block to the beadle and charity children going to or returning from church.

It is reported that the parish of St. Andrew's will meet half the expenses with St. Giles's in straightening a lamp-post between the two parishes.

At six o'clock on Sunday morning last a new entrance into Hyde Park was effected by Master Clodder, by removing one of the railings in the Bayswater road; and it is confidently expected that it will be a great convenience to the surrounding neighbourhood, as it was crowded during the day. The entrance has not yet been honoured with a name.

THE VICES OF THE POOR.

A CHARITY (BAWL) BALL.

I.

These poor are all a shocking set,
And given to every vice,
In spite of our societies
To make them good and wise.
There's Lady Censurelove and I
Do nothing, I am sure,
From morn till night, but talk about
The vices of the poor.

II.

They are so idle, one and all,
So fond of gossip too,
And very apt to imitate
Whate'er their betters do.
The servants really made remarks
The day I shut the door
Upon my niece. How quarrelsome
You ever find the poor!

III.

Then what extravagance we see
In hamlets and in towns,
One can but wonder how they dare
Have fancy caps and gowns.
Those milliners' apprentices
In church I can't endure;
They dress so very like my girls—
'Tis odious in the poor!

IV.

Our tradesmen are exorbitant;
I do not know of one
Whose patience will outlast three years,—
They all delight to dun.
But people have not always cash
Without a sinecure,
Such as my dear Sir William has—
How thoughtless are the poor!

V.

I patronise the Sunday-schools,
And always wish, indeed,
To get the children pious tracts
And Testaments to read.
But yet when at the bookseller's
I call for Scott or Moore,
Some servant buys the very same—
Such books destroy the poor!

EGERTON MS.

Mr. Punch,—It is not necessary to eat the whole of a leg of mutton to be sure that it is tainted; but the same test cannot always by analogy be applied to an author's work. Before you passed judgment on the "New Edition of Shakspeare's Works," you should have waited a little longer. Had you seen *Hamlet*, you would, doubtless, have thought more highly of the Egerton MS.

Surely the following sample of its merits would have changed the tone of your criticism:—

"King—Let the Kettle to the Trumpet speak."—Act V.

So, in all the editions—no one of the commentators presuming to touch it—a blunder in the text so palpable, especially when ascribed to the Poet of Nature. Well, what says the Egerton MS.? Why, with irrefragable truth, it reads:—

"Let the Kettle to the Trumpet *sing*;"

adding, "a kettle *sings*, but it never *speaks!*"—Eg. MS. Let Punch maintain his ancient character, and give the *devil* his due.

HINTS FOR DOMESTIC COOKERY.

SCRAG OF MUTTON. — Choose a good scrag—if you can find one—and having taken it home, fill a large saucepan with cold water. Afterwards place the saucepan on a slow fire, and plunge your scrag into the pot, taking care, however, not to splash yourself. If you have a turnip, you may throw it in; and some people, who like high living, have been known to add a carrot. Stir with a wooden spoon, and add parsley at discretion. When the scrag begins to rise towards the surface, you may place an onion on the top of it, and it will now be time to season freely with salt and pepper. Let the whole boil for three or four hours, and you may then dish up the liquor in hot soup-plates. Place the scrag on a clean dish; and as all the goodness will have gone into the broth, it is probable that the meat will have disappeared, though the bone will still supply some pretty picking.

RADISHES (*al fresco.*)—Stop a woman with a basket on her head, and buy your radishes; taking care to choose the short stumpy in preference to the long stringy ones. Wash in cold water, and serve up in clean earthenware.

BRANDY BALLS.—Take the usual ingredients and mix them together, but be careful not to be misled by the name into adding anything in the shape of brandy. Roll up into balls, and serve out in the Park, at four a penny, to any one who wishes to purchase.

BALLADS OF THE BAULKED.—No. I.

AIR—*Somewhat in the style of*

THE LIGHT GUITAR.

I WANDER'D on, I knew not where,
For, oh! I heeded not the way,
Whilst I could scent the balmy air,
Which sweetly smelt of new-mown hay.
I did not turn to look around,
With nature's charms my heart was full,
When, face to face, myself I found
With a ferocious-looking bull!

I left the spot (perhaps in haste),
And soon the verdant field forsook;
Resolved the angler's joys to taste,
I hurried home for line and hook.
I threw it in the gushing tide,
Oh, full indeed was pleasure's cup!
When some one, walking to my side,
For wilful trespass took me up.

I never had a dog to pet,
But it went mad within the year;
I never took a lodging yet,
But there were taxes in arrear.
For others' debts my goods are seized,
My self-possession 's gone, I vow,
And for my landlord's rent I'm teased,
With some one in possession now.

FOUND in the House of Commons, on Monday night, during the Debate on the Southampton Election Petition, whether one "contumacious John Wren should or not be discharged from custody," and supposed to have dropped from the tablets of Mr. Monckton Milnes:—

How *solemn* the subject, 'tis pleasant to pen it,
On Monday engaged our most sapient Senate!
They debated for hours—very wonderful men!
About what? nothing more than the "*caging a Wren!*"

STRAWBERRY HILL.—THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

MR. GEORGE ROBINS is pleased to say that this *hat* was "*lying dormant*" for eight reigns, from Henry VIII. to James II. If so, it has to boast of a prodigious *long* NAP; but we still think it will not be found worth much after having been exposed to so many REIGNS!

Punch's Theatre.

JACK-IN-THE-WATER.

WHEN dynasties become extinct and kingdoms fade, it is the historian who rescues them from oblivion. But for the labours of a Xenophon, who would have known Alexander the Great? but for a Leman Rede, what would be our ignorance concerning "Jacks-in-the-Water!"—a dynasty just being swept from the face of the earth; from the surface of the mud; from the sides of the Thames—a race whom the steam-boats have nearly run down; whom the bridges have regularly walked over; to whom that piece of intense poetry may be applied in which the question "Where are they now?" is asked of somebody, who replies (like a catechised premier), and gives no information; simply bandying back the same query—"Where?"

The present contribution to history takes the dramatic form in imitation of the "histories" of Shakspeare. Like "Henry VI.," it gives the biography of its hero in three parts, comprising an act each. In infancy, his hopes and fears are narrated by himself and not acted; else, his whole life is presented complete up to his marriage with the heroine, whose accomplishments are extensive; for she is a maid-of-all-work.

The author has evidently modelled his fable either from the eleventh book of Homer's Iliad, or from the Æneid of Virgil. The plagiarism is too glaring to escape detection. His hero as well as theirs is introduced to the world by an act of chivalric self-devotion. As Æneas

"—did from the flames of Troy
The old Anchises bear,"

so does Jack-in-the-Water plunge into the stream to rescue therefrom the lovely form of an innocent woman. The scenes, too, are similar; as the downfall of the Trojans is represented by the ruin of their city, so the decline of Jacks-in-the-Water is symbolled by Waterloo Bridge—one of the dire causes thereof; as is pathetically decreed by an old waterman, who is dubbed "Lord High Chancellor of the Thames."

This sculler is not without brains, and is a character almost new to the stage; for, to the deepest sentiment he unites the broadest low comedy; though the sentiment is sometimes mistaken for the comedy, and the fun for the sentiment, still, both being equally amusing, he is a great help to the piece. It is thus, that much effect is given to the tableau of the first Act by the Thames Chancellor ending it with a pun and a prayer.

The second Act opens with a piece of good luck scarcely paralleled, even in plays: Jack-in-the-Water is found out to be the heir to some six thousand a year, and is, according to the bills, "suddenly transformed into a gentleman with a song." Besides the song, he possesses himself of a valet, a new suit of clothes—including a pair of blue-and-white trousers (railway pattern),—all which he takes with him to travel on the Continent, except the song, and that he obligingly delivers to the audience.

After a twelvemonth's polishing in Paris, "Jack-in-the-Water" returns to seek out his sweetheart, whom by a fortunate accident he finds in the very first scene of the next Act, although a year has been made to elapse between it and the former one. That we might be put in possession of the heroine's accomplishments to the fullest extent, she is seen in the act of scouring the steps of a street-door, and her elegant twirl of the mop adds to the admiration we already feel for her. Of course, as she is a heroine, she scorns Jack for some reason or other now he is rich. Moreover because she will not favour the civilities of his valet, she is turned away from her place, undergoing several trials and troubles that end quite in time for the last scene and a happy conclusion.

There are other characters woven into the thread of Jack's story, the chief being the lady who was saved from drowning, and is by the machinations of two villains (lawyers of course) divorced from her husband, to whose fortune Jack has succeeded. The Lord Chancellor and the servant-maid, however, set everything to rights; and the curtain falls to a chorus.

It would seem that scenes of low life are essential to the existence of the drama. Well, let it be so—PUNCH is content. But let him have no sublimated vice; no crimes converted into heroism; no debauchery made easy; or down falls his baton upon the offender, with a force equal to the "Cyclops hammer." Happily "Jack-in-the-Water" is free from this stain, even in all that relates to the mud-lark. Yet his share in the drama is objectionable, on account of the utter impossibility of getting up an interest for characters by attributing sentiments and principles that belong not to them. Watermen and Jacks-in-the-Water (classes with whom we will not do the author the injustice to say he is not well acquainted) are not, we doubt, nearly so prosy as he would make them out. They *have* their principles and sentiments, but not of the inflated sort. On the other hand, the story of the divorced couple is excellently told. The scene in which the wife hears of the fallen condition of her abandoned husband is dramatically affecting, and was very well acted by Miss Mitchell. The other performers worthy of mention are—the Manager, who played the hero; Mr. Brookes, who made the drollery of the River Chancellor far more tolerable than his moral apophthems; Mr. Halford, who personated a foppish valet; and Miss Lebatt, who (for reasons we shall not mention, because they involve the reverse of a compliment) played the Maid-of-all-work to the life.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. V.

WHICH RE-UNITES OUR FRIENDS.

ALFRED-STREET, Bedford-square, is a small arterial branch of the great aorta of London vitality, situated amidst the central squares of the metropolis. To describe it surgically, we should say, that, in the event of a gas-pipe aneurism in Tottenham Court Road, which required the pavement of that route to be 'taken up,' Alfred-street, by communicating with certain other thoroughfares, would carry on the circulation. This is the only accident that could cause a bustle in its usually tranquil purlieus, as at ordinary times no one is seen in it but those who lodge therein; except wandering organists, and retailers of tumbling dolls, chickweed, groundsel, and water-cresses. First and second floors to let, furnished, varying from twenty to thirteen shillings hebdomadal rent, with sixpence a day for fire, and a shilling a week for boots, abound in its mansions, the eastern range of which is *dos-à-dos* with the western line of Gower-street, separated by a rich valley abounding in coach-houses and horses, chickens, carriages, and clothes-lines, termed a Mews.

Several medical students—principally those attached to the University College—reside in Alfred-street. To discover their residences, it is merely necessary to watch the peregrinations of the boy attached to the public-house at the corner, when he calls for the empty pewters. From some of the abodes he only reclaims a modest pint,

ENGAGED FOR THE HEAVY BUSINESS.

from others three or four quarts, with the tops squeezed together as if by a powerful grasp, the handles distorted, and the general contour of the vessel battered and disarranged. There is no doubt concerning the occupiers of these latter houses, which have all apertures for latch-keys in their doors, stands for rushlights in their passages, and attenuated carpets on the stairs. Therein do the sucking Galens set up their *Lares* and *Penates*—their preparations and tobacco-jars.

By some kind of instinctive coincidence, the students who betook themselves to flight at the end of the last chapter, arrived within a few minutes of each other at the door of Mr. Manhug's lodgings in Alfred-street. The occupier himself was the first who got there; and, being slightly elevated by the fresh excitement of the chase, he was found trying very hard to let himself in with a short pipe, whilst he was at the same time insanely endeavouring to smoke his latch-key, which he found would not draw at all, after having used up all his German-tinder *allumettes*, and burnt his nail with the phosphorus in the attempt to light it. The arrival of Messrs. Jones and Rapp put all things to rights: but on entering the passage they found that the rushlight had long since given its last splutter, and all was wrapped in obscurity.

"What's to be done now?" asked Mr. Rapp, in a tone of vexation.

"Ring up the servant," rejoined Manhug, seizing the handle of the area-bell, and pulling it down violently. Fortunately, however, for the slumbers of the domestics, none of the area-bells in Alfred-street are available, or it would go hard with the servants of the lodging-houses, in whatever part of the house those useful menials repose—a point, we believe, which has never yet been correctly ascertained, beyond the suppositions of the most vague hypothesis; unless it be in the long drawers of the kitchen-dressers.

"I'm game to climb up the lamp-post," exclaimed Mr. Rapp, with Spartan heroism.

"Well, go on, then," replied Mr. Jones; "Manhug and I will help you."

Aided by various thrusts and heaves from his two friends, Mr. Rapp contrived to catch hold of the projecting ladder-rest; and, by a sudden muscular exertion, seated himself across it, and opened the door of the lamp; the accomplishment of which feat so delighted his *amour propre*, that he gave vent to his satisfaction in a few selections from the Macbeth music, as performed at Drury Lane Theatre and the Cider Cellars, under the management of Messrs. Macready and Rhodes. He had got through the "*Many more, many more*," and had broken out in a fresh place with "*We fly by night, midst troo-oo-oo-oops of spirits*," which he was shouting most lustily, taking all the parts himself, when an outline appeared at the corner of the street, whose form there was no mistaking. Seeing which, and not anxious for an interview with another policeman, Messrs. Manhug and Jones—we almost blush to chronicle the retreat—slunk quietly into the passage, and closed the door, leaving Mr. Rapp in his elevated situation, totally unconscious of the new arrival, and chanting, with all due emphasis and effect,

> "My little, little, airy spirit—see, see—see, see,
> Sits on a foggy cloud, and waits for me!"

"Now just come down from that," exclaimed a voice from below, which stopped the singer as if he had been shot.

Mr. Rapp looked from his post, and saw the policeman. A close observer might have observed that a slight shock convulsed his frame; 'twas but an instant, for speedily his pride ran crimson to his heart, until he recovered his self-possession: the next moment he boldly uttered, in reply,

"I shan't. Come up and take me down yourself, and when I am down, you may take me up."

This speech evidently puzzled the policeman, who, for the space of half a minute, was perfectly silent, considering how he should proceed. Then, assuming an air of double importance, he cried out,

"I order you, in the Queen's name, to come down."

"Oh, nonsense, man," returned Mr. Rapp, in chiding accents—'you mustn't take the Queen's name in vain in that way. I'm sure Albert wouldn't like it, if he heard you; he's remarkably particular upon those points."

"Come down, sir," roared the policeman, getting very angry.

"Hush! now, don't you," replied Rapp; "I must say with Mr. Evans, 'I can't have the harmony of the street disturbed by one party.' I am certain your inspector would not approve of your kicking up a row like this in the middle of the night."

"Wait a minute," cried the policeman, moving off in extreme wrath towards the centre of the street.

"I should think so rather," said Mr. Rapp, taking a manual observation of his retreating form; "Oh, of course, I shall stay till you return."

FOLLOWERS OBJECTED TO.

Turning off the gas from the jet of the lamp, which threw his locality into complete darkness—for the Alfred-street lamps somewhat resemble the complimentary calls of cherubims—Mr. Rapp twisted himself off from his perch, and slid down the post. Jones and Manhug, who had been on the watch the whole time, directly admitted him, and then as rapidly closed the door. In two minutes the policeman returned, when they heard additional footsteps and much grumbling. Then, waiting in breathless suspense until the evidences of their presence grew fainter and fainter, they crept up stairs, not deeming it safe to venture out again after their hair-breadth escapes. Mr. Manhug, with true English hospitality, gave up his bed to Jones and Rapp; then ingeniously forming a temporary couch for himself out of carpet-bags, pea-coats, boots, and sofa-cushions, he also retired to rest, with his intellects still somewhat confused, but withal conscious of his double escape, and exceedingly rejoiced thereat. And here then we will leave them—merely informing you, courteous reader, as Francis Moore would say, that the next morning the sun rose many hours before they did.

* * * * * * *

What on earth Mr. Muff did after his friends left him, or where he passed the night, still remains a mystery. From careful inquiries, however, made by his friends, rather than from any particulars disclosed by himself (for he appears to have been completely ignorant of all the circumstances), it was learned that a gentleman, answering his description, was found sleeping in a temporary erection of orange-chests and nut-sacks, which occupied a portion of the eastern end of Covent Garden Market. It further seems that the said individual subsequently treated two aged basket-women to a pint of coffee each in a neighbouring coffee-house, and afterwards had a bottle of soda-water in Long Acre. This was presumed to have been Mr. Muff,

who appeared at the Hospital next day in anything but robust health; and, after contriving to swallow a few oysters, returned back to Clodpole, sleeping nearly the whole way down, which betokened a previous want of rest—the more so, as he travelled in a second-class carriage, where, under ordinary circumstances, anything like sleep is out of the question.

A CRYING EVIL.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

No. 1.—Leap-frog.

The noble game of Leap-frog derives its name from two English words "Leap" and "Frog;" the former signifying to jump, and the latter being the name of a well-known animal.

The earliest record of Leap-frog is to be found in an old cartoon on the cover of a Latin Grammar, but as the title-page has been torn out, there is no arriving at the date of it. There is no doubt that Leap-frog was a favourite pastime with our forefathers, and it may be presumed to have been as old at least as the time of the Heptarchy, and there is evidence in the History of England that the sport dates as far back as the Conquest, for the son of William, we are told, *passed over the head* of his elder brother Robert. Whether the claim to the crown was disposed of by these means we are not inclined to argue, but it is evident that the sons of the Conqueror passed over each other's heads, which can only be accounted for by the presumption that they indulged in the luxury of Leap-frog. The old dramatists have not made any distinct allusion to the game, but the expression in either Farquhar, or Beaumont and Fletcher, or somebody else, "Call you this *backing* your friends!" renders it clear that to offer a back was accounted in those days an act of friendship and courtesy. The modern direction, often used in the game as played in the present day, to "tuck in your twopenny," has baffled the skill of the most energetic antiquaries to account for. "Tucking-in" means in its ordinary sense eating, and a "twopenny" is a conventional phrase which is sometimes applied to fancy bread, but

IN WITH THE BAKER.

how the words have come to signify a holding down of the head, is a mystery we have never been able to penetrate. It is to be regretted that when clubs are formed for skating and for cricket, a society has not been instituted for the practice of the noble game of Leap-frog. This good old English sport is now seldom seen except in bye streets and narrow courts; but we are quite sure that if some influential persons would unite for the purpose of restoring Leap-frog to its original position, it would soon spring over the heads of many modern games, and take its place among the most invigorating, ennobling, and truly elevating pastimes of the period.

More work, and less noise—as the lady's watch said when it beat St. Paul's.
After you—as the tea-kettle said to the dog's tail.
Why are debtors like the best beds?—Because they are *down*, and *confined* by *tick*.
Here's a sinking capital—as the earthquake said to the city of Lisbon.

Punch's Own Parliament.

The Speaker took the chair at a little before four o'clock, and the order of the day (which was pipes all round) was at once proceeded with.

An honourable member, in a state of great excitement, rose for the purpose of bringing a point beneath the Speaker's eye, and having brandished his pipe rather vehemently, the point went directly into the eye of the Speaker.

Several members rose to order, and the Speaker observed that he ought at least to have had notice of the honourable member's motion.

NOTICE OF MOTION.

Mr. Slowbuck wished to ask a question (*Hear*). He had reason to suspect that there had been gross bribery, and seeing an honourable member who was not altogether with clean hands, he would beg to ask that honourable member distinctly and emphatically how that honourable member was at this moment off for soap? (*Hear and laughter.*)

Lord Pimlico did not see what the state of his hands could have to do with bribery, unless it were insinuated that he had paid large sums upon the nail, which might or might not have happened. (*Yawns.*)

Mr. Slowbuck was perfectly satisfied with that answer, and would now put another question to another member. Seeing the honourable member for the Minories in his place, he would ask if it was not an understood thing, that the honourable member for the Minories should shortly accept the stewardship of the Whitechapel Zeros. He would also ask, whether in case of the honourable member going out, a certain lady, (he meant the honourable member's mother,) would know of his being out.

The Speaker here interfered. It was, he said, a standing order of the house, that if a question came before it, and the order of the day was still under discussion—either the order must be withdrawn, or notice must be given of taking it with the other business of the session. The statute of Greenwich fully recognised the right of members, to do as they pleased, but the Bill of Rights and Lefts, introduced in a subsequent reign, had interfered with this privilege. There was an old act, commonly called Barclay and Perkins's Act, which granted large indulgences, but then there arose a question as to whether the 95th of Jacob the Third did not entirely alter those provisions.

Mr. Slowbuck had listened very attentively to the Speaker's luminous exposition of the parliamentary custom on the present momentous question, and should certainly bow to the Speaker's authority, if he could only make out which side that authority leaned to. (*Sneers.*)

The Speaker thought he had explained, (*oh, oh!*) Well, if he hadn't he would try it again. (*Hear and laughter.*)

A TERRIBLE FELLOW TO SPOUT.

The common law of England distinctly recognised the principles, and those tried principles had nothing to do with the present question. There were precedents as old as the hills on both sides, and indeed there was the celebrated treaty of Wandsworth Flats, if they wished to search still lower into the mine of constitutional doctrine.

Mr. Slowbuck now declared himself perfectly satisfied, and as at the end of the Speaker's observations, it was found that there were only two members present, both of whom were in the act of walking away, the house adjourned.

THE ALPHABET PARAPHRASED. BY PUNCH.

A—What is an ADDRESS made of?
Gammon and puff,
And all such stuff;
That 's what an ADDRESS is made of.

B—What are EXCHEQUER BILLS made of?
Public faith of the day,
And "a promise to pay;"
That 's what EXCHEQUER BILLS are made of.

C—What 's our dear COLONEL made of?
Wit and whiskers so big
That they'll *do* for a w(h)ig;
That 's what our dear COLONEL 's made of.

D—What is the famous DUKE made of?
Tough fights and hard blows,
And a very long nose;
That 's what the famous DUKE 's made of.

E—What is an ELECTION made of?
The feeders and fed,
The bleeders and bled;
That 's what an ELECTION 's made of.

F—What 's a FINANCE STATEMENT made of?
Old debts, a new way
Bankrupt people to pay;
That 's what a FINANCE STATEMENT 's made of.

PROPOSING AN AMENDMENT.

G—What is a GOVERNMENT made of?
"Ways and means" to imburse
A "Party's" spent purse;
That 's what a GOVERNMENT 's made of.

H—What is HONESTY made of?
For himself every man
To get all that he can;
That 's what HONESTY 's made of.

I—What 's INDEPENDENCE made of?
First trimming this way, then trimming that,
The head of a tail, and the coat of a rat;
That 's what INDEPENDENCE is made of.

J—What is JUSTICE FOR IRELAND made of?
Get all that you can
For Pat-*riot* Dan;
That 's what JUSTICE FOR IRELAND 's made of.

K—What is the French KING made of?
A will of his own,
And the heart of a stone;
That 's what the French KING 's made of.

L—What is LIBERTY made of?
A cap very red,
On a *pole sine* head;
That 's what LIBERTY 's made of.

M—What is a MINISTER made of?
A weathercock mind,
To turn with the wind;
That's what a MINISTER 's made of.

N—What is NON RESIDENCE made of?
A right which defies
All property's ties,
NON RESIDENCE proper is made of.

O—What is an ORATOR made of?
Dark sayings, which lead
To a know-nothing creed;
That 's what an ORATOR 's made of.

P—What is the PARLIAMENT made of?
Whigs, Tories, and Rads,
Who have shell'd out their *brads*;
That 's what the PARLIAMENT 's made of.
But PATRIOTS, what are they made of?
That cannot be shown,
For it is not yet known
What a modern PATRIOT 's made of.

Q—What is STATE QUACKERY made of?
Doctor Peel—vide page
Forty-one, I'll engage
Will tell what STATE QUACKERY 's made of.

R—What is a RADICAL made of?
Vox! vox et præte-
Rea nihil is he;
That 's what a RADICAL 's made of.

S—What is the "SLIDING SCALE" made of?
A *trip up from Peel*,
Which the nation will feel;
That 's what the SLIDING SCALE 's made of.

GREAT WAIST.

T—What is the TREASURY made of
Places and pelf,
Every man for himself;
That 's what the TREASURY 's made of.

U—What is URBANITY made of?
To the speaker a bow,
To back out of a row;
That 's what URBANITY 's made of.

V—What is VORACITY made of?
A power to eat
Your whole speech, when it's meet;
That 's what VORACITY 's made of.

W—What is a WONDER made of?
Nine days and a lie
That in nine days will die;
That 's what a WONDER 's made of.

X—What is SINGLE X made of?
The Saturday scrub
Of a brewery tub;
That 's what SINGLE X is made of.

Y—What is YOUNG KEAN made of?
Every *trick* in each part
But "the trick of his art;"
That 's what YOUNG KEAN 's made of.

Z—What is the soul of ZEAL made of?
An affectionate stay
For good quarterly pay,
That 's what the soul of ZEAL 's made of.

ROEBUCK'S PURGE.

EFFICACIOUS as the Reform Bill has proved in the promotion of bribery, some improvements are, it is said, in course of suggestion by the recent Election Committees. It has come out in evidence, that a shameful preference has in many instances been shown to some honest and independent voters over others—one receiving as much as twenty pounds for his suffrage, while a neighbour is palmed off with not more than three or four. To remedy this flagrant and disgusting partiality, "Your Committees recommend that future elections take place at the Auction Mart, and that Mr. George Robins be appointed returning officer for the whole of the United Kingdom; each borough to be knocked down to the best bidder, and the proceeds equitably divided amongst its constituency."

The excellence of this plan will soon have to be extensively tested; the honourable Member for Bath intending, we hear, to extend his researches not only to Harwich, Nottingham, Penryn, Falmouth, Reading, and Lewes, (which incompatible seats will soon become vacant,) but to the whole House. Now if bribery is to unseat a Member, and if, as he has declared, the man of Bath persevere in his exposures, his efforts will assuredly end in a dissolution of Parliament. We wish Roebuck's purge better success than Russell's met with; for it is nonsense to talk of representing the people, the numerous cases of "personation" at the poll fully proving the people are quite capable of representing one another. No; property is the thing to be represented; and this will never be adequately done till Parliament gets into the hands of the capitalists.

INCOME TAX.

MR. BULL is always grumbling. Ministers are like the drummer-boy, flog where they will he is never pleased. Think of his grumbling at the Income Tax,—that beautiful tax,—which no one will pay without grieving that he has no more to pay; and with respect to which no one will have so much cause to be sorry as he who has nothing to pay!

GOLD LACE!

"It could not be pleasing to the Queen to see all the glittering appearance at her Court which formerly distinguished the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. He thought, therefore, the time was come for doing away some of the gold lace."—*Hume's Speech on Income Tax.*

THIS memorable declaration has signalised Mr. HUME on his re-appearance in the House of Commons. He stood upon the floor, as of old, the watchful guardian of the precious metals of the country. With, doubtless, a most correct knowledge of the feelings of the Queen, he claimed for her the consideration of the House; demanded for her Majesty the active sympathy of Hon. Members to relieve their Sovereign Lady from the dazzling glories that wearied and displeased her: with a force of oratory peculiar to the hon. and arithmetical member painted the peculiar sufferings of her Majesty, who, surrounded by all the blazonry of a Louis the Fourteenth, was only the more keenly reminded of the misery of tens of thousands of her subjects, by the needless finery of the exclusive few. In a word, Mr. HUME was for a reduction of the preposterously high wages of royal waiting-maids, royal grooms, royal footmen;—all the tribe of aristocratic vassals who, animated by the loftiest spirit of monarchy, consent to become little other than the mere body-servants of the royal person, being at the same time paid the most extravagant salaries for their menial service by an impoverished people. "The king is the fountain of honour." This is a venerable, venerated axiom. Thus, the closer the proximity to the source, the greater the happiness of the bystander. But this same "honour" has many definitions. Hence, the courtier drinks not of the source for its intrinsic virtues, but for the golden goblet allowed him wherefrom to take his daily draught. Make the vessel a mere maple cup, and the source itself the prime blessing, and the waters of royalty, like the waters of Bath, would become suddenly unfashionable.

Certainly the greatest test of loyalty possible to be applied to that high, disinterested class, whose devotion to monarchy, whose intelligence, patriotism, and private virtues, make them—in the words of their champions and admirers—the elect of society, the spotless mirrors, by which meaner men should dress their souls, would be to make their attendance upon royalty purely a reward of honour. We would have no ringing of vulgar coin in payment of what is held to be a chivalrous duty. The Lord Chamberlain should wear his golden key, and pride himself upon "the nice conduct" of his wand of office, richly content with such insignia. We would not have every bow to his Sovereign Mistress, every smile and graceful inclination, commodities to be paid for by the quarter, and, more than all, paid upon the present extravagant estimate. How, for instance, the Groom of the Stole can look in the face of a Paisley weaver, and not blush an everlasting scarlet, is a mystery we cannot, with our limited knowledge of aristocratic modesty, hope to fathom.

"Therefore, the time is come for doing away some of the gold lace." And does Mr. HUME, in the simplicity of his devotion to the plain and unadorned—does he hope, with the present constitution of parties, that his denunciation of gold lace in the House of Commons will be met with other than a pitying sneer at his homeliness, his mere arithmetical want of imagination? To the mind of JOSEPH HUME a Lord Chamberlain in a comfortable suit of drab, without the extravagant flourish of buttons—those vain excrescences pustulating on the garb of pride,—may be the only livery of patriotic virtue. To the peculiar vision of JOSEPH HUME the abundance of gold lace glistering on court liveries may seem no other than the bowels of the poor—

"Touched by the Midas finger of the State,"

for the especial bravery of its high-born lacqueys. "If you, ladies and gentlemen," once thundered OLIVER MAILLARD, a cordelier, from the pulpit—"if you, who are battening on your pleasures, and wear scarlet clothes—I believe, if you were closely put in a good press, *we should see the blood of the poor gush out*, with which your scarlet is dyed!" If now, by way of experiment, we were to throw a few of the royal household, in their "gold-smeared" clothes into a crucible sufficiently large to receive their merits, it would be something more than curious to see JOSEPH HUME ladling out the precious metal as it ran from the courtiers, and lecturing upon the many ounces, nay, pounds and thousands of pounds, of gold, whereof, for the finery of the few, the many had been defrauded.

Although Mr. HUME made no impression on the House, he was certainly right in his denunciation of the extravagant show of gold lace. In the change which is inevitably proceeding—in this fair-time of political transition from the exclusiveness of castes to the recognition of the claims of the masses—the more carefully, the more tenderly, the foolish frippery of bygone times is removed from the growing scorn and contempt of the advancing age, the wiser the mercy towards those who may be deemed the immediate sufferers. What are held to be the essential insignia of public virtue and public authority by one generation are the despised toys of another. Nations, like individuals, have their times for cup-and-ball, jack-in-the-box, and ring-taw. The office of Court Fool was at one time a post essential to the privilege, if not to the dignity, of royalty. The office was abolished by no statute, but fell into contempt, and was finally set aside by the advancing spirit of society. For ourselves, we have held, it may be, peculiar and false notions respecting these said Court Zanies. We have looked upon them as great social reformers—as a kind of working curates to the high-priest, Humanity. When no man's tongue dared to speak the indignation of his heart; at a time when the bitterest social wrong was to be endured in silence; when man was the flushed, unchecked oppressor of man; the Court Fool gave utterance to the groan, winging the suffering with a jest that, like the feather to the arrow, sent the truth still further home. Who shall say how much violence and wrong the Court Fool may not have stayed, when, in the hours of vacancy or mirth, he may have put truth into the guise of folly, and with the quaint courage of an allowed zany, have touched with pity and remorse the bosom of a tyrant? Even despotism in its innermost heart loves truth; and though truth was not to be allowed in its solemn voice and simple garb, it might be jingled with the bells of a merry-andrew, permitted in the livery of a jester. As men began to beard despotism, the Court Fool fell into neglect; and when Truth might speak her own language, her liveried talker gave up the ghost.

Mr. Hume doubtless sees in the gold-trapped lacqueys of the state, expensive Court fools without their wit. They are costly without being amusing: the remnants of a bygone time—the big glittering babies "suckled in a creed outworn."

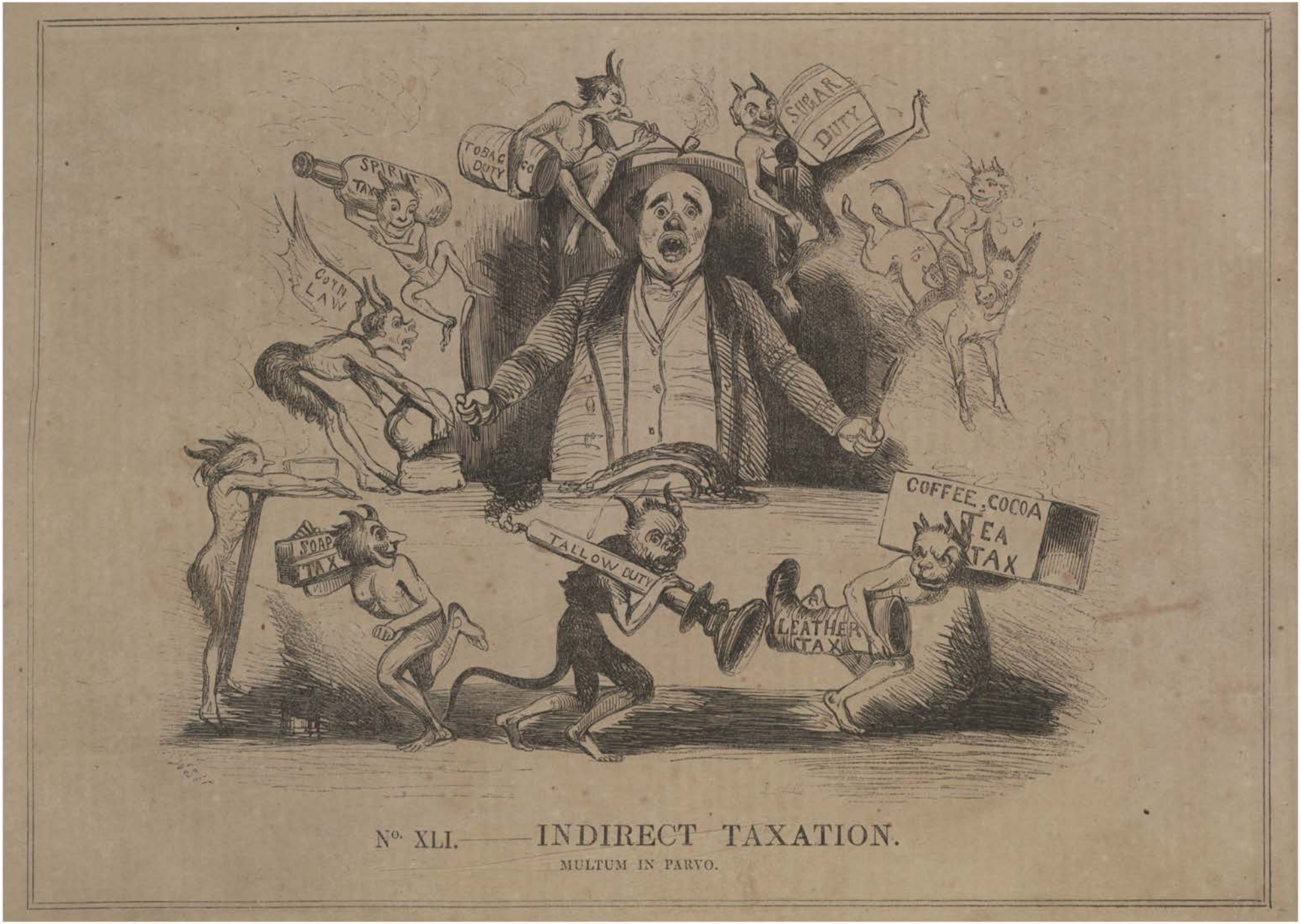
"*Therefore, the time is come for doing away some of the gold lace.*"

Ah! Mr. HUME, if you could only apply your sentence universally—if, even leaving the burnished lacqueys of a palace to sweat beneath their own misbegotten metal—you could in highways and market places successfully preach the necessity you advocate,—Peter the Hermit would be forgotten in JOSEPH HUME—the great JOHN KNOX himself eclipsed by the simple greatness of the Member for Montrose. Is not the great vice of our day an ignorant, ravenous craving after "gold lace" in some shape? Do we not fight and scramble, and elbow one another? and, forgetful of the true ornaments of life, contemptuous of the mere simplicity of lofty nature, do we not lie, and cheat and cozen, and commit ten thousand meannesses, suffer ten thousand household shifts—and all for the wretched bit of "gold lace" to gladden our own vain hearts, and dazzle the foolish eyes of our envious neighbours?

But all of us cannot get even an inch of the blessed "gold lace." What, then, do we? Why, rather than make no show at all, we willingly put up with *copper washed*; and once donning it, we swagger and bluster—and, if need be, call Plutus and all the minor gods to witness that the copper is the true thing—the child of Potosi, baptised at the Mint!

And, as society is at present, is not every man judged by the quantity of his "gold lace?" Is not, therefore, "gold lace" the subject of the morning and evening hymn with all men? Do we ask of a man—has he talent, virtue, patriotism, benevolence? Is he the pattern of a husband, parent, and citizen? Oh, no! we ask nothing of this; he may have all this—he may be all this; we do not question it: "but"—and here we draw ourselves up, and put the interrogation with an awfulness of manner in proper keeping with the solemnity of the query—"but," we ask, "has the man *gold lace?*"—Happy will be the land when, duly conscious of what constitutes true greatness, it shall exclaim, in the (improved) words of JOSEPH HUME—

"*Therefore the time is come for doing away* ALL *of the gold lace!* Q.



No. XLI.——INDIRECT TAXATION.

MULTUM IN PARVO.

EXETER HALL.

This building stands on the north side of the Strand, and is dedicated to piety and virtue. Its architecture and materials are, therefore, of corresponding holiness and worth. Staircases of highly-polished marble, with bannisters of cedar, curiously inlaid with gold, lead to the various magnificent chambers of this magnificent structure. In one place we see Sidonian tapestries and hangings of Tyre—in another the carvings and paintings of Egypt, with flaming carbuncles, and all the jewelled glories of the East.

Great, however, as are the material beauties of the Hall, they are as nothing to the moral excellence of hundreds of the pilgrims who, from all corners of England, at times congregate, and talk and sing there. It is at the Hall that the fireside philanthropist, the good and easy man, for whom life has been one long lounge on a velvet sofa—it is there that he displays his practical benevolence, talking for hours on the glory of shipping white pastors to Africa to baptise the negro; or, if the climate will not have it so, to die there. It is at the Hall that "model farms," and model morals, and model preachers, and model mouse-traps are determined upon, and all for the civilization and future glorification of the now benighted black. It is from the Hall that the doomed captain—the devoted crew, receive their sailing orders to carry bibles down the Niger, just as far as Death will permit the import. And it is from the Hall that the good and pious, having voted a supply of religion to the black, depart for their own comfortable homes, having, to their exceeding content, indicated their Christianity, by paying a pound, singing a hymn, and—taking care of themselves.

It is at the Hall that young ladies—deep in Montgomery's *Satan*, and more, most patient readers of his *Luther*—are taught a wholesome hatred of the Pope and all his works.

It is at the Hall that the red-hot sectarian—the pulpit darling of many tea-tables—denounces the enjoyments of the world, and, as it has been, would have this beautiful earth clothed in sober drab!

It is at the Hall that at certain seasons Bigotry holds her witch-like sabbaths, and the Sinful Woman of Rome puts on her finest scarlet!

Reader, pause and humble yourself at the steps of the fabric, for Exeter Hall is an amulet about the neck of wicked London—a pillar of camphor in the city of the sick!

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. V.—THE OPERA ARCADE.

This is, perhaps, the only arcade in London that properly deserves its name, for there is something perfectly Arcadian in the simplicity of those artless beings who are induced to take the shops in it.

The idea of this arcade was, no doubt, taken from the celebrated Grotto of Posilippo, near Naples, which is a long dark passage, cut through a rock; and the dead wall of the Opera House presenting a grand and gloomy appearance, probably suggested the happy notion of placing some dwellings immediately under it, and converting the whole into a commodious vault, for the convenience of those persons who like the amusement of keeping shops, but are averse to the trouble of having to attend to them.

The Opera Arcade is approached either from Pall Mall or Charles Street, and is in the rear of Her Majesty's Theatre, one of the walls of which has been ingeniously taken advantage of in order to introduce the uprights, beams, and hold-fasts which constitute the strength of the structure that forms the subject of our present Interior. One side is perfectly flat, and though this evenness of surface does not exist in the shops, the perfect flatness of the occupants entirely makes up for any irregularity in their tenements. The roof is of a concave form, and keeps up the happy idea of a vault, though the character of the building has been in some degree interfered with by injudicious openings, which let in here and there a few mouthfuls of air, and a few eyefuls of light, though not sufficiently to disturb the mournful solemnity of the structure.

A few years ago a very tasteless attempt was made to alter the tone of the Arcade by whitewashing the interior, and some admirers of the dark and Gothic school of architecture were afraid that the hand of innovation would have given an unsightly lightness to the place; but it happily soon resumed its black and imposing hue, which it retains to this hour. The Arcade has been further desecrated by the introduction of gas, though the inhabitants, still fondly attached to their native darkness, are found for the most part burning tallow candles in their sequestered dwellings.

The place is tenanted by a proud race of merchants, who are chiefly above their business—for they live in the little cavities over their shops; and it is supposed that they prefer this spot that they may carry on their trade without being publicly seen,—for if an article happens to be purchased in these dark recesses, it is impossible for the features of the vendor to be recognised by the purchaser.

The mysterious ceremony of buying a bottle of ginger-beer, which is the chief article of commerce in these sombre parts, is thus described by a recent traveller:—"Feeling parched with thirst, we turned to the left, and found ourselves in a low dark apartment, and we immediately struck against some hard substance, which we afterwards believed must have been the counter. We now raised a loud cry of 'Shop!' and a voice exclaiming 'What's your pleasure, gentlemen,' our attention was drawn to the place the sound proceeded from, and we distinctly observed that the dim and shadowy outline of a human form, apparently a female, was standing a few paces from us. We now raised a loud cry of 'Ginger-beer!' and, receiving no reply, we began to grow impatient, when the sound of an explosion rang through the vaulted roof, and echoed through the place with thrilling and chilling intensity. We were about to leave the place, when a voice exclaimed, 'There's your ginger-beer, gentlemen;' and, upon close inspection, we perceived a tumbler before us containing the refreshing liquid. Having exhausted its contents, and held out the price of it between our fingers, the coin was mysteriously taken from them, and we left the spot in a state of much excitement at the adventure that had befallen us."

This graphic narrative forcibly describes the darkness of the spot; and indeed the Opera Arcade is chiefly resorted to during showers by the temporary houseless, and by those who are caught in the rain while labouring under utter destitution of umbrella or Mackintosh.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 10.

GOING TO THE DOGS.

It is the merry month of May—
The jocund bee proclaims the spring—
The verdant fields give hopes of hay—
The house-fly now is on the wing.
Nature puts on her summer suit
Of green, turn'd up with skies of blue,
But I still wear (unhappy brute!)
My ponderous Petersham SURTOUT.

The nettle now puts forth its charms;
The thistle tempts the patient ass;
Black beetles walk about in swarms,
And from the kitchens upward pass.
All living things are blithe and glad,
While basking in the sunny noons,
But I with heat am almost mad,
In my thick Tweedish pantaloons.

What shall I do? where shall I go?
The world is far too gay for me;
But for the shilling that I owe,
I'd to the Crown, and have some tea.
But yet I will not quite despair:
One consolation still is mine,
For e'en in summer I can wear
My gossamer—my four-and-nine!

MATRIMONIAL EXCHANGE.

The demand for hands has been flat. Rings have been heavy, and so were not fingered. Acceptances were at a discount—offers fluctuating. "Yes's" were in plenty, but no takers. Kisses were literally showered on new visitors. Hearts that were to be had for love went off unsteadily, and, in some cases, at considerable risk; those with high interest eagerly sought for, though, in many cases, at a great risk to happiness.

Banns might have been had with asking for; but licences kept their prices—there were very few transactions in this stock. Smiles and squeezes were unchangeable at par, and one gentleman who speculated boldly in foot touches, met with favourable returns. Sighs latterly were heavy, but small-talk continued brisk throughout the season. Bright eyes looked up occasionally, but soon fell again. Though business continued to be done in blushes, silly looks were not in demand; but free-and-easies rose to a high premium, and drove genuine modesty almost out of the market.

Maternal frowns were in considerable quantities, and prevented, it is thought, many imprudent bargains from being finally settled. Scandal kept its usual high ground; and more transactions occurred in that line than in the three others put together. Serenades—particularly of

WIND INSTRUMENTS,

were in great demand during the equinox. Slights were complained of by many dealers. On the whole, at the close of the season and markets, the single per cents. were not much reduced, as compared with the proceedings of former years; and there was a sluggishness in even improper flirtations, which had no doubt its share in casting a gloom and monotony over the general course of the Exchange.

THE UNPRINCIPLED ONE.

BY "THE UNKNOWING ONE."

FOLLOWING SUIT.

When I first came to town, an ingenuous youth,
I met Captain Snooks—soul of honour and truth!—
A Captain of Austrian Jäger-Marines,
And the nearest relation of Baron Von Beans.
The frogs on his coat seem'd with glory to glister;
A gentle ferocity lurk'd in his whisker;
I saw, and I trusted—our friendship begun,
And I lent him ten pounds—the Unprincipled One!

A day or two after, he drew me aside,
And begg'd I would always take him for my guide;
He talk'd of the dangers that threaten the young,
And how *he* by ingratitude base had been stung;
And bade me subscribe to a Joint-Stock concern,
For extracting the very best port out of fern.
Just conceive my amazement when told—I was done,
And that he was a cheat—the Unprincipled One!

Having taken alarm, but not courage, I went
To demand what this very odd history meant;
But he twisted his cane with a furious twirl,
And he gave his mustachios a terrible curl,
And he mutter'd—I could not make out what he said,
But something that sounded like—"Blood must be shed—
The rash fool—but I fear that the thing must be done,"—
Till I shook in my shoes—the Unprincipled One!

But hark! in the street—there's a pickpocket caught,
And the mob for his angry invectives care nought:
"What! a Captain of Austrian Jäger-Marines,
And the nearest relation of Baron Von Beans,
To be huddled to quod by a parcel of beaks!"
"Come, you're sartainly book'd, my old boy, for some weeks—
Ve knows ver—why, bless me! as sure as a gun,
It must be—it is—the Unprincipled One!"

ROMANCE AND REALITY.

The following is an humble attempt to translate the language of a novel into that of every-day life. For the convenience of readers the poetry is preserved, while the matter-of-fact is thrown in by way of parenthesis.

A DOMESTIC LEGEND.

The chimes of a clock (the Dutch one in the kitchen) had mournfully sounded (ours has a particularly miserable bell) the hour of twelve (it was only nine, for our clock never strikes right), when a tall stranger in uniform (the postman) was observed standing in an attitude of impatience at the little wicket which leads to our humble dwelling (the fact is, the postman was in a terrible rage, because the gate was locked, and some one had cut the wire, which prevented him from ringing the bell). The tender little Anna (a fool of a girl, who comes occasionally to clean) was the first to catch a glimpse of the stranger (she happened to be shutting the shutters, so that, ninny as she is, she could not help seeing the postman), and a short ejaculation ("Lawks, who's at the gate?" were the girl's words) was the first intimation we had of the stranger's arrival. My first impulse was to throw open at once the door of our little cottage; but prudence for a moment held me back (it was raining cats and dogs), and I thought it better to address a few words ("What do you want, good man?" was the very expression I used) to the unknown individual. He replied somewhat roughly, and made an inquiry which, in some degree, concerned my circumstances in life (he asked me, "Why the devil I did not get my bell mended?") which induced me to practise a little evasion, and, without responding to his interrogation, I addressed to him another ("What's that to you?" said I; "what do you want?"). The stranger was evidently nettled, and appeared as if he was about to withdraw, when, as if a stern sense of duty, against which he had been struggling, had at length obtained the mastery, (he felt he must deliver the letter, whether I was civil to him or not,) compelled him to pause, and he uttered a familiar name, which at once drew me towards him with an uncontrollable curiosity (he cried out, "Here's a letter for Mrs. Snooks (my name), and there's twopence to pay for it)."

DOWN WITH THE DUST.

I sprang to the wicket; he held something in his hand (the letter). I was about to snatch it hastily from him, and suddenly recollecting myself, I felt what was due to the stranger (twopence), and placing it in his grasp, (he clutched it savagely, and upbraided me for not being ready with it before,) I raised from the ground a letter. (The fellow had thrown it down in the rain.) The contents of that letter will never transpire (it was a blank sheet of paper sent to hoax me); and the stranger who brought it has never to this hour been seen to stand at the little gate of my humble dwelling. (They say he has removed to another beat; but I shouldn't wonder if he has been transported for embezzlement.)

PROLOGUE TO "LUTHER."

BY BOB HUMDRUMMERY.

Non omnis moriar.—Hor.

Go,* for you know me—I am he
That sang of Satan's Majesty,
An Epic twelve books long;
And onward persevering still,
I drain my ink and wear my quill,
On many a weary song.

I may be read, or I may not,
I take my chance—the poet's lot,
And bear it very well:
Then, why should I give up the trade?
While trunks are lined and pastry made,
I'm sure to live—and sell!

* "*Come*, for you know me, I am he
That sang of Thalaba," &c.
said Southey; but on these words being repeated, I heard Campbell, the poet, declare it should have been *Go*, and was clearly a mistake of the printer.—*B. Hum, &c.*

THE POLITICALS AT THE ROYAL MASQUE.

The following are amongst some of the characters in the *political* world who will, we have reason to believe, figure in the courtly circle at the Royal Masque. Our space will not allow us to give the entire list and the line of character they have undertaken to support on this festival of Momus, so we are under the necessity of selecting almost the first that come to hand.

Lords Monteagle and *John Russell* will appear as Robin Hood and Little John, and will offer themselves against the guests as the true professors of the *long bow*.

The *Marquis of Sligo* goes as Daniel Lambert, and will be drawn in a fly-waggon to the palace. In this character he will stand on his head, while *Lord Kensington* vaults upon the soles of his feet, after the mode of "the Incredible Brothers." They will both then dance a fandango, introducing the *pas de Zephyr*.

The *Earl of Harrington* will enter the circle with his accustomed grace

HE SHOWS THE HAND OF TIME UPON HIS FACE.

costumed as an Egyptian tailor in the days of the Ptolemies. Hat yellow, pyramidical in form—surmounted with red and black feathers; eyebrows shaved; nose tipped with sky-blue; face made up reddish brown and yellow ochre; Abrahamides beard; long tunic of green, yellow, blue, red, black, and white colours in stripes; a large pair of antique shears, attached to his side by a belt in the form of a measure; leather pouch suspended from the neck, and filled with *alligatorobono* snuff, prepared in the tomb of Apis. The general effect of this unique character is expected to be very rich.

Mr. O'Connell attends as a Cordelier monk, with rope round his waist and chain round his neck. The articles seem very typical of his fate—*order reversed*.

Tom Duncombe will go in the character of the impostor Barney Cavanagh, and will give a curious proof of how a man can live upon nothing, which his father will testify. Two Jewish-looking personages, Slomani and Leviticus, will appear as his confessors; monks of the order of *La Trappe*.

D'Orsay will exhibit *en grande tenue* in a splendid tunic of Greek silk. Ornaments of brass—no precious metal.

Wakley in the garb of a ballad-singer and Seven Dials' poet, in quest of fame, with few notes in his voice and less in his pocket.

Ben Hawes will come in a particularly clean calico front, to show the value of his leading article—soap.

"*The Tail*" are not expected by the latest accounts to come, though especially invited. The Jew clothesmen have all declined "bushinish vid dem," and the washerwomen have turned up their tubs for their unpaid little bills. It is expressly requested that all the Scotch M.P.'s come with their gloves on—none with their hands uncovered are to be admitted, by the Chamberlain's order.

Are you fond of the sports of the chase?—Not exactly; but my watch is an excellent hunter.

Do you follow the Hydropathy system?—Not exactly; but I'm sure our milkman does.

PHILANTHROPY AND COALS.

An expedition was, a short time ago, fitted out to explore the whereabouts of an undiscovered race of blacks. The members of the expedition resolved itself into a committee, and the result of their peregrinations has just been published. The discovered races are natives of coal mines, and consist, besides men, of girls, women, and children, who crawl [on their hands and knees, and have a habit of dragging about large trucks of coals, in the manner of beasts of draught and burden. There has been some talk of improving their condition, and bringing up the women and girls to the light of day; but that was soon hushed up when the philanthropists learned that such a measure would raise the price of coals, and, consequently, contract their steam-boat operations for the civilisation of Western Africa.

BIRTH OF THE BUDGET.

Some ancient writers say,
Merry quaint old fellows!
That once upon a day,
While blowing at his bellows,
Vulcan in his pate
Felt the same sensation
As ladies in that state—
Term'd "a certain situation."

At once, to ease his pain,
(Or else they tell us crammers),
He bade his Cyclops twain
Lay on it with their hammers;
When lo! from out his head
(No wonder at its aching)
Minerva sprang, 'tis said,
Which set the Cyclops quaking.

Yet strange as this may seem,
As strange a tale I'll tell, sirs,
Which even you will deem
To be its parallel, sirs;
Bob Peel felt twinges keen
Within his knowing noddle,
And straight bade Aberdeen
Prepare some pap and caudle.

Then down he laid his head
Upon the council table,
While Stanley thump'd away
As hard as he was able;
But not with iron sledge
(I tell the sober fact, sirs,)
He struck, but with the edge
Of Peel's own money act, sirs.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

While Wellington essay'd
To catch the little stranger,
And Bishop Blomfield prayed
The patient out of danger,
Forth slipp'd the struggling thought
On which their hopes depended,
Which Graham quickly caught,
While Philpotts straightway penn'd it.

But by some sad mischance
(Some say he must have tippled),
Bob stumbled o'er Finance,
And his poor pet got crippled;
So to avoid all fear
Of accidents much worse, sirs,
He leaves the pretty dear
With Goulburn to dry-nurse, sirs.

EXTRACTS FROM A NOTE-BOOK
KEPT BY JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., DURING HIS RECENT TOUR ON THE CONTINENT.

Mont Blanç is a very high mountain, and I started on an expedition to visit it; but I had not gone far when I found that I could save money and time by looking at it through a telescope, and I, therefore, ordered the driver to turn back. It is a very fine object, and has an irregular outline, but as in my opinion all figures ought to be made square, the shape of Mont Blanc does not altogether please me.

I have some thoughts of going to Florence, where I shall endeavour to see the Grand Duke, and prevail on him to aid the cause of civilisation by macadamising the roads, for I understand there is a great deal of stone could be got by breaking up some old statues in the Pitti and Grand Ducal palaces. *Pitti*, indeed, it may well be called, and if I might be allowed to make a pun, I should certainly say—

"'Tis true 'tis Pitti—Pitti 'tis 'tis true."

How the degenerate governments of Italy can allow their roads to wear out so many coach-wheels while they have such abundance of material for mending them lying idle in their public galleries, I cannot imagine. When it is remembered that the Apollo Belvidere would lay down a full yard of good road, and that the Laocoön would smooth the irregularity of three or four feet of dangerous rut, does it not seem Gothic in the extreme to preserve the rubbish in its present useless condition?

INTENDED FOR A-N-EDDY-STONE—— *Lighthouse* (*Qy.*)*

If it be really desirable to keep up a national collection of statuary, surely the Grand Duke might purchase, at a cheap rate, some very antique looking statues now exposed in the New Road; and there is also a rich and curious collection of headless trunks and trunkless heads, most of them of gigantic proportions, in the road leading from Vauxhall Bridge to Pimlico. I am sure that there is in the place alluded to a large figure in armour which would fill up famously any gap that might be caused by removing the before-mentioned statues.

I have been at Lausanne, and it stands at an angle of a six-and-six-penny cab fare from Geneva, and the two cities are separated by an almost impregnable barrier of fifteen shillings' travelling expenses, which are enough to keep off any but the most determined of travellers.

Punch's Theatre.

THE ITALIAN OPERA AND THE GRECIAN SALOON.

St. James's has its Italian Opera-House—so has St. Luke's; the latter being by far the more classical. A mere theatre suffices for the Court and the *cognoscenti*; but the *élite* of the East End can endure nothing short of a Grecian temple of that florid style of modern architecture known as the Gin-palace-esque: neither must anything be wanting to give it a perfectly Grecian character; its exterior, therefore, is ornamented with plaster-casts of Apollo, Lord Nelson, Pan, and the Duke of Wellington; and it is situated at the end of a sacred grove, refreshed by fountains, adorned with an *al fresco* organ-loft, and a Chinese Joss-house. The former structure is in the Grand-Turkish style; whilst both are elegantly gilt and tricked out with party-colours, to exhibit a purity of taste rather, perhaps, more dazzling than Doric. In short, the whole presents a scene so truly Arcadian—so exquisitely Greek—that one might almost fancy oneself in a suburban tea-garden.

But in the interior, Grecian models are even more severely copied; combining, as it does, the sacredness of an ancient temple with the latitudinarian attributes of the Drury-Lane saloon before it was purified. Unlike the Haymarket house, it is not consecrated to the sickly puerilities of Pacini, Donizetti, or Mercadante, but to the more healthy productions of Rossini and Bellini. It is also dedicated to Hodges, Brett, and other excisable deities, together with Barclay (in bottles), and cigars—pipes and pewter being strictly forbidden. Like him in Goldsmith's play—who, though obligated to dance a bear, "is a gentleman for all that," and uses a very strong expression in reference to "anything that 's low,"—the visitors to the Eagle Tavern seem to worship the "genteel thing;"—the songs must be of the purest sentiment—their beer, the strongest stout—the music, the choicest Italian—their tobacco, the finest Havannah.

Nothing seems to satisfy them under Rossini's "Gazza Ladra" or Bellini's "Sonnambula," printed in the bills with the Italian names, though translations are considerately supplied. It was our good fortune to hear "La Gazza Ladra," which was performed by a "mechanical magpie, invented and made by Mr. Copping," accompanied by a dozen or so of singers, and an orchestra, in which the principal instrument was an ophicleide—for from that issued the loudest noise. The vocal passages of the opera were pleasantly diversified, either by the uncorking of porter, or by orders for gin and other beverages. The band and chorus agreed to differ in every concerted piece, and were never even accidentally concordant; whilst additional pity was excited for Ninetta, naturally arising in one's mind from her being so villanously accompanied: if you can conceive the (sometimes poor, it is true) but always delicate and fanciful accompaniments of Rossini played in a false pitch, with an addition of the twiddles and turns peculiar to street bands, you will have your keenest sympathies awakened for any unfortunate lady whose fate it may be to perform Ninetta at the Grecian Saloon. After the performance the usual meed of praise was awarded to her and to the principal tenor, by their being called before the curtain. After they retired the magpie was vociferously demanded; but that clever piece of mechanism appeared not. We ought to add that the scenery was really excellent.

A VIEW OF COWES.

We have a serious word or two to say concerning these and similar establishments. The drama is debased enough already by the intellectual bad taste prevalent at the minor theatres; but in places like this, moral taste is violated. Under pretence of musical attraction, an extensive sale of intoxicating liquors is effected; for although a fixed price is charged for admission, the value of a moiety of that sum is nominally returned in spirit, or whatsoever the visitors may choose to drink. Thus he is tempted to take the first step towards drunkenness; for it is a true maxim of the lower orders, that "one glass brings many." Hence a respectable and true lover of music, thus speciously attracted, may be converted into an ardent, imprudent lover of gin. The notion that the production of Italian Operas improves the musical taste of the masses, is ridiculous; for the vulgar, false, and altogether imperfect manner in which the Operas are performed at these dramatic free-and-easies, must create a disgust, rather than a taste, for Italian music*.

STATISTICS OF THE CHARTIST PETITION.

Of the three million and odd names said to be attached to this extensive petition (the prayer of which is one of the largest on record), more than two thirds of the number was accompanied by the subscriber with "his mark." Fifty-six thousand eighteen hundred and one appeared to be called "John Smith;" and out of twelve thousand six hundred and seven,

THE COMMON LOT.

whose baptismal name is "Philip," nine thousand four hundred and four, or $75\frac{113}{210}$ per cent., adopted "F" for the initial letter.

The heavy demands made in this constitutional address for legislative alteration, together with the one hundred and fifty thousand quires of paper it was composed of, caused it to weigh several tons, which at fourpence per pound (the present market price of waste paper) will realise a handsome perquisite for the clerk of the papers.

The procession by which this enormous roll was escorted, amounted we hear to almost seventeen thousand artisans, their wives and children. Taking the average earnings of each individual at sixpence per diem, their day's recreation left in the collective pockets of their grasping oppressors, the London masterocracy, no less than two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds clear saving, derived from time constitutionally spent in the right of petition by patriots, who prefer politics to work.

* Hume's last.

* Besides the general application of these remarks, they involve an answer to a letter now before us deprecating a former allusion of ours to the Grecian Saloon. It is signed, "A Young Man;" but we have little doubt that "An Old Stager" would have been a more appropriate signature. This defender of the mixture of grog and music professes a taste for the art, which he wishes to indulge at a moderate expense. Now, if this be really true, let him eschew the Eagle, where it will only be debased, and join the singing classes of Exeter Hall, where it may be cultivated; of which it evidently stands greatly in need.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. VI.

HOW JACK RANDLE GOT ON DURING MR. MUFF'S ABSENCE.

POSSIBLY our readers may remember that when Mr. Muff quitted Clodpole to be present at Mr. Rapp's farewell banquet, he left his devoted friend, Jack Randle, to take care of his practice during his absence, having locked up the more powerful medicines and dangerous instruments. That ingenious gentleman acquitted himself admirably, both with respect to the patients and the exchequer; as we shall learn from his own mouth.

It was the evening of Mr. Muff's return; and he was seated in his back parlour with Mr. Randle, in company also with some gin and water, pipes, and the day-book.

"Well," said Mr. Muff, "now tell us how you have managed."

"Oh, uncommonly well to be sure," replied Jack. "You hadn't been gone half an hour before the surgery bell was seized with a violent attack of *delirium tremens*, and a gasping page informed me that old Miss Withers had such a fit of hysterics that they thought she would die before anybody got there. So I bolted off directly, taking a tourniquet and two cupping glasses with me.

"Why, what on earth did you do that for?"

"Because it looked imposing and professional; when I got there I found the old girl crying, and laughing both at once; and talking an immense deal of unconnected rubbish to six or seven old women who were gathered round her. It is remarkable the propensity old women have to get together, when anything like illness is going on. I soon saw how Miss Withers was, you know."

"How do you mean," inquired Mr. Muff.

"Oh, all right." The remainder of Mr. Randle's reply was simply pantomimic. His tumbler being empty, he took a copious draught of atmospheric air therefrom, and winked his right eye; after which he tapped the quart stopple bottle that contained the gin with his pipe, and then winked his left eye: the import of these combined actions being that Miss Withers had taken too much of "something which had disagreed with her."

"Well, and what did you do?"

"Why, I said you were from home, having been obliged to meet Sir Henry Halford and Sir James Clark, concerning the Archbishop of Canterbury's rheumatism, but that I knew her constitution and usual medicine, from your books. I put the cupping glasses on her head, and the tourniquet on her arm, telling the old women these measures would counteract the photographic circulation, caused by too much excitement of the tariff and system in general; and that they must keep her perfectly quiet, or a severe attack of missouri leviathan might supervene—in the mean time I would send her something very efficacious. When I got home I made her three such prime draughts."

"What did you give her then?"

"You see I was not exactly certain about the proper doses of the drugs in the surgery, so I made up the physic after a receipt of my own. I recollected the tub of elder wine that turned sour, so I drew a small quantity, and finding it a little too sharp, mixed up some soda with it, which made a great phizzing, and——"

"Excuse me, Jack: 'phizzing' is not a professional term—you should say, it 'effervesced.'"

"Well, you know what I mean. The soda turned it quite green, and exceedingly nasty—so much so that when I went to see her again in the evening, she was quite well. Do you charge her visits?"

"Of course I do."

"Very good—two visits at half a crown are five shillings, and three draughts, four and six—that's nine and sixpence to begin with; not quite so bad I think."

"No, indeed; I call it capital. Did any one else come?"

"Oh, lots. I took out two teeth and broke two in; but they all paid—only a shilling a-piece; I put the money in the desk. Then one of the Browns, the farmers, hurt himself, and came to be bled, and I think I did it rather."

"You don't mean, Jack, you were fool enough to try—why it's a most delicate operation."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

"I know that—I felt his pulse, and told him he mustn't think of losing blood from the arm; but if he would take my advice he would go home to bed, put a blister on his back, and a dozen leeches on his side, and you would come and see him in the morning. He did as I told him, and now he is laid up safe for three or four days, and the bleeding would only have been a shilling. Is he good pay?"

"We must chance that. At all events, we can take it out in geese and turnips."

"What a splendid general practitioner you would have made, Jack!" said Muff, lost in admiration at these proofs of his friend's genius.

"I believe you," was the reply. "I think now, eventually, that I shall turn to it. Well, I had not been in bed twenty minutes, before I was called up to go to the Union Workhouse. A tipsy tramp had disposed of himself in one of the outbuildings."

"Nonsense!"

"So it was; but he had; so I tried to open one of his jugulars."

"My dear Jack? how on earth did you know where the jugular was?"

"I had not got the least idea, only that it was somewhere in the neck. But it didn't matter—it couldn't hurt him, and there must be an inquest: and that's some consolation."

"I think it would answer to run up to London again, and leave you here, if you go on at this rate," said Mr. Muff; "have some more grog, old chap. Did anything else come?"

"Yes—the best joke of all. About four in the morning I was awoke by another ring, and a gentleman in a smock-frock told me that the wife of a cottager, at the other end of the common, was expecting an immediate addition to the last census."

"But you didn't surely go there, Jack."

"Oh, no—not quite. I said you were not at home, but there was a very clever doctor a few doors off; so he went and rung up old Binks, and he has been there ever since. I would advise you to keep in the way, because if any of his patients send for him in a hurry, you will get the job."

"I do not exactly think that would be etiquette, Jack."

"Pshaw! did you ever imagine that medical men know what etiquette meant? Go into any town where four or five doctors are all struggling for the same living—you cannot think what a generous, liberal-minded, open-hearted set of men they are."

Mr. Muff ruminated on this opinion, with his pipe in his mouth, until he had made out a satisfactory view of the cavern in the Miller and his Men amongst the embers of the fire-place. Then ringing the bell to know what there was in the house for supper, and receiving for a reply from the old woman who looked after his domestic comforts, 'that there was nothing,' if indeed we may except half a lemon and some cold potatoes, he sent out for some oysters; and half an hour after, he was busily engaged with Jack Randle, endeavouring to scallop them in the tin top of the tamarind-jar.

NO GO.

Cardigan appeared at the Masque as Bayard—somebody pinned the following to his robe:—

Bayard en *masque* le comte si brusque l'approche,
"Sans peur" du monde, mais non pas "sans reproche."

PUNCH'S DOSSAY PORTRAITS.—No. 6.

JOSEPH JARVIS, ESQ., THE CAD.

The family of the Jarvises, to which the subject of our present sketch belongs, has always been identified with the public conveyances of the metropolis; and an intermarriage with a cad walloper (a female of Welsh extraction who used to frequent the same public-house as the cads, some of whom she occasionally walloped) united the escutcheons of the jarvies and the cads in the person of the youthful Jarvis.

The father of our hero having applied to the Commissioners of Stamps, was fortunate enough to secure a tin plate, which empowered him to keep two horses and a hackney-coach; and having intercepted a crippled cob on its road to the knackers, he treated with, or rather treated, the man who was driving it, and became at once the owner of the rescued animal. His next care was to secure a strong beast that could drag the one already obtained in addition to a vehicle; and this having been done, he purchased the body of a left-off carriage of a deceased peer, and having picked up four wheels at different times at the shops of as many wheelwrights, he repaired with the whole of the articles to the coach-stand in Charing-Cross, where we find him, in the summer of 1824, taking a party of four to Vauxhall Gardens, and bringing a party of nine home again. We must, however, now leave the father and turn to the son, who, being a young man of enthusiastic temperament, was naturally much excited by the bold and energetic measures of Shillibeer—who had just succeeded in starting in London the then unknown vehicle which has since become so familiar to us all under the title of an omnibus. Shillibeer was at that time in the pride of fame and power, and young Jarvis boldly sought an interview, determined to obtain, if possible, a conductorship under a man whose name was at that time a passport from the Bank to Paddington.

Shillibeer, who was a man of sound discrimination, at once perceived our hero's eligibility for the situation he sought; and the friendless boy, who had entered the stable-yard of his patron the simple son of a harassed hackney-coachman, returned in the triumphant capacity of a cad at the back of his new master's omnibus.

From this moment the destiny of young Jarvis was fixed, and he threw his whole heart into his new pursuit, which, it must be admitted, is one peculiarly likely to captivate a certain class of our metropolitan youth, by its daring and reckless character. The career of Jarvis as a cad has been one uninterrupted succession of honourable triumphs. His quickness in detecting a passenger who wishes to go, and his tact in forcing into the vehicle a party who would rather walk, have long obtained for him among his fellows the title of "seductive Joey." The fascinating air with which Jarvis can satisfy a crowded buss that one or two more will cause no inconvenience, ranks among the highest efforts of persuasive eloquence; and the insinuating style of his inimitable "It's a lady," when he has received a remonstrance for thrusting a fat woman on to the laps of fourteen stifled beings packed closely together in the Dog-days, can only be conceived by those who recollect the thrilling effect produced by Mr. T. P. Cooke when, as a British tar, he denounces the "lubberly loblolly-boy who could see a woman in distress and not place the last shot in his locker at her disposal, or protect her with the latest gasp of his breath and the last blow of his marling-spike."

It is another great point in the character of Jarvis, that he never acknowledges any place to which the omnibus of which he is the conductor is not immediately going. By these means persons going to Kensington have the opportunity of visiting the pleasant little village of Brompton, when there is an agreeable walk over a fertile district, across which Jarvis politely points, with a delicate intimation that there lies the way of the passenger. In the same manner, an individual going to the Elephant and Castle is treated to a view of some of the finest thoroughfares in London, and having glanced at the Bank, he has a salubrious walk over London Bridge in store for him—after having, of course, seen considerably more than he could have done had he been conveyed at once to the Elephant.

The deep, sonorous voice of Jarvis also contributes greatly to his professional success; for his "Bank, Bank," is so beautifully indistinct, that it conveys to every one a sound which is easily mistaken for the name of the particular place he is desirous of going to.

MR. GROOM'S TULIP SHOW.

Punch returns his thanks to Mr. Groom; he was very much pleased with his floral blaze. However, shall we have no place—no spot—free from the dirt and blight of politics? Why, Mr. Groom, why introduce the spleen of party among the innocent beauties of creation? Why should the caterpillar of politics drag its foul slime across the satin glories of the tulip? Our friend, *The Times*, observes:—"Some of these tulips are unique in shape, colour, and feathering: they have *almost the appearance of being painted by the hand*, so accurately and evenly are the divisions of the tints. It is quite true that nothing is like the pencilling of nature, and in these superb flowers it is illustrated beyond contradiction; yet it is also true that *here nature comes so close to art* in regularity and precision of design, that it would seem she had borrowed, and indeed improved by her intimacy with her copyist."

The Times affects an ignorance of the fact; but art has been wickedly industrious among Mr. Groom's tulips. The *Times* proceeds:—"Some of these flowers are more than peculiarly magnificent in colour, and perfect in shape, viz. a specimen called the Duke of Sutherland; another, the Victoria Regina; another, the Aglaia; another, the Bacchus; others, the Claudiana, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lord Stanley, Louis XVI., the Reine de Sheba, Queen Adelaide, Marcellus, and the beautiful tulip called Nourri Effendi, which is valued at 100*l.*"

All this is true enough: but why does not the *Times* speak of the other tulips? Did our contemporary see the Ferrand? Was there no "painting by hand" in that? If not, how did every leaf present such a perfect representation of Bottom's head? Could it be, that the genius of the flower, knowing to whom it was to be dedicated, painted it accordingly? Look again at the Wakley; with the poetic "bushel" fully developed—the Lawrie, with the goose's head perfect to every feather!

We might cite other instances of party spirit; but we trust we have said enough to reprobate the principle. If this practice be continued, the Wars of the Roses will be forgotten in the Riots of the Tulips.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.

"It is in contemplation to issue a Queen's letter, authorising the clergy to make an appeal in their several places of worship on behalf of the distressed to the sympathy and liberality of the public."—*Times*.

A SIGN OF PUBLIC CONFIDENCE.

Her Majesty has also signified to the whole bench of bishops her gracious permission, that they should take the honour of subscribing the largest possible sum on the occasion. With this view, it has been advertised that the Archbishop of Canterbury "has discontinued his public dinners for the season."

"It's only once a-year," as Louis-Philippe said when the hand-grenade was thrown in at his carriage-window.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PEOPLE OF ENGLAND.

No. 2.—Heads and Tails.

A man! I'll swear a man!—*William Tell.*
Thereby hangs a tale.—*Old Play.*

There is not the smallest doubt that the game of Heads and Tails is as old as the invention of money; and indeed it is probable that the origin of the pastime may be earlier still: for as it is known that sheep were used before coin to designate value, may it not have been a common practice to play at Heads and Tails with a sheep, instead of half-pence, according to the modern practice? We are borne out in this suggestion by a reference to an old superstition, as to cattle turning their tails to the wind in rainy weather; and we can have very little doubt that the old expression "Heads you lose, tails I win," had its origin in a practice of betting on the direction in which the heads and tails of cows might be placed, and the relation in which they might stand to the state of the atmosphere.

From cows we naturally get to tossing up; and it is perfectly obvious that there is an affinity between the game of Heads and Tails and the animals alluded to.

We have often been puzzled to discover by what possible process of corruption the old terms of "Heads and Tails" can have been twisted into "man or woman;" but there are passages in the older dramatists which open up a fine field for enquiry, while they afford no possible clue to a satisfactory solution of the difficulty in which we find ourselves. The beautiful play of "Hamlet" contains one of the most touching allusions to the game of Heads and Tails that can possibly be conceived; and indeed the passage is so well known, and at the same time so strikingly appropriate, that we cannot refrain from quoting it.

"MAN PLEASES NOT ME,"

says the melancholy Dane—which may be looked upon, by itself, as a moral reflection, expressive of dissatisfaction with his species; but the beautiful addition "nor *woman* either," shows at once that it is to the game we are speaking of that Hamlet's thoughts are wandering. If the Prince of Denmark did not allude to Heads and Tails, but intended to express distaste for his species, he would have stopped at the words "*Man* pleases not me," but the melancholy addition "nor *woman* either," coupled with the laughter of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who had probably often tossed up with the Prince in gayer hours, at once fixes the expression in the sense we have endeavoured to give it. It is probably upon this line in "Hamlet" that the general notion is founded, of the impossibility of making either "head or tail" of the Prince of Denmark's character.

The modern game is of an instructive and healthy tendency, which causes us to regret that it should not be more general than it is at present. It is still played to a great extent by a wandering tribe of piemen and the bold suburban youth, who are very skilful in its practice. It is also often indulged in on the pleasant margin of the Serpentine river, by a hardy race of travellers, who deal in what they describe as brandy-balls, and reap in the bathing season a very plentiful harvest.

MR. EVERTON'S STUDIO.

This talented artist, who has lately removed the whole of his works now in progress to his new studio in Oakley-street, has just completed the casting of a colossal sucking-pig (the *matériel* is the same as that used for Everton toffee), intended, with the concurrence of Government, to be presented to the infant Prince on his birthday. The artist has been most felicitous in the undertaking; he has imparted a classical appearance to the pig by enveloping him in a napkin, which forms the drapery and is made subservient to effect; the disposition of the trotters, the anatomical proportion, and contour of shape, are all preserved, and shown either beneath or through the napkin; the air is firm and noble—decisive, but not obstinate; and the snout is dignified without asperity. As a whole, it far surpasses any like work of art.

WEDNESDAY'S LEVEE.

Mr. Joseph Hume, on his extreme good fortune, after having stood so long, of being at last favoured with a seat.

Mr. Macauley, on his promising to blush when the Chartists are heard in the House of Commons.

Mr. George Robins, on his recent appointment to the Admiralty for the discovery of a new *sail.*

The Editor of the *Morning Herald*, on his providential escape from the alarming symptoms of a recent enlargement.

THE MORNING HERALD.

Mr. Wakley, on his having perfected his new mile-and-yard measure for the promotion and facilitation of poetry.

Mr. Feargus O'Connor, on his having munificently made the invaluable donation of 3,300,000 original autographs to the British Nation.

PUNCH'S DREAM.

Punch saw a revel in a dream—
It was a gorgeous scene—
The shining gold and glittering gems
Might have enrich'd a queen.
The revellers wore the robes that erst
Had deck'd the buried great,
As though they'd gone down to the tomb,
And robb'd them of their state.

But there was 'mid that gorgeous crowd,
A gaunt and feeble man—
The revel's splendour only made
His cheek appear more wan;
None seem'd to mark his presence there,
None heard his feeble tone,
And 'mid the joyous revellers
The Pauper stood alone.

The *waes-hael* cup that graced the board,
With gems was studded o'er,
A priceless goblet, fit to hold
The priceless wine it bore;
The famish'd man just clasp'd the cup,
Then loosed it from his hold,
And said, "O God! what joy is *there*,
For every drop 's worth gold."

Old Time had worked too sluggishly
That feast to furnish forth,
So Art had, like a robber, forced
Her riches from the Earth.
The hungry man gazed wistfully;
How throb'd his bursting heart!
As thus he spake, "Oh that my child
Had but the thousandth part!"

A high-born dame, in purple dress'd,
Paused where the Pauper stood,
She raised a morsel to her lips,
Then left the dainty food.
"Would I might taste!" the poor wretch cried,
"And then I should not die."
The dame passed on; her rustling silk
Seemed like a mourner's cry.

The pageant passed—the noonday's sun
Shone on the revellers' sleep,
It glared into the poor man's room—
His slumber was more deep.
The noble, on his bed of down,
With damask was o'erspread;
The pauper's only swathing was
The cere-cloth of the dead.

THE CHARTER.—THE HOUSE OF COMMONS "HUSHED AND STILL."

SOME few days past we noticed the following in the *Times'* Parliamentary report:—"Mr. T. Duncombe rose to present the petition of the Chartists; and the House, which previously was rather noisily conversational, *became, at once, hushed and still.*"

A very short time ago, when Chartism first came into the world, it was sneered and laughed at—treated with sublime contempt. The thing became mischievous, and straightway the hangman was summoned to Wales to do his dread office on the social iniquity; but, in the boundless mercy of the Government, exile was substituted for the rope. Since then the nature, disposition, and intentions of the ogre, Chartism, have been canvassed and debated upon; and now, when the voice of the monster is to be heard in the House of Commons, that House "becomes at once hushed and still."

The history of all great political sects, of all political changes, is nearly the same. When the lispings of Reform were heard, were they not laughed at as the babble of Utopia? Then men gradually gave ear to them. Then came committals to the Tower and county prison—then civil carnage made a field of Peterloo—and then, in its very fears, became Toryism "hushed and still." What followed next? Why, the *le roi le veut* of William the Fourth to the Reform Bill. At one time, the *late* Sir Francis Burdett, in his revolutionary buckskins, was laughed at as a simple moon-stricken Baronet. The cause gained ground, and then it was to the Tories, as it was, we are told, to the "hypocrites" in the early time of Fox, the first quaker—"a dreadful thing to them, when it was told them, '*The man in leathern breeches is come.*'" To be a Radical, was, in the early days of radicalism, to be a pariah—a foul, vile thing—an ulcer in the body-social—a blotch to be extirpated by fire or knife. In due season coronets were waved to the goodly presence of Reform, and Radicalism was the synonym of patriotism. The rogue and tatterdemalion of former years became the Brutus of to-day.

We think it well to remind a large and stubborn class of our fellow-countrymen of these things. The multitude of Sibthorps *out* of Parliament is very great! The Colonel represents many more than the long-eared denizens of Lincoln. He has but to make himself heard, and his voice might be responded to by braying thousands. It is these sleek, self-complacent people, who, enamoured of their own excellence, think that in reward of their virtues they inhabit the centre, when all that human aid can devise for man's happiness is accomplished;—it is these silly people, who believe that—until the last accompt—the social and political condition of man are henceforth stationary;—it is these bigots who are to be admonished (if, indeed, bigotry could ever yet take good counsel,) by the history of the past. Was there ever any great political matter that had not in its birth contempt and obloquy showered upon it, as upon a bastard's cradle—that was not striped and scourged in its youth—that was not wrestled with and all but mastered by the dominion it would overthrow, ere it became triumphant in the eyes and hearts of its generation? It was at first laughed at—next punished—and then its old law-dealers and antagonists, cowering at its increasing strength, "became at once hushed and still!"

Were we called upon to personify a Fool, we would not put cap and bells upon his head, clothe him in a doublet and jerkin of motley, and stick a wooden sword in his girdle. No: we would go even to the Peerage for our notion of the greatest conceivable zany. We would take an Earl in his robes—it may be the Prime Minister of a people,—we would place him on the floor of the House of Lords; we would put a roll of parchment in his hand, and from his mouth should come these words:—

"My Lords,—This Measure is final!"

We have here the quintessence of Folly in the intensity of human arrogance; we have here the Fool legislature binding unborn generations; penning upon mere sheepskins, as though it were written in the uprolled scroll of Fate, the destiny of man until the world cracked. We will suppose Vesuvius in full eruption. Torrents of lava desolate vineyards—carry away cottages. A world of mischief is done, and lamentations are heard upon every side. Whereupon, the Neapolitan Prime Minister makes his appearance, and authoritatively waving his hand towards the belching volcano, exclaims—"My friends, we will have no more of this. No; this eruption is *final!*" Thus do Whigs, Tories—nay, Radicals, cry to the Chartists, "The Reform Bill was carried by nothing less than a national explosion; but that explosion was final!"

Chartism is born of defeated hope, of disappointment of the fruits of the Reform Act; it has been fostered by the selfish spirit of Mammon—by a sordid, remorseless contempt of the inalienable rights of humanity. The vice of the age is a want of sympathy with the condition of the great mass of the people. They are looked upon as the mere instruments of wealth—the mere machines with eyes to direct them, and limbs to labour for the privileged classes; whose money-bags are to them as the Great Wall of China, shutting them out from the barbarian poor. In England, the test of a man's social worth is to be found only at his banker's. Property is the Mumbo Jumbo of high-minded, intelligent John Bull. He execrates the Pope, and sends out Missionaries (certainly not "warranted to stand the climate") to plant what shall be future Bishoprics on the banks of the Niger,—but he makes up for his contempt of foreign idols, by his frequent genuflexions to the money-god he has at home. By the clamour that some politicians make for the exclusive rights of property, one would almost think—did not the existence of fashionable accoucheurs ("for," as *Lampedo* says, "man-midwife is grown vulgar") refute the idea—that your men of property were coined in the Mint like sovereigns, and were therefore destitute of that plebeian humanity working in, and operating upon, the poorer creatures of clay—the moving mud and soil of the social throng.

The Chartists, however, are not to be despised. We quite agree with Mr. Roebuck, that there may be "cowardly demagogues" carrying bad counsel to the Chartists, (by the way, it was not *very* magnanimous of the Hon. Member, to point to the gallery, as he thundered forth the epithet; since the demagogue there, though ever so brave, had no right of reply;) but the Chartists themselves have a degree of intelligence, a power of concentration, a knowledge of the details of public business, heretofore unknown to great popular combinations of dissentients.

Their meetings are not to be called farces; they are not the mere buffoons of would-be freedom, stealing a holiday in the name of liberty really to dissipate it in the tap-room and the skittle-ground. There are among the Chartists hard-headed logicians—men keenly alive to their sufferings, and what is more, soundly schooled as to the causes of them. We grant that their petition presented to Parliament contained many follies, very many extravagances—that it prayed for what the timidity of property will call revolutionary measures; but is it not an axiom in politics, that to get even a little, it is necessary to ask a great deal?

The way in which the petition was brought into the Commons was curious. For our own part, we think it quite typical of future events. We quote the following from the *Times*:—

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MELANCHOLY will be the sensations of those persons conversant in matters artistic, upon their visiting this Exhibition. With the solitary exception of Mulready, every contributor (we are now speaking of those who are supposed to form the attractions of the collection—the Academicians) is a sorry instance of retrogradation; even Calcott, whom we have been accustomed to regard as the most delightful painter of the English Pastoral since the time of Gainsborough, must be taken in proof of these assertions.

STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE.

Witness No. 10. An English Landscape Composition.—English it is, and if it be not metropolitan, it is as near Pentonville or Peckham as a group of juvenile Cockneys and a bunch of hollyhocks can make it; and although the painter delights in representing cows, he should be careful in not indulging in a lacteal atmosphere. "Go to," Sir Augustus Calcott—sell your milk-walk. No. 166. An Italian Landscape—is a trifle nearer to his old style; nevertheless the foreground is very feeble, and the figures groggy.

No. 327. A Deserted Mansion—Return of its Absentee Owner; J. J. Chalon, R.A.—This is one of the most beautiful things that we ever remember to have seen. We are now alluding to our recollection of the period of indulging in the exhibitions to which the spectator, after the payment of a halfpenny, was desired to rub his eyes and look sly. We apprehend that the owner, whom the talented R.A. has represented in a travelling-dress, as ready to go from, as he has been to come, to his deserted mansion, will leave it to be taken upon a repairing lease.

Stanfield has contributed several pleasing pictures, but more confirmed in the leathery tone with the everlasting legend of a white house. No. 20. Vallone dei Mulini, Amalfi—may be taken as a specimen of the whole.

The Exhibition is most particularly rich in Portraits—so much humour for the visitors who are inclined to regard them in good temper. Look to the right or to the left, above or below, there they are, with eyes fixed—gazing at the purchaser, and seemingly proclaiming, "Look at me in this style—frame included!"

No. 22. Captain Sir George Harnage, Bart., R.N.; G. F. Joseph, A.; is a good-natured specimen of the persevering polite, combined with the economic, style—seeing that there would be less necessity for the expense of a catalogue if every artist followed G. F. Joseph, A., in his plan of representing the represented handing his name and address to the visitor.

No. 7. Portrait of Mrs. Thomas Spencer; J. P. Knight, A.—A pendant to the last-mentioned. There is a degree of aggravation in this. Who, in the name of curiosity (one naturally enquires), is Mr. Thos. Spencer? and does the pride of showing up the "fairy queen" emanate from the wishes of J. P. Knight, A., or the celebrated Mr. Thos. Spencer?

No. 211. A Lady (Portrait); W. Riviere.—The lady is sporting a muff, most ingeniously typical of the artist's abilities—a muff sporting a lady.

No. 112. Portrait of the Right Hon. Sir Edward Knatchbull; H. P. Briggs, R.A.—Not having any acquaintanceship with the stern original, we can offer no remark as to the *vraisemblance*,—but without a catalogue to enlighten us we should assuredly have looked upon this as the portrait of a butler out of place, leaning indignantly upon his discharge.

No. 111. Portrait of two Sisters. H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—We feel much indebted to the artist for his kind thoughtfulness and gentle urbanity in affording us this intelligence. The same artist has also favoured us with a portrait of a pink reticule, in the representation of which he has succeeded, to the wonderment of the most hypercritical milliner of this or any other metropolis. Near to this paragon of ingenuity is No 90, Portrait of G. Green, Esq. Painted for the Town-hall of the Parish of All Saints, Poplar, Middlesex, by subscription, as a mark of respect and regard for the numerous charitable institutions erected and endowed by him, and for the general benevolence exhibited throughout his life. T. Phillips, R.A.—All this is ably represented by an old gentleman admiring the pattern of his own carpet; thus showing that this bump of benevolence and building, this allegory of All Saints and Alms-houses, has his thoughts not always fixed on things above; the chair in which G. Green, Esq. is seated is well drawn, and the red stripes of the cover of the said chair painted with much care and vigour.

No. 60. A. E. Chalon, R.A.—*A hora me cognosces?* a very equivocal motto: the picture about as suggestive as the title.

No. 30. Portrait of a Gentleman. Gaugain—And No. 31. Portrait of S. Smith, Esq. G. Hughes—are most extraordinary griffins:—by-the-by, the Smiths are well represented, No. 15 being a portrait of Master John Finch Smith, and No. 58 Mrs. G. Smith, of Heathfield, Surrey.

No. 350. Portrait of Lady Knatchbull. H. P. Briggs, R.A.—A most unsatisfactory affair, very unfinished—seeing that the addition of a brush or broom is required to perfect the character of a house-maid.—For shame! Briggs.

No. 220. Portrait of Mrs. E. H. Bailey. J. Simpson—Possesses the like domestic peculiarities and characteristics with the last mentioned.

No. 310. Portrait of Balcarris Ramsay, Esq., Royal Scots Greys. A. Geddes, A.—This is too cruel—the Committee of Arrangement have spitefully placed this portrait in a prominent situation, that the beholder may see, judge, and exclaim—"There are better specimens of this class in the Strand and Fleet-street."

No. 222. The Cottage Door. P. A. Mulready.—An unmistakeable display of the "*rus in urbe*"—a cottage door in Spitalfields, with a journeyman baker tenderly regarding his floured offspring.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

No. 542. The Modern Cottager's Window—R. R. Reinagle, R.A.—Is a sort of Paddington pastoral, in which the artist proves the inutility of travelling beyond the suburbs for models. There is an independence in this that is highly commendable: two very interesting young females, (provided their heads were off,) are seen lolling at a window, the one holding an apple, thereby learnedly intimating her descent from our first mother, &c.; the second delicate young creature with her right hand grasps a bunch of flowers, emblematical of her blooming self, having just exfoliated into womanhood, though decidedly of a queer kind, whilst with the left the charming innocent is industriously scratching her head with a *gusto*. most awfully indicative of an independent mind, untrammelled by conventionality. In bidding adieu to the perpetrator of this extraordinary work, we promise to keep an eye upon him as a curiosity.

HINTS TO THE DESPONDING.

"EVER ANXIOUS"—as the blacking-merchants used to head their advertisements—"Ever anxious" to do good, we beg to give the following hints to all of the male sex contemplating the river Thames, by the medium of Waterloo-bridge, as an excellent spot for committing a capital felony upon themselves. They can, we assure them, make certain of a speedy exit from this world in a much better way, without the stain of posthumous infamy which attaches to self-murder. Let all who are thus morbidly inclined instantly offer themselves as tithe-proctors and rent-collectors in the county of Tipperary. They are sure to be successful, as the papers tell us—there the assassin roams abroad at noonday, shooting *ad libitum* the genus *proctori et collectori*.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 11.

THEY tell me that fashion allegiance claims,
They sneer at my coat and its pockets with flaps,
They give to my Bluchers opprobrious names,
And bitingly ask what I've done with my straps.
They jeer at my Spencer, they hoot at my tops,
Loud after my wash-leather breeches they cry,
I never walk out but the world's heartless fops
Seem to whisper—"Look there; What a Guy! what a Guy!"

But why to the world need I cringingly bow?
My tailor's account would the world ever pay
Besides, though my coat is a seedy one now,
It once—though 'tis five years ago—had its day.
That day—Easter Monday—I ne'er shall forget,
And the tear-drop of memory steals to my eye,
When I think that the sun of my glory is set,
While cold ones exclaim—"What a Guy! what a Guy!"

ON A RECENT PARLIAMENTARY "FLARE-UP."

"THE House," quoth Sib., "is in a blaze;"
"The House! No! no!" D'Israeli says:
"You'll only find, if you inquire,
An empty '*Hutt*' has '*taken fire.*'"

PUNCH'S BAL MASQUE'.

THE utter impossibility of giving any description of this splendid event has induced us to endeavour to describe it; and as the faintest idea of it cannot be conveyed to the public, we furnish our readers with the full particulars.

The suite of rooms appropriated to the splendid revel comprised an entire first floor; and the folding-doors, which were turned back to the full extent, were hung with draperies of costly chintz, carefully selected from an enormous stock, which have long been ticketed as—"all at fourpence-halfpenny." The great attraction consisted, however, in the costumes, of which we shall endeavour to give a brief outline.

Perhaps the most conspicuous figure in the brilliant assemblage was that of Mr. Jones, who, in the characteristic habiliments of *Guillaume des Eaux* (familiarly known as Billy Waters) headed the *Quadrille de Petite Bretagne* (or Little Britain) with considerable energy. His head-dress was a cocked hat of a certain age, and he wore the coat of a naval lieutenant of the present century. He carried in his hand a violin, whose antiquity was shown by its dilapidated strings, and his hat was surmounted by the feather of the 49th regiment of infantry.

The *Quadrille de Punch*, of course, excited considerable interest, and was made up as follows:—

JUDY
de la Rue de Wellington.
THE DOCTOR.

PUNCH
de la Rue de Wellington.
SHALLABALLA.

The ball was opened by the above illustrious persons, PUNCH'S Pandean-piper playing a selection of airs from nothing in particular.

This was followed by the

Quadrille d'Angleterre,

in which we observed several remarkable costumes. Mr. Snooks, in the dress of a gentleman in the time of William Fourth, was habited in a pair of old-fashioned trousers, plaited at the waist, and cut out round the boot, giving altogether such an appearance of antiquity, as to carry the spectator back to the year 1831, and the good old days of the deceased monarch.

Baron Nathan was present in a rich costume, and he superintended the splendid

Quadrille de Tivoli (Margate).

The Baron wore the well-known buff slipper of the Isle of Thanet,

and a grey tunic highly characteristic of the natives of that remote coast, being made much after the model of an ordinary dressing-gown.

Besides the Quadrilles already mentioned, there was a magnificent *Hornpipe du Collège*, in which the company generally took a part; and amongst other splendid historical impersonations, we were particularly struck by that of *Sarah de la Porte de Billing*, familiarly known as Sal of Billingsgate.

Among the other antique costumes was that of a watchman of the year 1828, the representative of which, by lying down asleep the whole night, most ably kept up the illusion, and realised the character.

"You distress me"—as Sir Edward Erle Lytton Bulwer said to the Income Tax.
"You'll put me out of temper"—as the razor said to the obstinate oyster.

THE WONDERFUL "CALF'S HEAD" DEBATE,

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

[Owing to some extraordinary negligence of the reporters of the morning-press, the following brief debate has not appeared in any of the daily press.]

Colonel SIBTHORP begged to call the attention of the right hon. Baronet to a subject, which he, (the hon. and gallant Colonel) conceived to be, not only of great general importance to himself, but to many hon. Members on his side of the House. The hon. and gallant Member then proceeded to read the original advertisement from *The Morning Advertiser*.

"WONDERFUL EXHIBITION.

"A calf with *two heads, four eyes,* and *two mouths*, to be seen daily," &c. &c.

The hon. and gallant Member would read no further; for he thought he had read enough to show that a gross case of breach of privilege had been committed, and therefore moved that the printer of the *Morning Advertiser* be forthwith summoned to the bar; if wonderful exhibitions of this kind

LONGMAN AND COMPANY.

were to be permitted, he felt that his importance as a Member of that House was gone. Not but what he believed, the whole affair was a base, radical trick, to supplant him in the affections of his constituents of Lincoln.

He, however, defied the machinations of a base and disappointed party. He still hoped to prove that *his* head was equal to the *two* heads sought to be brought against him—but his two eyes could see quite as much humbug as any four—and as for mouths, he believed without vanity, that what he was in the habit of letting nightly fall in that House, would shut up the mouths of all the calves in England. (Loud cheers.) Nevertheless, he held it to be a duty to himself—a duty to his constituents—to persevere in his motion; and trusted he should have the support of the right hon. Baronet.

Sir V. BLAKE seconded the motion. He thought it a case of peculiar hardship upon the hon. and gallant Member for Lincoln. (Hear.) No disinterested man could read the advertisement, without perceiving it to be a dead-set made at the hon. and gallant Member. (Loud cheers.)

Sir ROBERT PEEL assured the hon. and gallant Member for Lincoln, that he entirely sympathized with him on the present occasion. (Hear.) Nevertheless, the motion originated in the modesty of the hon. and gallant Member; for the House would testify that if it were possible for nature to produce a calf with as many heads as Hydra (a laugh), the united hundred would be as nothing to

"That dome of thought, that palace of the soul,"—

adorning the shoulders of the gallant Member. (Loud cheers.) He, therefore, hoped the gallant Member would withdraw his motion. The tariff was yet to be considered. The condition of asses in every part of the globe, but of British asses in particular, was at present most uncertain. He, therefore, put it to the feelings of the House and the gallant Member, whether—under such peculiar claims to his forbearance—he would not withdraw the motion.

Colonel SIBTHORP replied. The right hon. Baronet had triumphed. He (Colonel Sibthorp) felt that on this occasion only, he must consider "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and would therefore merge his individual feelings touching the calf, into the very natural interest he took in all asses—and the asses of his native country in particular.

Motion withdrawn.

THE TURF.

THE great race for the Clapham Handicap, which is to come off next week on the Common, is exciting very considerable interest in the sporting world. The great jackass stakes are already nearly made up, and William Soames, Esq., has declared that his grey Jerusalem filly, got by Accident out of Green-yard, shall run at all hazards. The odds are in a very uneven state, and have hitherto been all in favour of the three-year-old donkey, Flying Eugenia; and as the owner's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, (a very stout young woman,) is to be the rider, there will be a heavy Bet upon the animal, which will try her mettle.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. VII.

AN IMPORTANT REVELATION.

We are compelled, as faithful chroniclers, to state that our friend Mr. Muff has been "done"—regularly sold, and swindled out of five pounds one, at Clodpole Races.

CUT FOR THE SIMPLES.

We hasten to report the transaction, in hopes that it may be of service to our subscribers; for although our Number will not refresh the universe until the Derby is over, yet the Oaks, Ascot, and Mousley are still to come.

Accompanied by Jack Randle, Mr. Muff locked up his surgery on the "cup day" at the above place of resort; and leaving word that if anything required his attendance, he should be found at the winning-post after each race, set off to the race-course, about half a mile distant. He had not been there half an hour before the swindle took place, of which we are indebted to Mr. Randle for the particulars—Mr. Muff evidently feeling ashamed of his simplicity.

It appears that although Joseph was "well up" in London diversions and impositions, he had not sufficiently studied the Physiology of the Race-course. Randle had left him, to arrange with some sporting friends about riding a jibbing mare in the hurdle-race; and as Mr. Muff was sauntering about the course, his attention was drawn to a little knot of people who were crowding round a slight three-legged table, upon which a man was exhibiting the mysteries of the pea and thimble. As he had frequently heard of this game, coupled with the parliamentary proceedings of the House of Commons, he joined the circle, and, by the politeness of the two bystanders, who saw he was anxious to inspect the game, and politely made way for him, got close to the table.

A birdseye inspection of the company satisfied him that he was in proper company. There was an honest farmer in spectacles, with a pocket-book in his hand, full of notes, and a very superior gentleman's servant, in clean top-boots, with a whip; with two young men of fashion, in blue satin stocks, brown cutaway coats, with conservative brass buttons, and patent leather boots, with long toes; and a respectable gentleman in black, who looked something between a butler out of place and a methodist parson; and lastly, such a dashing, handsome lady, in a lemon-coloured lined muslin dress, beautifully embroidered with sprigs and trimmed with green bows, wearing a flat gold watch at her waist, not at all afraid of the pickpockets, and wafting a perfume of verbena from the laced handkerchief that could be perceived all the way up the course—also sporting one of the celebrated twenty-shilling bonnets which have caused so great an excitement in the Royal Drawing-rooms and the fashionable world at large.

"Gentlemen, and noble sportsmen," said the professor of the game, who was a very pleasant-looking man, in a shooting-coat and freckles; "the condishuns of this curious game is easy to be taught and to be learnt. If you have a quick eye to trace my movements, which is all the chance I have, and diskiver which thimble the little *pay* is under, you wins; otherwise you loses quite different and permiskus."

"Now here's little Jack, the dodger, in his round-house, that never pay no taxes. Here he goes again—vun, two, three, and never say die; right round the corner out of that vun, up the middle, down again, and slap into this vun. Here's the thimbles as loses, and that vun's the vinner, and who says done for a fi' pun note? Come farmer, say the five."

The farmer put his hands in his pocket, and inspected the thimbles—the money was laid on the table, and Mr. Muff looked on in breathless excitement. The right thimble was lifted up, and the farmer pocketed the money, which our friend thought he might just as well have had himself, for he should have lifted up the same; so he resolved to keep a sharp look out.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the man, "I never grumbles at losing, but I'd rather win. Them as don't see don't tell, and them as do, hold their tongues, for luck's the real sportsman. Here goes agin—vun, two, three; it's my place to hide, and yours to find; out of this vun, and who's afraid? Different people has different opinions, but it's not unkivered now for any sum you like—who says a flimsy?"

"I think it is under the one nearest to us," observed one of the conservative cutaways to Mr. Muff.

"No; *I* think it's the middle one," remarked Joseph in reply.

"I'll go you two," said the gentleman to the player.

"Say the five, sir," replied the man, touching his hat.

"No, two;" repeated the gentleman, putting down the money.

"Pull away, sir," answered the player. The cutaway lifted up the nearest thimble, and lost.

"Well, I shouldn't have thought it," exclaimed the gentleman to Mr. Muff; "what a wonderfully quick eye you must have!"

"I could guess it every time," said Mr. Muff; "wait till he begins again."

"Now, then, for another turn," said the man; "if you've got no money, you can't play; but if you have, you may win a fortune. Here he is, and there he is, and now he's everywhere. Vun, two, three—out of this vun slick into the t'other. Now, you boys, keep back—I only plays with gentlemen."

As the thimble-man turned to disperse the crowd behind him, the conservative cutaway lifted up the thimble, and showed the pea to the spectators, covering it rapidly again as the player resumed his occupation.

"It's not found out, for a ten pun' note," said he.

"It's been seen," exclaimed the honest farmer.

"I know that," said the man; "I always shows it to the company. Who's game to bet?"

"Take him, sir," whispered the cutaway to Mr. Muff; "you're sure to win, and I'll go you halves."

Mr. Muff was in an agony of desperation, but he would not bet ten pounds. He therefore wagered the five, and, by so doing, nearly emptied his exchequer.

"I'll move them round once more, sir, if you like," said the player, touching the thimbles.

"No, no," cried the cutaway; "I know your cheaty ways; let the gentleman choose for himself."

With nervous haste, Mr. Muff placed the amount of the bet on the table, and lifted up the thimble under which the "little pay" had been seen. What was his consternation and horror to find it was gone!

"Bless me!" said the cutaway, "what a mistake. Look here, Sir, this is the thimble you ought to have lifted: you chose the wrong one."

Maddened with anger at being thus gloriously taken in, "downey" as he imagined himself to be, Mr. Muff raised his heavy stick, and smashed the table with one blow, at the same time seriously damaging the shins of the cutaway; and then rushed from the spot, in the vain hope of finding a policeman.

It is really remarkable, that year after year, victims are still found for the thimble-rig—in many instances, clear-headed and intelligent persons. The whole of the ruffianly gang who compose the party are keen adepts at legerdemain, coarse and horny, as are all their hands—the chief marks that betray them. There is no cobbler's wax in the thimbles, neither is the pea magnetic or adhesive: the whole swindle is comprised in an adroit use of the nail of the second finger, whilst the thimble is lifted by the forefinger and thumb. After it has once been covered over you are never sure of it, even if the thimbles are not again moved; for it can be taken up or dropped with the slightest visible motion. In Mr. Muff's case, which is a very common one, the transfer was effected when the man asked "if he should move them again."

Were it a fair straightforward game, the chances are two to one against you; but played as it is, no one can possibly win. Many of our readers may say, this is all very well, but they knew it before. Probably they may; yet it is evident there are some who do not, or the thimble men would not succeed as they do, year after year, in catching new fools—for fools, and downright idiotic ones, they are.

ORGANIC.

We must refer our friends to the next number, in order that they may learn what steps Mr. Muff took to retrieve his losses, and how he succeeded—the minute anatomy of which speculation we shall also lay open, with any admonition we may think it advisable to give.

POLYTECHNIC POETRY.

We have received numerous letters calling our attention to the effusions of some highly mechanical bard, who has found in the Tank at the Polytechnic another Hippocrene. After much labour and enquiry, we have succeeded in procuring two specimens of these unique lyrics, with which we generously present our readers :—

No. I.

THE SONG OF THE BELL, (NOT SCHILLER'S).

AIR—*The deep, deep Sea.*

THE BELL OF THE BALL-ROOM.

Oh! come with me, Miss Brown,
Perch yourself upon the plank,
And we'll dive a fathom down
In the deep, deep tank.
In the deep, deep tank,
In the deep, deep tank.

There are seats enough to spare,
No rough waves your nerves to shock;
And should you want more air,
You must give "a double knock."
And gold and silver fish
You'll encounter on your way;
With pieces of the ship,
That is blown up thrice a day.
Then come with me, &c.

Ah! how can young sweethearts lounge,
In the galleries above;
When a shilling makes them plunge
"Over head and ears" in love.
Should you not my suit repel,
When in air again we swing,
On emerging from the bell
I may treat you to a "ring."
Then come with me, &c.

No. II.

HE WORE A SUIT OF MOSES'.

(One of 'diver's' lays.)

Air of course anticipated by the title, so there is no occasion to put it.

He wore a suit of Moses',
When first at morn we met;
'Twas ten o'clock—the visitors
Had not assembled yet.
His high-lows were eight shilling ones,
His voice assumed the tone
Of one to whom both wet and colds
Were intimately known.
I saw him just, yet back again
My mind his image brings,
As he swept the upper gallery,
And dusted the queer things.

A dress of Deane's tight mackintosh,
When next we met, he wore;
He sought the bottom of the tank,
And walked about the floor.
His head assumed a goblin form
That might young children scare—
He seized the little "Royal George,"
And placed some powder there.
I saw him but an instant,
Then I closed my eyes and ears,
For Colonel Pasley's batteries
Aroused my keenest fears.

And once again I saw his shape
When rising from the tank;
He climbed the ladder dripping wet—
His hair was dank and lank.
But when at last he was assured
That there was no one near,
He shrunk behind the air-pump stand,
And took a drain of beer.
I mark'd him but a moment,
Yet again I see him quaff,
(Rejoicing that his dive was done,)
That pint of half-and-half.

Fashionable Intelligence.

ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE WEEK.

MONDAY.—Mr. Snob's *soirée cigarique*, or smoking party, at his chambers in Pump-court.

TUESDAY.—Mr. Jones's tripe *réunion*, at Whetstone Park.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr. Baron Nathan's last ball at Kennington. It is particularly requested that the ticket entitling the holder to *a* sandwich may be given up when THE sandwich is delivered.

THURSDAY.—Mr. Seedy's *petite diner* at Cann's soup establishment.

FRIDAY.—Duke Humphry's grand entertainment in Red Lion-square.

SATURDAY.—A public breakfast under the Piazzas at Covent-garden. Coffee will be on table at half-past three, A.M., precisely.

FURTHER ARRANGEMENTS.

MONDAY WEEK.—We understand that this day has been selected for the long talked of marriage between Dashwould Diaper, Esquire, of Waterloo House, and Miss Susannah Simper, one of the lovely and accomplished young ladies of the same fashionable establishment. We have been favoured with a sight of the *trousseau*, which comprises a tasteful selection from the last year's stock of soiled and damaged articles. The bride will be given away by the cashier, and as the present is the busiest part of the season, the happy couple are expected to spend the whole of the honeymoon behind the counter.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

We have heard a whisper of a party of antiquarians having associated for the patriotic purpose of purchasing Aldgate Pump, with a view to bringing out an illuminated history of that well-known but somewhat unappreciated object. The Pump itself appears externally nothing remarkable; but antiquarian research, it is expected, will invest it with startling interest. The spout, when properly inspected and regarded in the most striking point of view, is capable of throwing a light on many important points of civic history; and there is no doubt that if the subject is carefully worked out, and elaborated with that patience which antiquarians know so well how to bestow, the topic will be one of rather an exciting character. It is to be hoped that the corporation to whom the Pump belongs will place no obstacle in the way of this great national design, which may be greatly damped if any handle is made use of for throwing cold water upon the zeal of the parties alluded to.

SECURING A HAPPY OLD AGE.

"It 's a saving of one-half," as the toper said when his wife died.

"I shall soon get round again," as the earth said to the sun on the 1st of January.

SUBURBAN GEOGRAPHY.

THE suburbs of London are replete with the most interesting reminiscences; and we can promise our readers a luxurious repast, if they will only accompany us on a few trips. We will first transport ourselves into the Horseferry Road. Here let us pause: for we are on the spot which has been trodden by the venerable deceased, and we are now walking on sacred ground made by the double-soled boots of our ancestors. The Horseferry Road is probably so called, because there was a ferry there at one time or other; and it is not impossible that at the same uncertain epoch—we mean one time or other—a horse may have been ferried over. We are now opposite Lambeth. Look at that magnificent relic of monastic ages: how high it holds its hoary head above the gas lamp at its foot! Lambeth Palace is full of old historical recollections, from the time of Boniface down to that of Henry, its present highly-gifted—which in this case means largely-salaried—occupant. Boniface is said to have built one room, and Whitgift probably enlarged the attics. Laud remodelled the safe; and Cardinal Pole is believed to have planted something in the garden, which now no longer exists; while Grindall effected great improvements in the kitchen, and is strongly suspected of having put up the coffee-mill.

Queen Elizabeth, when she removed from Hampton Court to Greenwich, staid all night at Lambeth; though, if her majesty made a two days' journey of a mere half-a-crown cab-fare, she was undoubtedly guilty of making two bites at a cherry. Stowe tells us that "ye queene dydd goe to Llambythe;" while Camden says nothing of the matter. So that between the two travelling old antiquarians we are left in a precious labyrinth of mystery. Moore, the Almanac maker, lived at Lambeth; and Moore, a grocer, lives there still: which is a very curious coincidence.

It is said that the queen of James the Second took refuge under the walls of Lambeth church, on the night of the 6th of Dec., 1688. We have looked in vain round the whole edifice for any thing like a hiding-place, but have found nothing of the sort; and, therefore, unless Mary d'Este—for such was the queen's name—got into the watch-box, the story of her having concealed herself outside Lambeth church must be grossly fabulous. We are told that she stood there "with her infant son, awaiting a means of conveyance to a place of security." If this means anything, it is, that her majesty was standing up in readiness to hail the first omnibus that might pass by; but our readers will at once perceive that Stowe may very properly be called upon to "Stowe it," if he should persist in telling us a story so very incredible.

Vauxhall is the place next on the route, and possesses no particular feature of attraction or interest. It is admitted that the Gunpowder conspirators met once at Vauxhall; but who admits it, or who the conspirators were, or what was the exact spot on which they met, are all matters that time alone can unravel, for at present nothing certain is known with regard to them.

Stop, stranger! we are at Battersea. Look around, and say whether the genius of the place does not exercise its influence over your feelings! It does: Battersea is a swamp, stranger! Let us make the best of our way out of it.

Everybody knows Chelsea Hospital; and what everybody knows, it would be very absurd in us to take up any time or space in talking of. The eccentric Mr. Jones is said to be buried in Chelsea parish churchyard; and the tombstone of the benevolent, but ill appreciated Mr. Smith, is in the same sacred locality. His epitaph is remarkable; we copied it into our note-book, and have inserted it here for the gratification of the general reader:—

> "Of eulogy it is the very pith,
> Merely to say, 'beneath this stone lies Smith.'"

Some critics attribute these graceful lines to Pope, but Johnson, in his Lives of the Poets, makes no allusion either to the epitaph itself or to the probable author of it.

The town of Chelsea is large and straggling, and Pennant tells us that the son of the Lord Protector lived in the Cheyne Walk, which we take the liberty of setting down as an egregious blunder. Richard Cromwell brewed beer much better than he brewed political mischief, and he was thought "small beer" of in more senses than one, for his countrymen despised his statesmanship while they highly esteemed his double X.

HEAVY WET.

Chelsea has given a title to the eldest son of Earl Cadogan, and it must be indeed gratifying to that illustrious family to feel that one of its scions is identified with a spot so renowned in modern history. The Bun House is an object that we must on no account omit to mention, and we ought perhaps, to observe that there are two establishments which both claim, in energetic language, the merit of being the "Old Original." In an old volume published so far back as the year 1828, we find mention made of a bun having been purchased at the Old Original Bun House, but we are still in the dark as to which of the two "Old Originals" is alluded to. A Chelsea Bun is, in our opinion, a very dry and disagreeable affair, but the name will always render it an object of juvenile desire. The commerce of Chelsea is confined chiefly to its buns and its ale, the latter taking the name of Chelsea Ale, not from anything peculiar in its manufacture, taste, or quality—for it is all brewed in London—but simply from its being sold by the Chelsea publicans. Directly there is an arrival from Meux's or Barclay and Perkins', the ale of those establishments at once assumes the name of Chelsea Ale, and is served out as such to customers. There is no doubt that there is something in the atmosphere of the place,—a sort of *genius loci*, which gives to the ale a certain degree of *Chelseaness*, and upon the same principle as a horse chestnut was proved to be a chestnut horse, it is perhaps fair that Ale at Chelsea should be sold as Chelsea Ale by the native publicans. Sir Hans Sloane was at one time the "Cock of the Walk" at Chelsea, and having in his lifetime collected a few cocked hats and javelins from the Caribbee Chiefs, he bestowed on the miscellaneous rubbish the name of a Museum, and humbugged the nation into giving £20,000 to purchase it. It is true that he had added a few petrifactions and a lot of manuscripts, as well as some dried leaves, which usually go by the name of "objects of natural history," and the Museum thus composed, is believed to be well worthy the attention of the curious in trash and tomahawks. We are told that Chelsea Church-yard is enriched by the remains of Dr. Martyn, who translated the Bucolics and Georgics of Virgil. If it be a merit to have translated these, we take no little credit to ourselves for having outstripped Dr. Martyn, for when at school we translated the Æneid in addition to the other poems of the Mantuan; so that when our own settled ashes shall repose under some cheap tombstone in the Harrow Road Cemetery, we have a right to expect that the spot shall be pointed out as containing the remains of the "translator of the Æneid." To prevent mistakes we ought, perhaps, to have the fact intimated in an epitaph.

Foreign Intelligence.

THERE has been no arrival since yesterday, and our last dates, (for which we gave a shilling a pound,) are of the most stale and unsatisfactory character. Our Rotherhithe letters speak of local differences, but our correspondent does not allude to the cause of them. The last is altogether in an alarming condition, and people were continually pouring into the city, with anxiety strongly marked upon the features of most of them.

The Fulham frontier remained perfectly tranquil at the time when our last dispatches from that quarter were made up, and the Omnibuses went backwards and forwards as usual.

The British resident at Kensington has sent in a protest upon the Gas question, in which he insists strongly upon his own neutrality, and expresses his determination to continue his present attitude. The great fair at Wandsworth passed off without any particular demonstration of public feeling. The mayor was in attendance, and honoured the lucky-bag by a dip, when he was fortunate enough to obtain a pewter breast-buckle.

HON. MEMBERS FOR—"BRIBERY."

E forget the name of the moralising wit who, observing a troop of Eton boys at play, pathetically observed, "What a dreadful thing to contemplate, that some day, many of these hearty happy little fellows will be turned into Members of Parliament!"

For ourselves, who look perhaps with a too philosophic eye upon the merely nominal rank and external bravery of this world—we have often considered, with a yearning of compassion, the condition of those inglorious Members of the Senate, who, like compasses, would seem merely made to turn and divide; who never, save when they venture to cry, "Hear, hear!" list to their own voices in St. Stephen's; who have no influence; no self-love to gratify; no eloquence to grind upon their brethren; to whom the type of morning papers brings with it no sweets of authorship; and whose whole senatorial dignity is comprised in the barrenness of M. P.!

We may be peculiarly constituted; but if we sought to avoid the tedium of life by the rational employment of our time, certainly, with the police force open to us, we would rather have "A. No. 1" upon our collar, than such an M. P. appended to our name. Much more pleasant, more healthful, more interesting to our immortal part would be to us—a nightly duty in Parliament-street, than a nightly sitting in the House of Commons. The police constable observes life; has the consciousness of authority simmering at his heart; can give his uncheeked opinion on men and things as they present themselves to his midnight meditations; he has also the pure air of heaven about him; and, if he have any astronomical aspirations, may let his soul dally with both Ursa Major and Ursa Minor, and receive immortal sustenance from the Milky Way. We may contemplate the misery of drunkenness and riot, and such morality, "as a weasel sucks eggs," from the profligacy of mankind. There is nothing in his beat that, with a well-ordered mind, he may not—fires and riots excepted—"turn to prettiness and favour." Nay, even a conflagration may minister to his moral dignity; he thereby perceiving—as often occurs in cases of non-insurance—how fleeting and deceptive are the gifts of fortune, seeing that the tradesman may be waked from a dream of double profits, to leap, with all his property in one shirt upon his back, from a three-pair window. We are stedfast in our belief. A philosopher—ay, Diogenes himself—might have worthily employed his lanthorn as a police-constable. Such a functionary feels that he really is somebody. He treads the flag-stones the embodiment of vigilance and honesty. If a blow be dealt upon the subject, on the instant he appears, to lay hands upon the evil-doer; if "stop thief" were wafted on the breezes of the night, in two minutes, at most, he grasps the felon's collar. And, in addition to this sense of public utility, comes the sweetness of a salary. He not only keeps the peace, but is paid for keeping it. He labours continually in the public good, and takes money for his pains.

Turn we to the picture of the dumb member of Parliament—to the mere manikin of legislation. He takes his seat at six o'clock; seven, eight, it may be nine, mortal hours—deducting an occasional shirk to Bellamy's—has he to remain nailed to his seat. Contrast his enjoyments with the delights of the policeman. What sees he of life but its threadbare sophistries—its most hackneyed tricks? He sees the iniquity—he is perfectly conscious of the wrong committed; but alas! poor man, he was returned to Parliament for his voice, and not for his words, and has not courage to say "bo" to a goose, for a goose may be the Minister. Then the atmosphere he breathes! The air about him is freighted with corruption. What would he give for a gulp of the delicious breeze sweetening the lungs of "A. No. 1"! Then, alas! *his* Ursa Major may be MUNTZ; *his* Ursa Minor, Colo[nel] SIBTHORP; whilst the brimstone eloquence of a FERRAND [may] supply everything but the Milky Way!

The policeman, seeing an assault, apprehends the ruffian. [The] miserable member of Parliament is doomed night after night [to] hold tens of thousands of the poor knocked down, trample[d] scourged like beasts—and, however his heart may swell o[r] within him, his tongue is palsied in his mouth. Or if, indeed, [by] nity conquer his bashfulness, and he suddenly finds himself u[p]on legs, he stammers a word or two, the whole House swims round h[im] and, amidst "roars of laughter," he sinks upon his seat, wishing at the moment he could sink through the floor! A grand national robbery is committed. An odd million or so may be taken from the pockets of the people. Our Member of Parliament, dumb as an oyster, sees the iniquity performed; and at a quarter to three the House is adjourned. At about four o'clock, with the sparrows twittering at his bed-room windows, our senator gets between the sheets,—with the most profound, the most humiliating sense of his Parliamentary worthlessness. His name will gem no part of the morning's *Times*—or if, indeed, it be there, "roars of laughter" will be sure to accompany it.

The worst is yet to come. Less lucky than the policeman, he is paid no penny for this drudgery. The worst, did we say? Nay, not so; the worst is for himself and thousands of others; he has himself paid down half a fortune for the privilege of Parliamentary insignificance. His dirty hands have struck a foul bargain with rascality and want, that he may represent them; and of the first, he assuredly is a most fitting representative. He is introduced to the Speaker by Mammon and Perjury. Some three or four hundred doomed souls—bought and dearly paid for—have sent the Christian law-maker to Parliament. He is not wafted to the House of Commons by "airs from heaven," but by "blasts from hell." The damned (upon his own creed) are among his constituents—damned by his own gold; and Beelzebub now and then looks in and counts his members on both sides of the Commons.

We are aware that this may be thought a very vulgar way of testing election false swearing. We believe that Hon. Members think the perjuries of electors, like the perjuries of lovers, only matter of mirth for the gods; no recording angel taking down the blasphemy. We should like to have the Archbishop of Canterbury's opinion on the case. We think he might preach a condemned sermon to the culprits of Newcastle, Sudbury, Southampton, and other places too numerous to mention.

Mr. Roebuck has obtained for himself more good by his late catechising of certain Members, aye, infinitely more good than he could ever have plucked from his genealogical tree. He has stirred up the foul source of Parliamentary bribery, and the nation cries "faugh!" and stops the nose at it. Members may twitch forth their lavender-scented handkerchiefs, and affect great disgust at the unseemly conduct of the M. P. for Bath; but they cannot divest themselves of the foul, the fetid odour cast upon them by his motion.

And where, we ask, are the purchasers of electors,—the traffickers in the souls of men? Where are they, Tory, Whig, and all-professing Radical,—where are they? Already turned or struck from the House of Commons? Is there any felon brand upon their name? Are they shunned by society? Are they in common with the wretch who has worked out his twelvemonth at the Penitentiary for false swearing,—are they objects of contempt to their fellow-men? By no means! And why? Election perjury is a thing to be bought; and whatever in England may be obtained by gold, is, by the very thing that obtains it, made allowable. To buy men's souls, being the luxury of the rich, the commodity may be looked upon as n[o]ely an expensive enjoyment—like strawberries in November, or peas at Christmas.

We would, however, remind conscientious senators henceforth to have appended to their names "Member of Parliament" in full: otherwise, the superficial and unreflecting may, in the naked "M.P.," see only "Member for Perjury." Q.

PUNCH'S ILLUMINATIONS.

VICTORIA'S birthday produced several illuminations on a scale of unusual grandeur; and we beg to lay before our readers the following account of a few of the most conspicuous.

The Punch Office.—A magnificent jet of real gas, arranged behind a number of the Almanack so as to give the effect of a splendid transparency.

Mr. Snooks's.—A couple of long-fours placed on mahogany pedestals formed by a pair of card-tables, one in each window. A very brilliant effect was obtained, by two junior members of the Snooks' family standing at the back of the light, the glare of which upon their features had an almost unearthly appearance.

The Toffy Establishment in Oakley Street presented one blaze of illuminated lollipops. A whole pound of sixes furnished the back of the window; and a magnificent pile of rock, surmounted by a quantity of Bonaparte's Ribs, gave a very striking idea of Napoleon, in exile, on the rock of St. Helena. A sugar cradle, with a figure in yellow chalk of a slumbering infant, was intended to signify the Prince of Wales, and a stream of light, ingeniously thrown upon this interesting object by a rush-light burning in the parlour at the back of the shop, considerably heightened the gorgeousness of this illumination.

Mr. Scrubb, the poet, with considerable loyalty, drew his table to his garret window, and liberally allowed his dip (an ordinary twelve) to remain upon it until it had completely burned down into the socket.

Pitts's Marble Warehouse.—A splendid star of Brunswick elaborately worked in printing-ink on a species of tea-paper, and, underneath, a quantity of (in)-appropriate verses. Before it, was a beautiful kitchen candle, which was continually kept snuffed by Mr. Pitts himself, who added to the brilliancy of the display by occasionally, at regular intervals, igniting a lucifer. There was a large crowd round the marble warehouse, during the greater part of the evening, and Mr. Pitts came forward, more than once, to bow his acknowledgments.

Mr. Figgins's ground-floor front was an object of considerable interest. He had placed a pair of Palmer's metallic-wicked candles on his chimney-piece, and had a small party, who added much to the gaiety of the evening by singing with open windows. A large crowd remained outside during the whole evening; and the steps and iron railings were crowded by a mixed company, who repeatedly addressed observations—complimentary and otherwise—to the persons in the apartment, of which a fine view was commanded. Complimentary rushlights were very general throughout the whole night, but they did not seem to excite any considerable interest.

Unreported Parliamentary Effects.

THE BOYS OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.—The other day certain Members of the House of Commons appeared at the bar of the House of Lords, in the usual form, to apply for a copy of minutes of some evidence taken before a committee of their Lordships.

PETITIONING AGAINST A RETURN.

The Earl of Shaftesbury, who officiated for the Lord Chancellor, jocosely said to the Commons, "Oh, we'll send our own boys with it." The boys in question are divers learned gentlemen called *Masters* in Chancery, part of whose duty it is to be the bearers of bills, messages, &c., from the Lords to the Commons. Their being styled *Master* this and *Master* that, *Master* Scarlett *par exemple*, has led their Lordships familiarly to call them their boys.

LORD BROUGHAM'S BULL.—In the case of the Townshend peerage, on the same day, Lord Brougham caused roars of laughter by suggesting a search for *precedents*—observing, with great gravity, that he believed the case to be altogether *unprecedented*. The Earl of Stanhope took snuff like mad, and laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

WORKS OF ART IN THE METROPOLIS.

No. I.—THE WAITHMAN TESTIMONIAL.

THIS curious tribute to civic worth is a rare specimen of the munificence of our British merchants, at whose entire expense the whole erection was completed. We are not aware if there was any competition for the design; but if there was, the best model that was offered appears to have been that of a common street-post, which, though upon a somewhat augmented scale, forms, in fact, the monument we are speaking of. The Waithman column, or obelisk, as it is more properly called, is believed to be nearly twelve feet high, and the depth from north to south is about fifteen inches; while there is a frontage towards the east, and another towards the west, each of which forms a façade of at least a foot and a quarter. The effect of this beautiful specimen of modern art is much increased by a raised pedestal of substantial pavement, which gives to the monument the singular advantage of a double base, besides affording a very fine point for near observation by the passengers.

The enthusiasm of the public, who were in the habit of approaching the granite, and having "a chip at the old block," for the purpose of carrying away a relic, has rendered it necessary to inclose the structure with a strong railing, which is regularly painted once in three years by the dividends upon twenty shillings vested for the purpose in the three per cents. by an admirer of Alderman Waithman's principles.

The following inscription was rejected as too classical; and another, which is so blocked up with dust that there is no reading it, has been substituted:—

AD PONDUS HOMO.
HOC BLOCK.
ALIQUOT JOUIALES GALLI,
HIC SIC
SEDEBANT SUPER:
PONDUS HOMO.
SECAVIT SUUM BACULUM.
A. D. ———
PRO HOC. BLOCK.
PRECIOSUS VISUS NUMMI
DONABATUR.

We subjoin a translation, with the Latin literally rendered into English, for the benefit of the less learned reader:—

Ad Pondus Homo,	To *Weight*-man, which is easily corrupted into *Waith*-man,
Hoc Block,	This block,
Aliquot Jouiales Galli,	Some Jolly Cocks,
Sedebant Super,	Set up.
Pondus Homo,	Weight-man.
Secavit suum Baculum,	Cut his stick,
A. D.	Any day, or some day.
Pro Hoc Block,	For this block
Preciosus Visus Nummi,	A precious sight of money
Donabatur,	Was given.

When such monuments as this reward the integrity and industry of our British silk mercers—

SHOT SILK.

encouraging the young to an honourable course, and giving to the old a pleasing prospect of being obelisked after their decease, we are not surprised that a British tradesman should be what our old claptrap dramatists used to call him—"the pride of his own nation, and the wonder of the world."

PUNCH'S ANCIENT COSTUMES.

THE POT-BOY OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

It is a remarkable trait in the English character, that there is a strong disposition to attach an idea of an appropriate age to certain pursuits; and the generic terms of "man," "boy," "woman," "girl," have become identified with a variety of callings, without respect to the age of the individuals pursuing them. Hence we have "post-*boys*" who have devoted half-a-century to their exciting occupation; and "Pot-boys" who have nothing of the "boy" about them but the appellation.

The carrying out of beer is a very ancient practice, and dates as far back as the earliest origin of the custom alluded to. We have seen in a private collection a manuscript poem with the quaint title of "A Rhapsody on Pots and Pot-boys," in which the author makes some fanciful allusions to beer in the olden time, and to the modern practice of having it in "your own jugs," which the writer greatly disapproves, and he very happily applies the fine Shaksperian expression, "Jug me no jugs," which is a truly Elizabethan slap at the senseless innovation. Porter in the "pewter" has long been a theme of adoration with

"Savage, saint, and sage;"

for the dustman, the methodist, and the wise man, are all of them equally addicted to drinking the delicious beverage in vessels made of the metal we have mentioned.

The first direct allusion to Pot-boys, properly so called, is to be found in Shakspeare's "Richard the Third," where persons are said to enter, "carrying King Henry's bier" (*vulgo*, beer); and as his "beer" is subsequently ordered "to Whitefriars," there is no doubt that there was at one time a royal retreat in that now populous neighbourhood.

Having traced the Pot-boy back into a remote period, and having succeeded in winding him up with rich historical recollections, we soon bring him, by easy stages, into the fourteenth century, in which our artist has placed him.

There is an old pint pot in the British Museum, with the device of an elephant with a castle on its back, which clearly shows that the Indians—the most ancient nation of the world—were in the habit of using pots; and from this it may be inferred, that Pot-boys are at least as ancient as the pots themselves, though we have no direct proof of it. The Pot-boy of the fourteenth century was remarkable for the chasteness of his costume; and the short tunic of linsey-wolsey, aided by the leathern *Catharini*, or buskins—which some have interpreted as buckskins—gave him a very classical aspect. The cry of "Beer" is as old as the Curfew; and indeed is one of the few remnants of the good old times, which, thanks to a spirit of restless innovation, are still left to us. We never see a Pot-boy in his daily round, but we are strongly reminded of the beautiful line in the Latin grammar, which so strikingly introduces the word "pot" in (as an auctioneer would see) at least three places: "Ut*pote* Mars *pot*itur. Nos te *pote*remur Ædille." This triple allusion to *pot*, places *pots* and *Pot*-boys in a very proud position; and having got them into this position, we think it best to take leave of them.

ENTOMOLOGICAL NOTICE FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.

This is a busy month for the entomologist. At its immediate commencement, the Sweeps make their appearance in every variety of colour; the head and thorax, however, are the same in all specimens, being of a dusty brown; the antennæ are long, but vary extremely—some are feathers of a dirty white colour, others darker, and of a deep orange. Marbled Whites are numerous in the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, and are easily captured. Blues of all descriptions come out in small coteries; some of a large size are to be found, of an afternoon, near the Horse Guards, especially in the enclosure of the Park. Towards evening, Painted Ladies are numerous, and fall an easy prey to any one inclined to pursue them. The Common White abounds in the neighbourhood of Chalk Farm and Primrose Hill. The Caterpillar not unfrequently makes its appearance at dinner time, especially in early Spring cabbages. Browns are generally scarce; nor are Coppers, large or small, often seen flying about in this or any other season. Red Admirals are very rare; one specimen was discovered in Portland Place last summer, but has not been heard of since. Of the Lepidoptera, Cats are very numerous; they abound on the tiles of almost every house. Towards the close of the month, there will be some good sport on Epsom Downs; many of the Hawk tribe will be found about the young sprigs, Melanoscella also, in any part of the course; but they must be secured on the wing, as they very seldom settle. Lastly, let the young entomologist never go out on an excursion without having, first of all, borrowed the salt-box.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 12.

Oh! think not my trousers were always as bad
As these at this moment upon me you see,
For age on their beauty has influence had—
Time whitens not only the head but the knee.
Then turn not aside with derision and scorn;
They're seedy, I own, both behind and before:
Like the heart of the wearer, 'tis true they are torn—
Like his bosom they've suffer'd full many a gore.

"But never despair," says the confident sage,
And I, even I, am encouraged to hope;
For I found by the paper's advertisement page
There's something still left us on earth, besides soap.
Yes, here is the balsam that gladdens my eye—
Oh! can the alluring announcement be true!
A patent reviver—a species of dye
Which makes an old coat look quite equal to new!

Oh, why in the world should we further go on,
When the lights are all out that illumined our way?
When the tailors who trusted are bankrupts and gone,
And cold ones insist upon punctual pay?
No, rather the garments I have I'll still wear,
Than ask of the "cold ones" a boon they'd deny;
They will not give credit!—at once I'll repair
To the mart for the patent reviver—and dye!

THE BURST BOILER AND THE BROKEN HEART;

A STEAMICO-NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RADDLED RANGER," "THE OCEAN SORCERESS," "THE LAST OF THE TOMAHAWKIANS," &c. &c. &c. &c.

CHAP. I.—THE RACE AND THE RIVER.

"AVAST, Bob!" exclaimed old Hawshole, giving the pot a circular toss, so as to mix the gin and ginger with the beer. "Hold hard!" he continued, emptying the contents as easily as if his stomach were a steam-boiler, and the pewter a fire-bucket. "B'lay! I won't have it at no price!"

"Have it or not," returned Bob Stoker, "it's as true as one of Maudslay and Company's piston-rods, or the motion of a Sabine pendulum. It's a fact—so help me safety-valve!"

"Very well," persisted the pensioner, breaking his pipe and tracing its end along the sloppy table; "we'll just argify this ere. Here's Bugsby's-hole, and here, you say, lay the wessel, the wind a whole gale from the sow-west; now arn't it mortally unpossible that—"

"Go ahead easy!" interrupted the mate of the 'Phizgig,' "and let me tell you how it happened, and then it will be time enough for you to let off some of your waste-steam in argification."

"Spin away, my hearty!" shouted the maimed old mariner, giving his wooden leg an impressive thump on the floor. "I loves a yarn better than Captain's grog; so pay out."

Mr. Robert Stoker, First Mate of the St. George's Steam Company's good ship "Phizgig," having considerately ordered "dog's-nose for two," together with "pipes and screws," and having gallantly winked at the pretty bar-maid of the "Jolly Paddle-box," who brought the elegant articles, proceeded with his narrative:—

"Ah! last Whit-Monday as ever was, was a proud day for Lower Thames-street. There, alongside Nicholson's Wharf, lay the gallant 'Phizgig,' fresh painted and new-engined, with as powerful a boiler, and as first-rate a cargo of Hetton's Wall's-end, as ever were stowed under hatches. Above-board, too, what a picture she was! The awning as white as a pockethandkercher, the seats as green as a First Lord of the Admiralty, and the binnacle polished like the steward's stew-pans. Then, through the combings of the hatchways, might have been seen the brilliant machinery, fresh from the ironmonger's work-shop; the pistons bright as the saloon looking-glasses, and the frame-bars luminously black as our Captain's japanned boots. Never was a vessel better fitted to bid defiance to the dangers of a trip to Sheerness, round the Nore-light, and back! Never was the deck of a craft better suited for the numerous balls which—"

"Did she carry any guns, then?" inquired the tar of a former century.

"Not exactly," was the ready answer, "but six-and-fifty dozen of double stout, and as many 'cork' of soda-water were shipped, under the superintendence of the steward. In short, from bowsprit to ladies' cabin, the 'Phizgig' was as complete a craft as ever stemmed the tides of Father Thames. The variegated colours of her funnel were only equalled by the clean run of her waist—and then, her paddle-boxes—my dear eyes!"

GOING THE WHOLE HOG.

The enthusiastic admirer, overcome by professional admiration, breathless for the want of words, or for something to drink, dipped deeply into the dog's-nose.

"Though it was only eight o'clock," he persevered, "the blue-peter was hoisted at the fore; the Captain sent orders from the 'Red Herring and Mudlark,' (where he was breakfasting) to get up the steam, which command was promptly obeyed by the stoker, who instantly lighted the fire. In a few minutes all on board was activity; while the decks were being diligently swabbed by the Ninth Mate, the steward of the larboard dining-table was cutting sandwiches as if his own existence depended upon the rapidity of his motions. Meantime I mounted the paddle-box, and gave the necessary orders for our being hauled more closely alongside the floating barge to which we were moored, so as to enable the pastry-cook to board us with the tarts and penny buns—a manœuvre which was smartly executed by the Captain of the larboard paddle. By half-past eight all was ready to receive company; the Captain, together with the Master of Ceremonies and quadrille band, having duly arrived."

"Well, there warn't no ceremonies aboard the Billy Ruff'un," remarked Mr. Hawshole, "and in course no master on 'um. There was a master-at-arms, though, as made some on us dance to the tune of the bo'swain's cat. But howsumever, pay out."

"The vessel," replied the mate, "was chartered by the 'Benevolent Society of Jolly Cocks,' held at the 'Bunch of Fives,' and the time for starting was nine. The decks were crowded and so was the saloon; the fore-cabin was as full as it could hold, as were the paddle-box cabins and the cock-boat which swung gracefully from her davits over the stern. As the clock of St. Magnus sounded the first stroke of nine, the captain appeared over the larboard paddle; and while its last echo reverberated along the Rotherhithe shore he gave to the engineer the word 'Stand by!'

"'Stand by!' repeated the midshipman of the engine-hatchway.

"At this order the shore-lighterman slipped the spring over the floating-pier-peg, and the taut 'Phizgig,' freed from the shackles of her cable, bent gracefully by the action of the waves, as if in gratitude for her emancipation.

"'A turn or two a-head!' was the captain's next ejaculation.

"'A turn or two a-head!' promptly issued from the lips of his diminutive echo.

"At this moment our chief turned round, and his eye rested upon the Adelaide Wharf; the proceedings off which seemed to act like a spell in riveting his attention. I could see the lips of that hardy steam-man compress, his nostrils swell, his hands clench. I looked in the same direction—*my* mouth was shut, *my* fists were involuntarily doubled up. How shall I describe what I saw! But I will be calm. (Any more dog's-nose left? O thank you. I feel better now.) Well, as I was saying, there we beheld the 'Runumdown,' with the colours of the enemy (the General Thames and Continental Steam-packet Company) floating saucily in that stiff breeze, which is occasioned by the rapid draft of air that rushes through the first arch of London Bridge. I bent a second gaze upon him to whom the destinies of the 'Jolly Cocks,' together with that of their wives and sweethearts, were consigned. A faltering cloud of doubt and agony passed over his countenance. The emotion was but transient. He placed his hand in his jacket-pocket, withdrew a lucifer-match, and lighted a cigar. Yes, his mind was made up—his course of action was broadly marked out in the chart of his mind. He waved his hand to the helmsman, and exclaimed, 'Starboard helm.' Then, bending a stern gaze upon the boy below, ejaculated with the utmost presence of mind—

"'Move on easy!'

"'Move on e-e-easy!' repeated the gallant youth.

"The trim 'Phizgig' answered her paddles beautifully, and in another moment we found ourselves before—ha! ha! *a-head* of the 'Runumdown.' It was a triumphant moment!"

"Werry like," remarked Hawshole, a little puzzled to guess why.

"Having coiled up the slack of the painter," continued the mate, without deigning an explanation, "and triced the funnel main-halyards as taut as a Dutch-woman's stay-lace, I was tyeing the buntlines of the awning to the gunwale rails, when I thought I beheld one, in whom all my thoughts centred while on my most dangerous outward voyages. I looked again—though her back was towards me, and she was in the act of blowing the foam from a horn of ginger-pop—yet I could not be mistaken. Yes, it *was* her;—Jemima—she, who, I had fondly dreamt, was Bob Stoker's, and his alone. Alas! one circumstance convinced me of her perfidy—a man, with a pea-green coat and yellow under-vest, paid for the ginger-beer she so eagerly drank! The agony of that moment who can describe! It was terrific!

"It is the fortunate lot of the British steam-man that he has little time to indulge in lengthened meditations, whether they be bright as the engine fire, or dark and gloomy as the mouth of the unlit furnace. My reverie was soon interrupted. The captain's voice aroused me. I looked astarn and saw that the 'Runumdown' was just overhauling our larboard quarter; whilst ahead a lighter floated heavily on the downward current, dead athwart our bows. Here was a trying situation! but our commander was fully equal to it.

"'Stop her,' was his next order, while throwing his arm back with a force almost sufficient to capsize him over the paddle-box. The helmsman obeyed this energetic signal with herculean promptitude, and by one round turn of the wheel jammed the rudder hard-a-port. Obedient to her helm the taut 'Phizgig' swung her bows round so as to lie end on in our enemy's course, and to afford the 'Runumdown' a complete view of our broadside, and leisure to admire the beauty of our build, which, however, they determined to spoil, by trying to run right into us. Snatching up a fender, I rushed forward and received our enemy's figure-head just as it was making an unwelcome visit into the crowded saloon. A yell of disappointment issued from our opponent's fo'castle, and a few screams, (doubtless of delight,) from our deck, rewarded my well-timed exertions. I looked round—I caught Jemima's eye—she saw that other, perhaps brighter eyes, hailed me as their preserver. Had she been true, she might have shared my exultation. I could see she was cut to the soul, for she asked her companion for a sandwich.

"A clear course and a glorious career at length lay before us, and we whizzed away down the stream with all the rapidity of blazes when their colour is blue; the enemy seldom leaving us a stroke of the engine to spare. The Pool passed without the smallest mischief (if I except a trifling wherry run down, much too full of passengers to be considered safe), we

rounded the Isle of Dogs in gallant style, and made Blackwall Reach,

A FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACE.

our keel not once informing us by grounding that the dangerous shoals off Woolwich Marshes were to be avoided.

"The struggle was now painfully intense between the two vessels: the 'Runumdown's' prow was sometimes even with our own, at others but a few feet aft our stern. We were in the narrow channel called the Plaistow Roads. There was not room for two abreast in this contracted berth. Suddenly our commander shouted—

"'Stop her!'

"'Stop her!' issued from the mouth of the youngster at the engine hatchway.

"It was like an electric shock! Was the captain mad, to give up the race now at the critical moment of high-pressure? No, no; he was *not* mad; for his consummate steam-man-ship was soon evident. The enemy, to avoid running foul of us and damaging her own figure-head, was obliged to swerve from her course. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha-a-ah! She was fast embedded in the Plaistow Shoal!!!

"But the rapture caused by this was of but short duration. The sudden stoppage of the vessel beam-ended as many of the passengers as had room to tumble down, whilst some for the want of it fell overboard. I heard a well-known shriek! Again, another! My eye floated over the mass of many-coloured bonnets that strewed the stream, to select *the* yellow one. Ah, 'tis there, just under our lee. My coat is off. I am in the gulf below. I grasp that fairy figure, which weighs me down!—down!!—down!!! I am at the bottom of the Thames, but *she* is still within my grasp. My struggles are

to be continued.

SPORTING ANTICIPATIONS.

As our sheet will be at press (although not issued to the public) many hours after the running of the Derby, we do not hesitate to publish the following

Predictions concerning Epsom Races.

Blind Alley, Saturday, May, 1842.

On the Monday preceding the Derby several old hacks, who will visit Smithfield with the expectation of retiring to sand-carts or the knackers, will suddenly find themselves installed at a west-end livery-stable, and be gratified during the day at hearing themselves introduced to several young gentlemen in green, as "real good 'uns to go, tho' rum 'uns to look at."

Sundry old tilburys, buggys, gigs, and dog-carts, which have been on their last wheels for a long time, and suffer under an asthmatic creaking of the springs, will again be referred to as "elegant turn outs," and "very spicy concerns." Tailors' houses will be besieged throughout the day by servants of all denominations, from the "boy as cleans the knives for sixpence a-week and his breakfast," to the second-hand gentleman "who walets my lord, and can't drink beer, in case he gets too big for his master's waistcoats."

BRETHREN OF THE BRUSH.

Hosiers will find an immense demand for blue bird's-eye cravats, and young gentlemen who never missed a Derby for the last *two* years, will look at nothing unless it be "very sporting."

Myriads of tongues will find themselves in hot water, and venerable fowls, which recently rejoiced in a green old age, will go down as "fine chickens"—in poulterers' bills. Dozens of gooseberry wine in tin-foil night-caps will be pressed into the foreign service, and bottled porter will grow stout by the mere application of Guinness's paper plaisters.

Numerous swells will have numerous relations seriously ill about Hampstead-heath and Highgate, and be obliged to decline going to Epsom with Lord Peltoverall, who swore in round-hand at the bottom of his notes that he wouldn't take a denial.

Gentlemen who are short of hampers, and object to carrying provender in a blue bag or a hat-box—especially upon a race-course—will commence their inquiries about the probable location of friends who are attended by a commissariat. Husbands who are desirous of visiting the Downs "without encumbrance" grow particularly solicitous of the health of their wives' mothers, and set apart Wednesday as a proper time for filial pilgrimages, accompanied by promises of marital generosity, such as "standing the 'bus," &c.

Tuesday—ditto, only with rather more excitement. Horses not to be had for "love nor money," unless the latter commodity be produced in very large quantities. Tailors will hunt up missfits, and gentlemen, who like ourselves have a "fall in the back," will wonder, upon looking into the glass, where the deuce it has gone to. Middle-aged bachelors, with inflated peripheries, will gasp in the embrace of washable satin waistcoats, and be trussed in Newmarket coats that on them look like a tumbler's fly jacket. Friends who have promised to "make one" in a phaeton-and-pair suddenly beg to be excused, and the person who has offered to be "responsible" begins to see that he is likely to have the conveyance and the expenses all to himself.

True once-a-year sportsmen "don't go to bed all night, in order to be up early;" and genteel caterers rehearse "His first Champagne" with a bottle of Gooseberry, which usually turns out a failure. Mrs. Jones sends to Mrs. Brown to borrow half-a-dozen knives and forks and two or three tumblers, as she 's afraid of losing her own. Articles intended to be forgotten in the morning are packed with scrupulous care, and placed in situations where everybody must tumble over them. Those who go to bed won't get to sleep till five in the morning, and having ordered the servant to call them at half-past ditto, will rise exceedingly fatigued and very much afraid that they are not going to enjoy themselves.

Wednesday.—Ostlers, in very capacious small-clothes and linen jackets, will be seen leading, driving, and riding horses of all "ages, colours, and performances," with vehicles to match. Young gentlemen who have conceived themselves "own brothers to Chifney," begin to waver in their opinions when their feet enter the stirrup-irons, and would willingly compound with the stable-keeper for "half forfeit," if it were not for the fear of being laughed at. Ostlers who receive a shilling, beg of the donors not "to hurry the hoss on the stones, but walk him as far as the Helephant," and likewise to keep "a good way hoff the race-hosses when they start, in case the hanimals thy're on should bolt into the ruck, and—win the Darby."

COMING IN FOR THE PLATE.

Tax-carts will now be found capable of containing twelve full-grown persons, a little boy, and a bull-dog. Time-worn vehicles, designated as "Prime Turn-outs," seem likely to justify their names by capsizing their occupants; and highly dressed gentlemen grow exceedingly irate at the very antique character of their equipages. Numerous persons are surprised at the difficulty of getting change for a shilling at the Kennington Gate; and ambitious jehus, in one-horse chaises, boldly essay to drive over coaches-and-four. Punch takes his seat in a donkey-cart, having despatched his theatre by the herculean Snozzles, and, amidst the cheers of assembled thousands, proceeds to kiss hands with the Queen on Epsom Downs!

HORATII OPERA.

"I WONDER why barristers generally live in inns?" said a briefless junior to Horace Twiss, as the latter was correcting a proof-sheet of the Life of Lord Eldon. Horace looked indignant at being interrupted in his national undertaking, and then said, "Why, it 's as plain as this portrait of Lord Eldon!" (The junior acknowledged the plainness of the reason advanced.) "There can be nothing singular in barristers living in *inns*, when their whole life is passed at the *bar*."

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. VIII.

AN IMPORTANT REVELATION (CONTINUED).

OW fortunate it was that no one met Mr. Muff immediately after his loss, recorded in the last chapter, or they would have fared but badly. As he left the thimble-table he rushed off the course, and plunged into the alley of canvas pavilions appropriated to the amateurs of E.O., whence proceeded unceasing announcements of "Walk in, gentlemen!—the real French Hap-hazard!—no bars, blanks, or apreas!"—"Roulette! roulette!"—"Rouge-et-noir!" "Mechanical horse-racing, my noble sportsmen!" and the like attractions. He had, however, little inclination for any more heavy bets; yet, in the true gaming spirit, hoping to recruit his fortunes, he was anxious for another speculation of a minor character. Mistrusting the chances of the "Dimunt, Star, Hanker, Crown, Club, and Feather," he paused before a table which held out considerable inducements.

The board that formed it was covered with an elaborately painted canvas divided into forty or fifty squares, and garnished with artistic representations of hands with frilled wristbands or rich bracelets, like those whilom used in "The White Cat" at Covent-garden, throwing guineas about as if they were button-moulds, sacks of crown pieces being shot like coals, and purses of red gold that literally appeared to be bursting with repletion. The divisions were all numbered, and corresponding to the number was a prize of money, also pictorially represented, or a prominent NO, symbolical of a blank. The presiding genius of the table was a very grand lady, who stood upon a small stool, under an enormous red umbrella, the chief use of which seemed to be, to shade her bonnet from the sun, and protect its feathers, which were severally coloured red, blue, and yellow, the bonnet being green. Before her lay a quantity of money, more or less counterfeit, together with a cash-box of notes and a glass of brandy-and-water; and she wielded an instrument somewhat resembling the 'rest' of a billiard-table, with which she raked up the money, pointed to the numbers, and counted the ten dice used in the game. The display of wealth, both real and represented, riveted Mr. Muff to the spot; and as he rested at the side of the table, the lady thus harangued her company:—

"The mint, the mine, the raffle, the cornycopy, the springing fountain of gold and silver: venture a shilling, and you may get a guinea. There is thirty-two prizes on the table, and sixteen blanks, and no two numbers alike, and every number as is on the dice is on the table. There is ten dice and fifty numbers—a faint heart never won a fair lady, but as I say so I do."

"Well," thought Joseph to himself, "this seems fair enough. I'll have a shy at all events."

"Keep off my gold," continued the lady; "my silver I do not vally. I've a waggon-load of this stuff just come in, and I expect another to-morrow night, for my grandmother died this week and left me five hundred pounds, and she means to die again next week and leave me five hundred more. Venture the first lucky shilling, and if you don't get a prize of half-a-crown, a crown, three crowns, or a pound, I'll give you the chance over again or treat you with something to drink."

Overcome by the persuasive eloquence of the lady, and the tempting pile of gold before her, Mr. Muff threw down a shilling, and seized the leather quart-pot which formed the dice-box. Rattling them well up for luck, he cast them out on the table, and the woman proceeded to display her powers of calculation in the following style, separating each die from its fellow, as she enumerated it, with the rake:—

"Two and two is four, and five is nine—nine and two is eleven, and four is fifteen, and one is sixteen—sixteen and three is nineteen, and four is twenty-three—twenty-three and five is twenty-eight, and three is thirty-one. Look on the table for thirty-one, young man. Twenty-one is a prize of two sovereigns, but thirty-one is a friend of mine—a blank. Try your luck, win a prize, and give the table a fair name."

Nothing disconcerted, Mr. Muff took another chance, and another, and another, but uniformly with the same unfortunate result. The dice were not loaded, the numbers were all on the table and fairly reckoned—he counted them himself—and yet he never could get a prize. At last, when he had completely emptied his pockets, he vented some oaths at the woman which partook more of condemnation than compliment, and left the table to rejoin Jack Randle.

In placing these two instances of race-course chicanery before the reader, we wish him to understand, we have not been so much influenced by the idea that a detail of the common slang pertaining to the blackguard *clique* of gamblers who infest our race-courses would amuse him, as by perusing it, he might be put on his guard against being caught in the same style as our old friend Mr. Muff. Possibly there may be many who will purchase our Number to beguile the journey down to those races about to take place; our *exposé* may cause them to reflect a minute before they play, and look upon the entire range of the games as open, and apparently licensed, robberies, rather than mere games of chance. The one we have just alluded to is, perhaps, the most dangerous, because it is the most plausible—let us remark it, as Jack Randle did to Mr. Muff when they got home in the evening; and when you comprehend it, your purchase-money of threepence will not have been altogether an idle investment.

The fifty divisions of the table embrace every number from ten to sixty inclusively—such being the range that can be produced by ten dice. These numbers are not put in regular succession on the board, but run irregularly, as 27, 42, 13, and so on, for a reason which we shall render obvious. No. 10 is a prize of one hundred guineas—so is No. 60; but to make either of these numbers with the ten dice played with, you must throw all aces or all sixes, which is next to impossible, and could not be done in a life-time. As the numbers increase from 10, or decrease from 60, so does the amount of the prizes diminish, until between 28 and 42 they are all blanks; but this is not perceived by a careless glance, as they are not painted on the board in a sequence, which we have just stated. Now a person throwing with ten dice, we will say for amusement, will find that eleven times out of twelve, the number he casts will be thirty something; and as this includes all the blanks, he can easily see the little chance he has of winning.

Mr. Muff was so upset by his loss that it took some time to bring round his usual good temper. Jack Randle, however, introduced him to some pleasant young gentlemen who had brought a hamper, and were drinking immense quantities of ginger-beer and sherry (capital race-course tipple, by the way—one trial will prove the fact), and that somewhat restored his complacency. Indeed, the young gentlemen were so vivacious, and told such capital jokes, that Muff did not leave them until evening, and then he and Jack went home very glorious.

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE PEERAGE.

THE papers say, "it is most gratifying to know, that notwithstanding the great value of diamonds and precious stones worn at the Queen's masque, not the smallest loss has been heard of any of them." How very "gratifying" indeed! What a source of profound exultation, that amongst the 1800 noblemen present, there was not a single one who was inglorious enough to commit petty larceny. We always thought that it was only amongst the Crown-and-Anchor booths, the omnibuses, and the Exeter Hall meetings, that there were

ROBBERS ON THE WATCH,

and that a person need be afraid of having his pocket picked—but it seems that the Court of St. James' shares, and nobly vindicates its pretensions to the same danger; and we infer, from the reporter's words, that, if a person return from a court levee with the singular good luck of still possessing his pocket-handkerchief or shirt-pin, he must return thanks to Providence for the happy accident, or else attribute it either to the absence of the Bishop of London or the indisposition of the Lord Chancellor.

UNCLE JONAS.

'LL break your head, Stephen Cobb, if you are not in this room in five minutes! One hour and ten minutes has that scoundrel of mine been going from Jermyn Street to Crutched Friars in the City."

Thus muttered one Mr. Merrington, a young gentleman of eight hundred per annum, who at that moment was deeply wrapped in thought and a blue dressing-gown.

I wish I could avoid alluding to the circumstance which occasioned his anxiety, because I have a great regard for my character as a man of veracity, and I'm sure I shall be suspected of writing a fiction instead of narrating a fact, when I state that Ellen Bromley had—a guardian. I know what the reader will say—"The old story over again—romantic lover, &c." I give you my honour I don't intend it to be so! I intend to—but you must excuse me if I decline anticipating my catastrophe.

Ellen Bromley had (and I refer to Mr. Jones, Cheesemonger, Shuttle Lane, Cheapside, for corroboration)—Ellen Bromley had a guardian, one Ebenezer Flint, a retail grocer and dealer in sundries. Flint had sold to Mr. Bromley the very moist sugar which had allayed Ellen's earliest hiccough—the Embden groats which made her first gruel—nay, the very birch-twigs which excited her first feeling of terror had once formed part of the stock-in-trade of Ebenezer Flint. This commercial intercourse led to a friendly intimacy, and whilst Mr. Bromley and Mr. Flint repealed Acts of Parliament over their pipes, and drank "Down with Bonyparte and foreign invaders," in pints of lambswool, or—upon occasions of glorious victories—in bowls of Punch, the ladies interchanged civilities through pots of jam and tea-cakes.

At length Mrs. Bromley died, and her husband finding himself very lonely and encumbered with all the affection he had formerly entertained for his wife, resolved upon transferring his superfluous regard to something or somebody. After maturely considering of the good qualities—positive and apochryphal—of all his female acquaintance, he resolved to avoid a second marriage, and attach himself to a very portly-looking rum-bottle

DETERMINED TO ACT WITH SPIRIT.

which occupied the third pigeon-hole from the fireplace in the little bar of the little tavern which he and his friend Ebenezer frequented.

The consequence of this resolution was an increase of his friendship for Flint, and not a night passed but they shook hands with one another fifty times at least; and I have been told by Tim Reilley (a superannuated watchman), that "it was a beautiful sight to see thim two friends a trying to find the kayhole about one o'clock in the mornin'."

One result may be anticipated—that Mr. Bromley became very bilious; another consequence I will apprise you of—he also became very nervous. During a visitation of this character, his old friend Flint suggested to him the propriety of making his will. Bromley looked the "*Et tu Brute?*" though he said nothing; but after a night spent in riding nightmares, tumbling down precipices, and drinking two jugs of toast and water, our bilious Bacchus came to the conclusion that Flint was a real friend and ought to be an executor.

Accordingly, a meeting between the friends was arranged, on which occasion Flint considerately introduced a lawyer's clerk and a rum-bottle, and a document was ultimately prepared, wherein Jacob Bromley declared himself to be in his right mind, and bequeathed the whole of his property—some two thousand pounds—to his daughter Ellen, provided she did not marry before the age of three-and-twenty without the permission of Ebenezer Flint, &c.

As Ellen seemed to possess an excellent constitution, the lawyer's clerk said that a residuary legatee was *almost* a superfluity, but as Miss Bromley had never had the measles, it might be as well to name Mr. Flint as that imaginary individual. Bromley replied by an affirmative nod, which is not so very surprising when we know that he dipped the pen in his tumbler instead of the ink-bottle preparatory to affixing his name to this his first and last will and testament.

Rum at length did its work, and Jacob retired from public life into the quietude of St. Bride's Churchyard; where his residence may be ascertained by a neat but small slab of white marble, which is placed on the north side of the church.

Ellen grew up rather plain than otherwise, but withal very pleasing. At a Lord Mayor's ball she met with Mr. Merrington, and having, by the merest accident in the world, informed him that she was going to visit an aunt at Margate for a week, she was greatly surprised to meet him on the pier the second morning after her arrival. She, of course, felt flattered by his attention; introduced him to her aunt as—(it was a fib I must confess)—as a friend of the Flints, and contrived, during that little week, to form and create an "attachment which could only end with life."—(*Vide* a three-cornered note from Merrington.)

When she returned to London, Ellen's admirer wrote to Flint "soliciting permission to pay his addresses, &c." but was cruelly mortified at receiving a positive negative. All attempts at an explanation proved fruitless; a cruel destiny and a City grocer seemed united to blast his happiness for ever; when his servant—the gentleman who has been so honourably mentioned at the commencement of this paper—suggested a plan by which the lovers could at least pour out their souls upon Bath post. The scheme was admirable from its simplicity.

Flint had a son, Robert, whom Nature had provided with a very small trunk, containing a very large soul. Stephen Cobb contrived to make his acquaintance, and at length established a *locus standi* in the Flint family. It was during this state of things that Mr. Merrington made the mental provision for his faithful servant with which the reader is already acquainted.

"Cobb has but another minute," thought Merrington, as he looked anxiously at his gold repeater.

Stephen appeared to have an instinctive knowledge of danger, for at that moment a tap was heard at the door, and his short crop was seen protruding into the room.

"Well, Cobb, what news?" exclaimed Merrington.

"Bad as the staggers, sir," replied Stephen, stroking his forehead with his hand. "The odds are against you, sir."

"Well, out with it!" said his master, impatiently.

Stephen was not to be hurried, but leisurely settling the weight of his body upon one hip, and thrusting his thumb into the *pars pendula* of his capacious cord breeches, proceeded as follows:—

"I'd a tough job to get at the old fellow's reason for refusing you, sir, without letting him know that I was acquainted with you. I was obliged to take a fence this way, and then a fence that, and then to make a bit of straight running; but I got at it at last."

"Well, what is it?"

"Family reasons," said Cobb, very gravely; "strong family reasons, sir. He speaks of you in a very credible manner, but objects upon family reasons."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Merrington, his face looking as blank as a muffin. "Surely Miss Bromley is not unworthy of my affections?"—(How seldom we suspect ourselves of imperfections!)

"O Lord, no, sir!" replied Cobb, scratching his ear, "there's no fault in her pedigree or performances; but my friend Bob—that's the grocer's son, sir,—"

"Is in love with my Ellen?" interrupted the lover mechanically turning up the cuff of his dressing-gown.

"No, sir; I don't think he's ass enough for that," remarked Cobb, with perfect ignorance of the probable effect of such a remark upon his irascible master, who ejaculated,

"What, sir?" and hastily turned up the other cuff of his dressing-gown.

"I mean," said Stephen, who had experienced upon a former occasion his master's proficiency in the art of self-defence, "I mean, sir, that Bobby knows that his love would be no go; and I don't think he's the man to lay out anything with the chance of losing. The fact is, sir, Miss Bromley has some'ere about two thousand pounds."

"Well, I know that."

"And so does old Flint, sir; and being the young lady's

DIRECTOR AND GUARDIAN,

and having the power, of coupling her to whom he likes, he intends, if she will go double, that my friend Bob shall make the other half of the pair."

"He does, does he?" muttered Merrington, mechanically opening a pistol-case which was lying on the table.

"It 's very true," remarked Cobb philosophically—"they wouldn't be a match; but Flint cares nothing for that: it 's the money, sir. He doesn't object to you, because he has never seen you; but he says that Bobby can't meet with such another chance, and he is determined to 'stall the boy when he can."

The reason for Merrington's rejection was now apparent; for a minute or two he stood silent before the looking-glass, and having passed his really handsome fingers through his really fine hair, he exclaimed, "Ellen will never marry him—she never can make such a man her husband."

"I don't know, sir; it ain't always the favourite as wins; a houtsider *has* won the Darby afore now, sir," remarked Cobb, as the shades of a leg of mutton and trimmings, which he had lost on the *Frederick* affair, passed in review before him.

"Very true," echoed his master, who had also dropped a cool hundred upon the same occasion.

"Women are like blood-colts," continued Cobb—"you're never sure of them long together. They're either as pleasant and light in hand as a babby, or else they're kicking and jibbing, shying and bolting like Mr. Gully's Mameluke."

"Very true, Stephen," said Merrington, throwing himself upon the sofa: "Go on—you're making me as melancholy as a November fog. Oh, Ellen! Ellen! I'm a blighted bachelor! Stephen, give me a cigar."

Cobb supplied his master with the required sedative, remarking at the same time, that he thought they ought "to have another race for it: a old fox never cries 'die' whilst he thinks there's an earth open. Besides," said he, "I've a bit of a hidea, sir"—

"You!" and Merrington lost in astonishment, put the lighted end of the cigar into his mouth.

"Yes, sir—a hidea, if I may be so bold as to call it so," modestly rejoined Cobb: "You wouldn't mind marrying Miss Ellen without the money, would you sir?"

"No. Egad, that never struck me," exclaimed Merrington, springing upon his feet—"Flint may have her dowry."

"O Lord, no sir," interposed Cobb; "that would break my heart to a surety. You see, sir, by leaving my livery at home, and making myself *Mister* Cobb, I've managed to get into the old man's good graces. Now old Flint had a brother Jonas, sir, who years ago used to deal in Tobaccay and Ingy handkerchiefs, but never could anyhow find out where the Custom House was."

"A smuggler?"

"I believe he couldn't be entered as anything else, sir," continued Cobb—"He was supposed to be very rich; the family lost sight of him about eighteen years ago, and have never been able to hit on the scent since. Now sir, if we could find this Uncle Jonas, and so"——

What Cobb's "hidea" was when full-blown must for ever remain a subject of conjecture, for Merrington cut short his harangue by throwing a sovereign at his head, and "overing" (as it is technically called) the back of a chair, commenced a note, with which Cobb was instantly despatched to Miss Bromley.

Cobb started for

CRUTCHED FRIARS,

mentally congratulating himself on the very excellent situation he had got, whose most onerous duties were to eat, drink, and sleep, to make love to Miss Ellen for his master, and to pretty Fanny Flint upon his own account. As Cobb must necessarily be some time on the road, we will, if you please, run on before him to the grocer's back parlour, where "Fan," as she was called by her father, and "Miss Flint" by the charwoman, was engaged in making preparations for that slip-sloppy extravagance—tea.

Old Flint was evidently in a most unamiable temper—he had refused to oblige a little boy who wanted change for a sovereign and nothing else—threatened an action for libel against a green-grocer's son, who asked him if he bought "waste lettuce leaves," and had called Fanny an extravagant puss because she had omitted to pick the butter out of the air-holes in the slices of bread.

"Bless me, father," said Fanny, "how dreadfully cantankerous you are to be sure."

"And enough to make me—Bob has been absent these two hours—Nosstock's bill is returned—and I'm measured for a suit of law as sure as my name 's Flint," groaned her father, as he rubbed his nose with the corner of his apron, and retired into the shop.

"Those nasty bills," mentally ejaculated Fanny, "they're always running on—or coming back—or getting themselves taken up. I wish father would have nothing to do with them."

Just as the kettle boiled, Master Robert Flint, accompanied by our friend Stephen, entered the parlour by the back door. It was evident at a glance that Cobb had done something ungracious in the city maiden's eyes, for upon catching sight of him she described a semicircle with the tail of her gown, and dashed the poker furiously into the fire, replying to his enquiries after her health with a very *brusque* "Very well, I thank you, Mr. Cobb."

Cobb paused for a moment, surprised at the unusual prefix to his patronymic, and then enquired—

"What have I done that I'm to be handicap'd, and weighted with a *Mister* to my name!"

"I like a gentleman," replied Fanny, who of course considered the enquiry addressed to her, "I like a gentleman that keeps his word—one, who if he says it—he does it."

"Drat me if I know what you're driving at," said Cobb, vigorously scratching his ear—grooms always scratch their heads in an emergency—"Come, out with it, for anger's like mouldy oats, and is sure to get worse for keeping."

"Well, then," replied the lady, "there have been so many allusions, and nothing but allusions, to a one-horse chay, that—but it 's no matter."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Stephen. "Fanny, I'll square the book to-morrow.

The anxiety of Stephen to gratify the dearest wish of her heart, soon brought the sunshine back into Fanny's eyes; and, as she looked on Bob, she thought that he was the handsomest fellow—for a red-haired man—that she had ever seen. The business of the tea-table commenced, and, upon Stephen declaring that Fanny "looked as though she 'd been *nussed* in a Tilbury," the grateful girl popp'd a piece of lump sugar (which had been accidentally buried amongst the moist sevenpenny) into the flatterer's cup.

This agreeable little party was, however, soon interrupted by the return of the elder Flint, who, though evidently bursting with eloquence, chose to prelude his harangue with a gesture which materially disturbed his son's equilibrium—to speak plainly, he boxed Bobby's ears.

The young gentleman felt all the manhood of nineteen years and a half boiling in his veins; but, as he had only demolished the fourth part of a round of toast, his appetite obtained the ascendancy, and he contented himself with a brief expression of surprise.

"How dare you neglect your business in this way, and on a Saturday, sir!" indignantly inquired his father.

"One can't be always at it," said Bob. "I ground pepper yesterday, till I nearly sneezed my head off."

The paternal Flint did not appear to notice the fortunate escape of his offspring, but commenced parading the little parlour, whose circumscribed dimensions only admitted of "a fisherman's walk—three steps, and overboard." The silence which ensued at length grew painful, and Cobb volunteered to break it.

"What 's the matter, governor?" enquired the equerry; "you seem to have made a match against time, and are likely to win."

"Mr. Cobb," replied Mr. Flint, raising his spectacles from his nose, and leaving them in *medias res*, between the top of his head and his eyebrows, "Mine is a match against time—three months after date—and I'm likely to get the worst of it; Nosstock's bill is returned, sir"—and he fixed his eyes like a basilisk upon Bob.

"I knew something of that sort was the matter," thought Bobby; "for if ever anybody takes him in, he is sure to serve me out."

"I can't take it up, Mr. Cobb," said Flint;—"and there 's that dormouse," pointing to his ravenous son, "does nothing but feed like a cormorant."

"Young things always eats the most," remarked Cobb, anxious, if possible, to extenuate the exterminating qualities of his friend; "their *sinneys* require strengthening."

"So they do, Stephen," said Fanny; "and father ought n't to go on so about such a loss as this. It 's soon made up for—it 's only to put a little more sand in the sugar."

"I wish *our* sugar would stand it," remarked Bobby, who knew how tender his father was of his commercial reputation; "but half Hampstead Heath is in our lot already."

"There 's an ungrateful whelp!" exclaimed his father, at the same time thrusting at him with the toasting-fork, which, fortunately for Bobby, was baited with a round of bread, or the three punctures which he received might have gone deeper than his flannel waistcoat.

"Come, come, governor!" interposed Cobb; "Do n't make a fleam of the staff of life—I mean, of that as toasts it. Something good 'll break cover when you least expect it. Who knows but your *rich* brother" (Stephen laid a strong emphasis on the adjective which declared the quality of the noun) "may be unearthed some day, and give you a good run for the rest of your lives?"

The name of the lost smuggler seemed to paralyse the party, from which state Fanny was the first to recover.

"Uncle Jonas is a brute!" exclaimed Miss Flint. "He 'd no business to go away when he was rich. He knew he was the only one in the family with the same advantage."

"Ah, he 's being punished for it now," said Bobby, with a smile. "Father says he was always dry, and never could bear water; and now he 's at the bottom of the briny."

COLD PUNCH.

This conclusion seemed to be highly satisfactory to the Flints, and their mutual hatred for "Uncle Jonas" was the happy means of producing

a general reconciliation amongst themselves. Cobb was invited to a pipe, for Flint had been long a widower; and Bobby, resolving to atone for his past negligence, set himself busily to work on the formation of funnels for moist sugar; whilst Fanny resumed that "never-ending, still-beginning" occupation of "stocking-darning."

(*To be continued.*)

Matrimonial Exchange.

Our Market to-day has been very steady. Liberal offers being now very difficult to obtain, has caused acceptances to be had at a great discount. Kisses are in great demand, having this past week met with very favourable returns. Nothing much doing in maternal frowns, so the time bargains may now be settled without difficulty. Heavy purses are much inquired for. Stocks, with small capital, have not once been sought after. Sly squeezes are very brisk. Blushes are very scarce, none having been seen in the market for a length of time. Jealousy is rising considerably. Other stocks remain almost the same as before, with the exception of scandal, which is rather on the advance.

THE BENEFIT BALL.

The Grand Ball which was given last week for the benefit of the St. Giles's or un-Polish-ed Refugees, was one of the most successful instances of what may be done when benevolence goes hand in hand with pleasure. The large room was literally lined with tallow, and myriads of muttons sent forth a blaze, which must have consumed wicks to an amount that will probably exercise a beneficial influence upon the home cotton-trade. It is almost impossible to describe the effect of a scene so dazzling as that which we witnessed; but when we tell our readers that a pound of eights depended from the ceiling by a wooden hoop, and that the walls were illumined by an uninterrupted series of sizes, some slight idea may be formed of the surpassing brilliancy of the *coup-d'œil* which struck the spectator on entering.

The arrangements for refreshments were on a scale of costliness that is seldom to be found; and so admirable was the conduct of the police, that, though a shilling ticket included tea and coffee, while a sixpenny voucher limited the right of the holder to the enjoyment of a single sandwich, we did not hear of any confusion requiring the interference of the constables.

At the back of the room was a *buffet* of surpassing beauty, surmounted by a plateau of delf, upon which were piled a countless multitude of sandwiches, arranged in the form of an Egyptian pyramid; while on either side enormous salvers of earthenware groaned beneath the weight of bread and butter, which the happy invention of somebody had disposed into the form of stars, and the imagination easily transformed them into stars of Brunswick. But perhaps the triumph of the night was the startling effect produced by the ingenious arrangement of the coffee-cups, which were hung upon nails knocked into the wall in the shape of the letters V. R.; and the pleasing device, though generally imperfect through the constant necessity for using the cups, was, on the whole, extremely satisfactory.

At seven o'clock the musician commenced a pleasing septicour, consisting of the pandean pipes (with his mouth), the cymbals (between his legs), the big drum (beaten with his right knee), the tambourine (with his left), the organ (played by his right hand), the triangle (tastefully touched by his left); and, to crown all, the bells (fastened by an ingenious contrivance on the top of his head). The effect of seven distinct instruments, all presided over by one master-spirit, was grand in the extreme; and during the performance of the septicour (a military fantasia with one sharp and an unlimited number of flats), the applause was loud and general. The shrill and screaming brilliancy of the pandean pipe, mellowed down by the monotonous beating of the G B in the bass on the big drum; the clang of the cymbals, while the knees of the musician seemed tottering with the intensity of expression; and the proud waving of his head from side to side, in order to bring into play the brazen tones of the bells, produced a strong impression on the minds of the audience, many of whom were affected to sobs.

The ball was opened with the admired Cracovienne, "Among the Eggs," by Baron Nathan and his pupils, many of whom threw off the yoke, by a remarkable display of energy. Between the dances there was a good deal of promenading; and many a yielding fair was tempted to give up her sandwich ticket to her too insinuating partner, who pretended to desire the *billet* merely as a *gage d'amour*—but was soon found to be cashing it at the bar, and devouring the result with the most annihilating appetite. The scene was, however, extremely pleasing; and though some of the guests took an undue advantage of the committee by making an enormous meal of coffee, and bread and butter, there was an elegant forbearance on the part of others, which fully made up for the ravenousness of a portion of the company.

Among the costume we noticed several fancy dresses; but perhaps the most truly imaginative, and the most perfect in the way of disguise, was one of an English gentleman of the present period.

The character was, however, but ill kept up, and the party who wore the clothes had evidently no idea of sustaining the part he was dressed for. There were several persons in the garb of clerks and shop-boys of the nineteenth century; and these found very fitting representatives.

The profits from the ball have not been so large as were anticipated. Upon auditing their accounts, the committee find themselves in possession of a considerable balance in bread and butter—which had been shamefully overcut—and there is nearly a gallon of cold coffee divisible among the refugees; but the mere cash account presents a small deficiency. All this, however, is very encouraging for another year; and there is no doubt that by next season the starving objects of bounty will derive some trifling aid from the next ball that is given for their benefit.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

Rowing-shirts (used rather for the purpose of avoiding water than for going upon it) will be much resorted to; and during the first fortnight of the month the prevailing colours will be light and delicate, but they will be worn to the end, with a considerable shade of a darker hue thrown into them. It must be observed that the rowing-shirts will have a pleasing effect when first put on, if the coat is thrown well back; but the surtout should be buttoned closely up to the neck about the middle of the month, and so on to the end of it. In parasols there is nothing new, but a good deal that is old, and stripes will come in—from the fading of the silk at the folds—but there will be no chance of their going out again. Bracelets have been, of late, out of vogue, but the fashionables are, this month,

TAKING THEM BY THE HAND.

THE CORN MARKET.

The inquiry for wheat has been husky in the extreme, and peas were very active, owing to a party having thrown them into the market rather unexpectedly. Corn may, perhaps, have suffered from the pressure of leather, but the principal reapers, who are short of hands, are preparing for the harvest.

A Culinary Con.—Why is reading "Punch" like a popular zest for meat?—Because it 's Reading Sauce.

A 'Cute Con.—Why must a Yankee speculator be subject to water on the brain?—Because he has always an ocean (a notion) in his head.

Commercial Markets.

In the sugar-market, sweetened sand commanded high prices, ranging from six-pence to eight-pence a pound; and Canadian or other timber was to be obtained in small quantities, mixed with sugar, at the same moderate figure.

In coffee there were several shabby transactions at three-halfpence a cup; and a party (of four) is said to have given an order to a well-known house for one pint of coffee and four saucers.

Some inferior rum was very heavy in the market; but Punch retained all its original and peculiar buoyancy.

PUNCH'S PRACTICAL PHILOSOPHY.

A very interesting meeting of the Practical Association of Parochial Philosophers took place in the long room of the Pig and Parallax, on Monday last, and several curious experiments were successfully resorted to.

The President opened the proceedings of the evening with a few remarks on compasses, and gave a curious specimen of the compass of his own voice by singing a stave which went from B in the bass to C in the treble.

A member of the association having called for a bottle of ginger beer, proceeded to go through the following curious operation, which kept the room in a state of breathless attention throughout the entire process. He first divided, with a common penknife, the lateral ligatures that secured the cork, an operation that was performed with so much nicety as to elicit loud applause from all present. He next applied a degree of pressure to that portion of the cork which rose above the neck of the bottle; and having carefully continued this process so as to have embraced the cork at every point of its diameter, he suddenly applied the palm of his hand with considerable violence to the bottom of the bottle, when a curious result presented itself. The cork flew with a loud explosion into the eye of a member who was watching the scene with interest, and a light frothy liquid streamed with considerable violence into the face of the President. The operator then drained the bottle into a glass and swallowed the contents as speedily as possible.

The most interesting part of this proceeding consisted, however, in the description of the sensations experienced by those who took part in it.

The gentleman who received the cork in his eye, and still holding his handkerchief over the organ alluded to, gave the following very graphic particulars: "After seeing the operator strike the bottom of the bottle with his hand, I felt a smart blow, which appeared to affect at once the brow, the lash, the pupil, and the ball of my left eye, when, from sympathy, my other eye immediately closed (*hear, hear.*) It then struck me (*loud cheers*) that there was a smart pain in my left organ of vision, and there was a sort of flashing sensation in the part affected, that was exceedingly interesting, and in the highest degree curious. Having placed my pocket-handkerchief over my eye, I found that on opening the right I could perceive surrounding objects; but on withdrawing the protection from the left eye, it seemed to open and close with a rapidity, that is very aptly described as being like winking. For a few moments I experienced an unpleasant sensation, but ultimately the organ resumed its ordinary functions." The honourable member was loudly cheered at the conclusion of his explanation.

The President, on being called upon, briefly remarked that he had heard an explosion, and felt his face suddenly suffused with a cold decoction; and having put out his tongue, he ascertained that "the mixture" bore a sweet, and, at the same time, an acid character. He confessed that he felt no peculiar impulse, unless it were to try the effect of the bottle itself upon the head of the gentleman who had occasioned the combination of the contents with the cutaneous covering of his (the President's) countenance. (*Hear, hear.*)

The meeting was kept up till a late hour; and the members eventually became so heated by the liquor that was introduced for the purpose of sustaining their philosophic energies, that some very powerful experiments were ultimately resorted to. Among other things it was ascertained beyond doubt that the human head is capable of resisting the pressure of a pint pot, brought down at an angle of 56, with the arm of an individual opposite; but it was observed, as a curious result, that instead of the superficial plane of the skull showing any indentation, it invariably gave symptoms of having sensibly risen on the part with which the metal had come in contact.

It was also satisfactorily shown, that the force employed in the social operation, usually called "the honours" after drinking a toast, imparts a centrifugal force to a tumbler, which is sufficient to bring it in contact with a window at a distance of fourteen feet, and it was proved more than once in the course of the evening, that the ordinary wine glass will not resist the force of a blow against a plane surface of mahogany.

The meeting broke up at a very late hour, and some of the philosophers continued their experiments upon glass after they reached the streets, by a few practical operations with the lamps in the public thoroughfares, which were ultimately put a stop to by our old friend —not Mr. Commissioner, but

CHARLEY-MAGNE.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. 13.

A PROFESSOR OF THE BLACK ART.

I passed along a narrow street,
Upon my ear a deep voice fell—
I looked on all—I longed to meet
A man that wanted me to sell.
A hundred hands towards me stretch—
They grasp me almost by the throat;
They think then I'm the seedy wretch
That really wants—to sell a coat.

And must it be? must I submit
The early friend of other days—
The unexceptionable fit
That all who envied still would praise.
Must I allow my old Nugee
That made me once the beau—the thing,
Expos'd in a Jew's shop to be,
Or at his dirty door to swing.

Forbid it, Stultz—but oh! 'tis vain,
The son of Israel lures me in,
The monster racks my tortured brain—
He mutters that the cloth is thin—
"Shee dare," the ruthless villain cries,
And bids me mark the whiten'd seam,
"Dish has been pieced—why plesh ma eyes,
"'Tis quitesh worn out." Is this a dream?

Hark! in the idiom of his race,
He offers—what?—a poor half-crown.
I throw a dagger in his face—
Of course I mean to say I frown.
I snatch it from his eager hand—
The fiend perceives I will not sell,
And hooting till I reach the Strand,
I hear him "Cursh the seedy svell."

PUNCH'S ANCIENT COSTUMES.

THE HACKNEY COACHMAN OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In examining the pages of history, we find that the Fourteenth century was a proud one for the class whom it is our present object to speak of; and, indeed, the knights of the whip may be said to have held a high position in the time when the second and third Edwards, and the second Richard, held the reins of government. The first mention we have of the coachman in the 14th century is in 1318, when we are told that the Scots, having passed into Ireland, were *driven* out of the country. It must be presumed that if the party was large, there must have been several coachmen who shared the honour of driving them, but their names have not been handed—on a brass or any other plate—to posterity. The art of driving was evidently in great repute at about this period, for, in 1326, on the 22d of September, the Queen having landed at Orwell, "drives the King into Wales," from which it is clear that Isabella of France perfectly understood the art of "handling the ribbons." But, perhaps, the most remarkable fact connected with the coachman's art is, that in 1352, the flagellants, or whippers, first made their appearance in England. They had a notion that sin might be whipped out of them by their own or each other's hands. They came from Hungary in 1352, and were probably sent to Coventry shortly afterwards. They are believed to be the ancestors of the present race of whipper-snappers, who carry whips, with the fond and foolish notion that owning a whip may cause them to be mistaken for horsemen.

Though it has little to do with coachmen, properly so called, yet, as we have devoted much historical research to this subject, we may as well display the whole of our learning, and we, therefore, intimate the fact, that, in 1306, the Pope absolves the King from his oath for maintaining the great c(*h*)*arter*. This clearly alludes to some distinguished wagoner or carter, (for the *h* in *charter* is mute,) whom the King had sworn to support, but who was found in some way troublesome to his royal patron.

A SUMMER AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

We left the White Bear on a beautiful afternoon in May, and arrived on the very same afternoon of the same day of the same month at Knightsbridge. We enjoyed the journey greatly, and were much struck by the magnificent scenery on our right, which presents a vast level of green, intersected here and there by roads, and bounded by the buildings which break the uniformity of the horizon of Bayswater.

We took with us no guide, preferring to trust to our own resources, and arrived safely in Trevor-square, where we had taken a floor, the front of which commanded a full view of the houses opposite, while from the back, through a local chasm formed by an opening between the houses, we were enabled to catch a glimpse of Smith and Baber's.

Having resolved on remaining at Knightsbridge the whole summer, we were not much disappointed at the weather, which confined us to our lodgings during the whole of May and a considerable portion of June; for having had the precaution to put a pack of cards amongst our luggage, we found no difficulty in getting through our time with "beggar my neighbour," "cribbage," and other games of a similarly pleasing character.

Our dealings with the natives, however, enabled us to form some idea of the manners and customs of the place; and we found that there is a very curious superstition prevalent among some of the tradesmen, that if their first week's bills are not paid by strangers, it is better not to continue to supply them with articles. From this senseless infatuation we were very near experiencing some inconvenience; but a remittance from the exterior enabled us to set ourselves right with the natives, and we afterwards went on with them very pleasantly.

The month of August had commenced before we could carry into full execution our grand project of seeing Knightsbridge; but this we ultimately accomplished, and we were fully repaid for our trouble.

We looked in vain for the Bridge of the Knight, which is believed to have given its name to the place; and indeed, the "oldest inhabitant" had no recollection of either one or the other. As the footpath is greatly elevated above the road, it is not unlikely that an arm of the Serpentine formerly ran along the latter; and indeed, the declivity from the park at the barrack-opening gives every credibility to the ingenious hypothesis.

Presuming that there was at one time water, it is surely not a too violent assumption to conclude that there was a bridge, and supposing the bridge to have been in existence, why may not a Knight have passed over it? This chain of reasoning, every link of which throws a strong light on the subject, gives us Knightsbridge at once, and having so far established our position, we are unwilling to damage it by further argument.

The people of Knightsbridge are generally of a warlike and ferocious habit, which may be attributed to their contact with the horse guards with whom they associate at the numerous taverns that abound in the district. The arts of peace are, however, not neglected, and there is a tranquil traffic in vegetables, carried on to a great extent along the boundary line, which flanks Knightsbridge on the left, dividing it from Brompton. The pass from the metropolis was formerly strongly barricaded, and a marauder was in the habit of issuing from his fastness for the purpose of exacting a tax from vehicles and horsemen, but this barbarian custom has, within the last few years been abolished, and nothing now remains on the spot where formerly stood the obnoxious toll-bar.

Knightsbridge, like Hamburgh, is an independent place, but it has neither Mayor, Bishop, Prefect, nor Seneschal. The resident burghers pay taxes to the general exchequer, and are not subjected to any fiscal imposts that can be considered as badges of slavery.

OUR NATIONAL OPERA.

My dear Punch,

When I state that I am a professor of the big drum and mouth-organ, and have a certificate from the late Mr. Richardson of my excellence on the triangle and cymbal, I am sure you will admit that I am as equally well qualified for the office of a musical critic as the generality of gentlemen who "are *nothing*—if they are not critical."

The two large theatres of the metropolis being closed, let us consider what has been done for that important branch of public amusement—English music. Your own Italian extraction may lead you to favour the sickly compositions of Bellini and Mercadante, and to think none the worse of the brilliant and talented Adelaide Kemble for selecting those operas most likely to display her own excellencies,

but if you are not made of *lignum vitæ*, I am sure you must regret that our first English singer should have made no effort to assist our own national Opera.

Who has forgotten the cheering announcement that to the last figured in all the glories of conspicuous type at the bottom of the Drury Lane play-bills? How many a heart beat sanguinely as the eye perused those words of hope: "In aid of the endeavour to establish upon the English stage the works of the greatest composers of the English school of music," &c.? Acis and Galatea was produced with every assistance to be derived from scenery, stage arrangement, and perfection in the choruses—but here our praise must end, for many of the principal singers were inadequate to their task, and the Band was unworthy of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. I do not disapprove of the production of the *chef d'œuvre* of the illustrious *German*, but merely wish to know what it has done for the "English school of music."

The next operatic novelties were "No Song No Supper," and "The Poor Soldier." The former being composed of the most unblushing pilferings of one *Italian from another*, and the second consisting chiefly of Irish melodies, put together very badly by Shield. At last we really had an Opera by an English composer! One was found to "aid in the endeavour" in behalf of "the English school of music," and that one was—Mr. Rodwell! He was the only man whose genius could command a production at our national theatres.

The public pronounced their sentence on the first representation of this effort of ignorance and memory, but through very good acting and perseverance on the part of the management in "aid of the endeavour," &c., it was suffered to remain in the bills for a few nights.

Now I know that all our successful English composers had operas ready, more than one of which were offered to Drury Lane; and the ostensible reason assigned for their rejection was that the *libretti* were not sufficiently good. Is that of Mr. Rodwell so very excellent, as alone to be thought worthy of acceptance at Drury Lane! With regard to "Acis and Galatea," the great feature of the season, what is to be said of its having taken precedence of other and, doubtless, more meritorious dramas? I know the answer:—"Handel, my dear sir, Handel—a host in himself." "Very well," I reply; "give us Handel, and not a garbled, mutilated representation, such as we have witnessed at Drury Lane."

And is this all that has been done in "aid of the endeavour," &c.? All!

English composers, take the hint—establish a "Musical Art Union." Money expended for such a purpose would be better employed than in building music halls.—Yours, SWATCHEL.

OPINIONS ON THINGS IN GENERAL.

LAST night, as I was passing through
The close that's called Bartholomew,
In a small alley, near Cock-lane,
I lighted on a window-pane
Stuck full of penny publications;
Before which, deep in meditations,
A Dustman stood, with open eyes,
And thus he did soliloquize:—

"Well, bless us, here's a precious lot to show us to what things is a-comin;
They may call this here country Hingland if they will, but, my eyes, if it isn't a rum un.
Here's Peel won't let people have cheap bread, nor sugar, not even molasses,
But stops their mouths with an income-tax, and werry cheap asses;
Asses is cheap, to be sure. Then the Parliament is in a fine condition,
All corrupt bribery like, as ve told 'em in 'the People's Petition.'
That was a starter; and they says ve shall get it; and, vot's more,
Have all the fine Parliament men come bowing and scraping at a poor man's door.
As for me, it's a werry clear case that I shall feel no manner of objection
To put ten pounds into these welveteens whenever there comes an election.
And that an't bribery, neither; cos it's my honest conwiction, d'ye see,
The gentleman as does the handsome, vy he's the gentleman as ought to represent me.
Then there'll be no gentlefolks, nor no shays, nor gigs, nor nothing of that
But them as vos gentlefolks must ride in a cart like me, and vear a fantailed hat:
And that ere I calls true liberty, ven you're poor to see other folks poor—
Do you think I'll let the rich be rich when I a'nt rich?—Catch me at that, to be sure.
We'll have no National Debt, no taxes, nor no soldiers, but all live in peace,
And walk up and down, and fight when we like, without axing the New Police.
As for the Queen, we says we'll have a Queen, because without some sitch condition,
They wouldn't hear us; but catch us at a Queen ven we've got the People's Petition.
And these here are my sentiments, and I thinks they does me honor;—
They an't my sentiments only, but the rale sentiments o' Mister Fergus O'Connor.

JOURNAL OF AN EXPEDITION FROM THE BANK TO NEW BRENTFORD.

WITH NOTICES, GEOGRAPHICAL, HISTORICAL, AND PICTURESQUE, OF CHEAPSIDE, HYDE-PARK CORNER, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, KENSINGTON GRAVEL-PITS, HAMMERSMITH, TURNHAM-GREEN, BRENTFORD, &c., UNDERTAKEN AT THE SOLE EXPENSE OF THE AUTHOR; BY ORDER OF GOVERNMENT, AND THE CITY BRANCH OF THE LONDON COLLEGE OF HEALTH. WITH NOTES, EXPLANATORY AND STATISTICAL.

INTRODUCTION.—When a professional man, occupying the high and responsible station of a ('quack') apothecary's apprentice, suddenly withdraws himself for a whole day from his sphere of usefulness, his master's customers, and his own private friends, have a right to demand an explanation of so decisive a step; especially when, from the extensiveness of his labours, his absence might interfere with the public health. As an imperative duty, therefore, the author of these pages publishes his instructive journal to the ignorant world*.

JOURNAL.—*Saturday, May* 28, *Half-past One*, A. M.—It was on this, one of the brightest mornings of the present month, that I received my credentials, (consisting of the copy of a Government minute, addressed to Mr. Swallow Do, of Brentford, to meet her Majesty's representative, James Lord Abinger, in the Court of Common Pleas, at the suit of my master, for pills sold and delivered), and having provided myself with the articles necessary for my journey, (a list of which will be found in another page), I hied to the Poultry, glowing with that spirit of enterprise and adventure which always ought to swell the breast of whoever undertakes so important and daring an undertaking as the one I found myself commencing.

It was evident to me, that the consequential nature of my mission had been noised abroad, from the contention which arose amongst several gentlemen at the Bank, whose distinguishing badge is the number, volubility, and eagerness of their solicitations for me to enter the particular vehicle to which each belongs.

A CANDIDATE FOR ORDERS.

As I thought the imbibition of the open air would benefit my health, I mounted, as it were, *in nubibus*, taking my station next to the driver of a Cloud's omnibus, and I found him to be a most communicative person. To him I was indebted, while passing through it, for the etymology of Cheapside; for the fare by this road to Brentford is only one shilling. One thing struck me, as being very remarkable:—notwithstanding the crowds of persons that continually passed along on the pavement, I could not perceive that I—a singularly solitary passenger on the driver's box of an omnibus—attracted any particular attention. I think I am speaking within the bounds of truth, when I state, that not a single pedestrian stopped to look at me during the whole distance from Cheapside to the White-horse-cellar, which comprises the first stage. Another subject of wonder was, that although the poor horses had been on their legs at least an hour and a half since starting from the Bank, they were not changed.

* See opening paragraph of "St. Petersburg," by an M.D., F.R.S., A.S.S., and nearly a page more of letterary appendages.

Forty-five seconds past Twelve.—What a wonderful city this is! I am now at Hyde-park corner, which is not thought, it seems, sufficiently celebrated by Apsley House, Tattersall's, the Triumphal Arch, and the black statue of Achilles; but British enterprise is adorning it with an elegant Chinese Joss-house, built on the site of St. George's Barracks, to the height of at least twelve feet, and constructed entirely of that expensive wood called deal. It will, when painted and gilt, form a classical appendage to St. George's Hospital, and is intended for the exhibition of the dangerous weapons with which the Celestials have so successfully repelled the English invasion;—consisting chiefly of pop-guns, (with their paper pellets,) squibs, Catherine wheels, and crackers. By a singular coincidence the next prominent object is the Cannon brewery, which has, however, gone off to make way for the new entrance to the Park—an elegant five-barred gate painted white.

Half-past Twelve.—Ascending a considerable slope, we have arrived at an elevated plateau, upon which stands a military station called Knightsbridge. The "Knights" now consist of the Horse Guards, who, together with their horses and officers, occupy the barracks—the bridge has disappeared altogether. Here we picked up a lady who had missed her way to Brompton, the conductor having successfully persuaded her that the shortest cut to it was through Brentford and back. A slight depression in the level brings us to the gravel-pits and the turnpike, where the pikeman toll'd the conductor sixpence, and asked the driver if his mother possessed any precise information as regarded his being from home? Having passed a dead wall and a mad-house, we arrived at the town of Kensington, and stopped at the first (we came to) inn. It being the second stage and nearly one o'clock, the coachman and conductor entered to have their dinners—I had taken the precaution to bring my own sandwiches.

Twenty minutes past One.—Just returned from a survey of the town, having traversed the entire length of the High-street, which enables me to give as accurate a census of the population as is possible to arrive at without resorting to actual enumeration, which I had not quite time to do. I found one hundred houses in this street, each of which must be inhabited by at least one family, containing probably on the average five members. Now, supposing there are ten other streets in different parts of the town similarly situated, that would give five thousand souls as the total. But this is below the mark, because it often happens that more than one family reside under the same roof: let us say then that at Kensington one house in every two houses contains two, and one in every three, three families (an estimate, the correctness of which I have no reason to doubt)—this would give us a result 9,166$\frac{66}{100}$ individuals as the grand population of Kensington.* I ought to mention that the palace in this place gives it some importance in a military point of view. When fully garrisoned it is invested with two sentries, who parade before the palace avenue to take care of the rampant lions that surmount the gate-posts†.

Eighteen minutes to Two.—Mr. Cloud's men have dined, and are now smoking their cigars—that of the driver having a very voluminous effect upon my olfactory nerves, besides agreeably flavouring the sandwiches which I have not had, till this instant, time to masticate. We are now approaching Hammersmith, an important manufacturing town, which derives its name from the sign of a public-house near the turnpike; for there can be no question that the aborigines of this suburban smithy were "Bell and Anchor" smiths. I question whether the Broadway in Hammersmith is so large a place as the fashionable promenade in New York; but as I never was in America I cannot say for certain. It is, however, the third stage from the Bank, and forms a sort of Rialto where omnibus cads most do congregate. I wish I could remember half the good things I heard bandied from one side of the Broadway to the other, during the ten minutes we rested there.

Two minutes after Two.—We are advancing at a fearful rate towards Turnham Green, being engaged in a race with an opposition vehicle. Cloud's horses are kicking up a terrible dust, and carrying all behind them, which now only comprises myself, and the lady who thinks she is going to Brompton. Unfortunately we have arrived at our fourth stage, and the rival "bus" has passed.

Thirteen minutes past Two.—The cad and driver are playing at bagatelle in the parlour of the "Prince of Wales." Having kindly pulled aside the blind, they have obliged me with a sight of their game. I should back the driver, if the lady inside would Bet; but I imagine she is more anxious to Sally forth, for she has opened the door and got out.

Quarter past Two.—The lady having looked around without seeing anybody to speak to except myself (whom she evidently mistakes for a coachman) has got in again.

Five-and-twenty minutes to Three.—We are now at the "Star-and-Garter," Kew Bridge, after having passed about two miles of dead wall and market-gardens on either side of the road. The *coup-d'œil* over the cabbages was remarkably grand; the view being bounded by a forest of parsneps, the light and pleasing foliage of which formed the northern horizon. The scenery though flat is exquisite. It is impossible to

"OH THE PLEASURES OF THE PLAINS!"

describe my feelings now I become aware—from the quantity of carriers and costermongers' carts—that I am so near that great trading entrepôt, Brentford. Luckily, there is plenty of time for my emotions to subside; for this is, I perceive, our fifth and last stage.

Kew Bridge is a neat little watering-place (for here the horses' mouths were washed out and dried with hay), consisting of a row of houses on one side of the way and three on the other, together with a large malt and a small manor house. If you wish to cross the bridge, it costs you a halfpenny; but they charge nothing if you don't. The population of this place may be about five-and-twenty, including the domestic animals.

Eleven minutes to Three.—The horses, though they have been nearly four hours and a half upon the move, including stoppages, are—after their bait—in the hey-day of spirit, and prance past the West Middlesex Water-Works, and the Post-office at the oil-shop, with remarkably fine action; insomuch that the driver had some difficulty in preventing an accident opposite Hazard's Brewery, that might have been attended with serious consequences to the principal barber's pole, reaching, as it does, nearly across the street, which might, I would suggest, be widened here with advantage. The Excise-office is a noble building, with an extensive parlour window, nearly as large as the Doctor's surgery next door. Penetrating further into the town, we perceive, on the left, a capacious timber-yard, which affords to the inmates of the opposite houses a fine woody prospect, bounded by the river and the Aite. Passing through New Brentford, and over a bridge which gave the place its name (for it is placed over the river "Brent," and superseded the original "ford"), we come to Isleworth gate, otherwise Brentford-end, and the termination of my expedition—the lady inside only having got half-way to Brompton.

Thus (after paying my fare) concluded my brilliant "advance into the bowels" of Brentford; and, while refreshing myself at the Bells, with just as much ale as would wash down two sandwiches, I indulged in a series of reflections upon the practical results of the journey, which may be useful to the reader.

APPENDIX (No. I).—*Reflections and Deductions.*—In looking over my notes, and comparing the first entry with the tap-room clock, taking also into consideration the distance I had travelled, it is my firm conviction—arrived at after much study and mental analysis—that the speed of the omnibuses on this road does not equal that of many of the rail-roads. I also fearlessly assert, that the maritime trade of the creek at Hammersmith is not nearly so great as that of Bristol; neither is there harbourage at the embouchure of the Brent for as many ships as can be accommodated in the London Docks. I am able also, from positive information, to cast considerable doubt upon the Legend of the Three Kings of Brentford—for my informant (an ancient inhabitant) declared that the "Three Kings" lost its licence a year ago for keeping disorderly hours, and the greatest man who was ever known in the place is a Baron-Knight; and he thrives to this day "a prosperous gentleman"—for he keeps a distillery. Finally, I have ascertained, beyond the shadow of a doubt, after the most diligent inquiries, that the person to whom my credentials are addressed has bolted. "Where?" asks everybody—the chandler and publican louder than the rest—but nobody can answer.

APPENDIX (No. II).—*Articles necessary to a journey from the Bank to Brentford (intended for the use of future Travellers).*—A paper of sandwiches (let it be writing-paper; for brown or newspaper will impart a tarry or lamp-black and treacly flavour to the viands.) A letter of introduction to the Police Inspector.—A map of the route.—A stop-watch to time the stages.—A number of PUNCH, to shorten the stoppages.—An umbrella, for fear it should rain.—Three-and-sixpence.—Your name, and that of the hospital you would like to be taken to when you are overset, written legibly on a card, or on your hat lining.

THE POET AND THE ECHO.

How sad the lot through life's bleak wilderness to stroll,
And feel the leaden hand of Care upon your soul!
Echo—Upon your soul!

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* This unerring method of calculation I owe to the "Transactions of the Statistical Society," and several of the discussions on population in "McCulloch's Geographical Dictionary," particularly that belonging to the article "China."

† I have to apologise for forgetting to include this small army in the above population table, and also the young ladies who are boarded and educated in thousands about here. Abating these errors, my figures may be relied on as accurate enough for the ordinary purposes of modern statistics.

[For the convenience of our readers, we have had a Case manufactured for the purpose of preserving the loose numbers from week to week. It is in the shape of a 4to book, lettered on the back, and when placed on a shelf looks exactly like a thick volume. The price is 4*s.* 6*d.*]

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE. No. IX.

THE WINDSOR EXPEDITION.

PURSUANT to the course of education—the "curriculum of study" we think they call it—at our medical schools, there is a branch of so diverting a nature, that it merits especial mention in our colloberations. No sooner does the summer session of lectures commence, than certain benignant professors collect extraordinary accumulations of flabby leaves and half-dried chick-weed, and hold forth on their properties and natural history for many successive mornings to the three industrious pupils who generally compose their class. The subject is, from its nature, most exciting; and the ultimate benefit to be derived from it of the highest importance. Who would place any faith in the opinion of a medical man who did not know dandelions from groundsel? How could a surgeon be expected to treat a serious wound properly who was ignorant that the ranunculus bulbosus had a reflected calyx?—in common language, that it was a buttercup? It is presumed that the majority of medical botanists are harmless and inoffensive maniacs, and they are looked upon as such by the students, who, if they do not literally employ their time in making daisy peepshows and cowslip-chains, yet amuse themselves by pursuits equally innocent and facetious. Indeed, they would lecture to themselves and their vegetables, were it not that they keep a few pupils together by appropriating certain Saturdays to "excursions," for promoting botanical knowledge, and consuming half-and-half in indefinite quantities at suburban houses of public entertainment.

Dr. Wurzel was the professor of botany at the school to which our friends belonged; and one fine June morning he gathered his pupils together, and planned a botanical excursion for the ensuing Saturday to Windsor. Rapp, Jones, and Manhug immediately declared their intention of joining the party, only regretting that Muff was not there to enliven them; but intending to make up for his absence by a double outpouring of noise and conviviality.

Saturday arrived, as in the common course of things all Saturdays must, if we wait for them, and with it the various pupils who were to form the party, Mr Newcome being first of the throng. He had purchased an enormous tin candle-box, to hold what specimens he collected, which he slung over his shoulder with some whipcord, looking quite martial, and afraid of nobody, but affording great amusement to the others, who rapped the box with their sticks every time he turned round, and occasionally filled it with rubbish. The majority of the men decided upon walking to the terminus, except Manhug and Rapp, who naturally opposed to anything like labour, agreed to ride by an omnibus, and with that intent started to the George and Blue Boar.

"Great West'n Railroad!" cried the cad of an immature vehicle that presently drew up to the gateway, in a voice something between a raven and a nutmeg-grater—all gin and fog, like Drury Lane in November.

"What a rummy little seven months' bus!" said Mr. Rapp, as he climbed on to the top.

DOING IT BY HALVES.

"How d'ye do, sir?"

This last observation was addressed to a very underdone young man, with a smooth face, who sat on the box holding the reins, flicking at the lamp over the tavern door with the whip, and fancying himself a member of the four-in-hand club. On being addressed, he started round, and replied gravely—

"I am very well, I thank you."

"Ah! health's a fine thing," observed Mr. Rapp; "and so is lobster-salad. What's your opinion of the wood pavement, sir, in relation to the income-tax?"

"I really don't know," replied the gentleman; "I have not considered the subject sufficiently to give a reply."

"How are you, S-s-s-s-usan?" cried Mr. Manhug, whistling out the *s* in the most approved style to the chambermaid, who was at the first-floor window watering some plants from a wash-hand-jug; which *al fresco* conservatory bore a great similitude to a birch-broom pulled to pieces, and put in various flower-pots. "When's our wedding to take place?"

"I never see such a wedding," replied Susan (as the case may be) coquettishly.

"I'm in earnest," returned Manhug. "Good-bye, my love. I'll come and fetch you to-morrow: keep up your spirits, and don't fret."

"All right, Conkey," bawled the conductor, slamming the door to with a violence that shattered every one of the nerves of an old lady who was sitting next to it, and shook her brain into perfect insensibility. The omnibus rattled on through High Holborn and St. Giles's, until it stopped at the Boar and Castle in Oxford-street, where there were seven people with carpet-bags waiting for the one vacant place, which being secured by main force, the other six went away grumbling at the imperfect accommodation afforded by railways in comparison to stage-coaches.

Beguiling the journey with humorous remarks, and friendly salutations to occasional persons in cabs who chanced to pass, they at last arrived at the terminus at Paddington, where they met the Doctor and some other men. All was noise and bustle in the yard: policemen were running about opening doors and shutting lockers; and men were dosing the wheels of the carriages with what Mr. Manhug conceived must be yellow basilicon ointment.

At length, when they had been packed into the box peculiar to Slough, the bell rang for starting, and the train moved on. *Whugh! whugh! whugh!* laboured the engine at the engine-house, in minim time, as it wheezed like a broken-winded horse with a bad cough, after he has drawn six people in a four-wheeled chaise on a hot Sunday from Kentish Town to Highgate Church: and then it increased its noise from minim gasps to demisemiquavers, and the whole miscellaneous array of first and second class carriages, pigs, horses, luggage, and stage-coaches, was in motion.

CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY.

"Now we're off!" exclaimed everybody at once, in the excitement of the moment; and then, finding nobody disposed to contradict this positive assertion, or offer any comment upon it, they turned it off by looking at the endless rope, and the fuel outhouses, at which, like the offices of a Government establishment, tenders are received for supplying the fires with coke, until they arrived at the two tall chimneys at the foot of Primrose Hill, where the engine to whose guidance they were to be committed was indulging in a prolonged performance, all to itself, like a gigantic baked-potatoe-can leviathan.

They clattered on through the tunnel, and on emerging from its gloomy precincts found themselves amongst the green trees and fields, when the hilarity of our friends began to get into full play. They were in excellent good humour with themselves and everybody else, for most of them were men from the country, who felt an almost childish joyousness at regaining their own element. And they must indeed be miserable creatures, medical students or not, upon whom the first rush from close, dirty London—the bright spring sunshine, the clear sky, that from its novelty looks almost as blue as it used to do when we were children, the blithe hum of the insects, and the pleasant breeze, laden with the scent of a hundred wild flowers—have no influence, or are unable to make them feel, for the time at least, both happier and better individuals.

"I haven't been at Windsor for ever so long," said Mr. Rapp, "not since the year Zinganee won the Cup at Ascot; and then we went to the races in a bathing machine."

"O, crams!" was the forcible observation of Mr. Manhug.

"Fact, Sir, and no mistake. I was a pupil at the Brighton Dispensary at that time, along with two very nice fellows now in practice not a hundred miles from the Chain Pier; and we could n't afford to do it properly, although we wanted to go, for it was a grand affair.

"And how did you manage?"

"We got towed by a country wagon up to Guilford, and then crossed over Chobham Common, and got on the Heath the night before the race. We had a little table inside, and played whist and smoked all night. The next day, when we dined we let down the calash and fed under it. Uncommon good fun it was, too; and the people who had n't been to the sea-side could n't exactly make it out, and thought it was a show, which they tried to explore by climbing up the wheels and looking in at the little windows, until we closed the shutters."

And with the like diverting reminiscences they beguiled the journey, until the train stopped at Slough, some forty minutes from the time of starting.

Punch's Political Leader.

When we look at the state of the nation, and contemplate the aspect of the political hemisphere, we are struck with the proud but painful recollection that our country stands upon a pinnacle, while it trembles on a pivot; and that the very abyss into which it must eventually fall, is deepened by the height of the rock it rests upon. While the angry monster of despotism places his paralysing paw upon the growth of liberty, we are startled by the humiliating consciousness that our forefathers, who fought and bled for all that was dear to them, have failed in securing for us the fruits of their valour and energy. But in turning back our recollections to Cressy and to Runnymede, we cannot help feeling our bosoms swell, and our faces glow with emotion and with pride, for something whispers to us that the land of a Hampden and a Pym can never be altogether deprived of that halo which the spirits of the free are always sure to throw upon the nation that gives birth to them.

We have thought it necessary to make these strong and stirring observations, (in which every reader with a really English heart will sympathise,) from having observed a dastardly attempt to increase our local paving rate.

DESERTING A PRINCIPAL.

Already have a grasping and a garrulous oligarchy who bestride the parish, in the same way as Cæsar was emphatically declared to sit straddle-ways upon the world—already have (we repeat it advisedly) a grasping and a garrulous oligarchy steeped us in the bitter gall of taxation, almost to our very lips, when, with an effrontery that has not been equalled since the days when it last occurred, they come to our pockets for an additional rate, in order to indulge their own predilection for wood, by using it for the purposes of pavement.

When the ferocious foreigner forces his yoke on the necks of a subjugated people, the burden must be sometimes borne, and the cud, however bitter, must be thoroughly masticated. But domestic tyrants are the least tolerable of all, for they plant the iron shank in the heart as well as in the neck, and mingle the gall of regret with the wormwood of slavery.

But we will not trust ourselves further on this exciting theme, though it is only prudence stays our pen, for our heart could fill columns with the honest outpourings of its indignation and its sorrow. We quit the topic with a fervent wish that the people at large may never know what it is to be placed at the mercy of the insolent and ambitious oligarchy.

A TYPE OF WISDOM.

Sibthorpe, who has been suffering under nervous irritability, has purchased one of "Young's Patent Composing Machines," which he confidently asserts "will *set him up* again sooner than anything else."

WHEN I GET THE TIN!

(A LYRIC OF TON.)

EARS PIERCED.

I mean to go to Ascot
  Upon the Gold-cup day;
I'll sport a steed of gallant breed,
  A chestnut or bright bay;
Unless I join Sir Henry's set
  (He said he'd take me in),
And to the stand drive four in hand,
  Mum!—when I get the tin!

I'll ogle all the ladies,
  And many a smiling eye,
From the grand stand, will light love's brand,
  And *look* me sigh for sigh!
I'll bet against the favourite
  (The second's sure to win);
With smiles and nods I'll take the odds,
  Humph!—when I get the tin!

Some club of notoriety
  Must have me for a member;
Where I may dine, and sip my wine,
  In the dog-days, or November;
Address my card—have letters left—
  When Town begins to thin;
And I resort to shoot and sport,
  Humph!—when I get the tin!

An opera-box I'll occupy,
  Where eyes and diamonds gleaming,
On a court night, make earth seem bright
  As the heaven of poets' dreaming!
I'll visit soirée, ball, and rout,
  My day with night begin;—
Outshine them all at masque and ball,
  That 's—when I get the tin!

To some fair creature I'll propose
  (Love's flame, why should I smother?)
With rosy blush, my fears she'll brush,
  And sigh—"Go ask my mother!"
Objections will at first be raised,—
  She pines, grows pale, and thin—
Papa relents,—Mamma consents,
  And so,—I get the tin!

And, when installed in wealth and ease,
  I'll live on my estate;
No duns shall come, like sound of drum,
  To thunder at my gate;
My grey goose-quill I'll throw aside
  That now my way must win,
For ah! I've swore, to write no more,
  When once I get the tin!

CONDUCT OF THE PRISONER FRANCIS.

(*From our own, and the "Observer's" very own Correspondent.*)

As the public seem to be especially interested in anything that this delinquent has done, or is doing, we have laid on an extra five shillings to the salary of *our own reporter*, who has provided us with the following exclusive particulars :—

Many years ago Francis was a mere boy, and he used to be very fond of green tea, which his mother always declared would get him into mischief. The good old woman little thought that he would eventually be placed in his present awful predicament by meddling with gunpowder. We have ascertained that Francis when at school was much about the same in manner as other boys of his age. We have made numerous inquiries as to his pursuits, and find that he was very much addicted to peg-top, and his passion for marbles was inveterate. It is a remarkable fact that he never could be got to knuckle down, a peculiarity which accounts in no small degree for his recent expressions as to the aristocracy. When Francis was in the Covent-Garden company as an assistant scene-shifter, he did not seem to entertain any idea of shooting Her Majesty. If he had at that time any such notion as the atrocious one that eventually came into his head, he certainly never entrusted any person in Covent-Garden theatre with his diabolical project.

It has been said by some that Francis was a scene-shifter during the getting-up of *Masaniello*, and that he always watched the pelting of the viceroy by the market-people with peculiar interest.

ADMIRERS OF KNOX.

If this was really the case it might have indicated to a certain degree a spirit of disaffection towards the constituted authorities, but we do not see that any notice could have been taken of it by the management. We have heard that a well-known second violin, who has been several years a member of the Covent-Garden orchestra, called at the Home-office and asked to see Sir James Graham. The violin was very courteously received, and was told to go to the Lord Mayor, who saw him in a private room, but the result of the interview has not transpired.

A public cab was seen to go along Parliament-street yesterday morning, and there was an immense sensation produced by its stopping at the corner of Downing-street. A crowd immediately collected, and a person having a great deal the appearance of a lawyer's clerk was seen to get out, and after some trifling dispute with the driver on the subject of the fare, he proceeded at a moderate pace down King-street. Whether the circumstance can be connected with the late attempt, it is impossible to say, but it is clear that there was every precaution taken to avoid publicity, for the person alluded to was traced along Milbank to the foot of Vauxhall-bridge, where, as he paid the toll, our informant did not feel disposed to follow, and accordingly lost sight of him.

The appetite of Francis was always uncommonly good, and we understand that in prison it continues excellent. He was allowed a mutton chop one day last week, and asked for pickles, but this request was referred to the Home Office. We have not heard the result of Sir James Graham's decision on this point, but shall take the necessary steps for putting our readers in possession of the result directly it is decided on.

Foreign Intelligence.

When our Indian despatches were made up, Shah Soojah was lying drunk across the frontier, and was reported to be poisoned. Lots of the insurgents had been knocked down without any reserve by General Sale, and there had been an advance in consequence of the bidding of the commandant. Reschid or Wretched Pacha was sitting on the Khiber with his creatures, declaring they had come to a pretty pass, and the British Resident who was taking his tea, let drop his cup on hearing of the probability of the fall of China. The perjured traitor Soojie had gone into the interior with the greatest diligence, and was followed in the *rotonde* by two of his attendants. From China our advices are highly encouraging. The Emperor had been purchasing card-board from Bristol, and the Chinese women were employed in cutting it out into the form of war-junks. There had been an arrival of fire-works from England for the use of Commissioner Lin, who had succeeded in fastening a cracker to the end of the bowsprit of an English frigate. The emperor was discussing a chop when his imperial majesty was treated with some Harvey's sauce for it, in the shape of an anonymous letter, from a midshipman of the name alluded to.

MURAL LITERATURE.

There is one branch of literature that the coxcombry of criticism has hitherto affected to despise, but we think we perceive an indication of a more healthful tone of appreciation being about to arise with regard to it. It was said by one of the sages of antiquity that "walls have ears," but if the same sage had lived in our own times, he would have been inclined to declare that "walls have tongues," and very loud ones too, if we may judge by the noise that is sometimes made by them.

The rise of mural literature has been gradual but always progressive, and it must be in the recollection of many of our readers that Warren of the Strand, whose patronage of the muses was carried to the extreme magnanimity of "keeping a poet," was one of the first who cultivated letters upon dead walls throughout the greater part of England. What the old printing press was to learning, the whitewash and paint-brush were to mural literature; and the old writers—on dead walls—were compelled to adopt a style of conciseness which has been discarded since the introduction of enormous broadsides has given encouragement to prolixity. Our early wall-writers confined themselves to simple announcements of a name and address, for it will be remembered that "*Warren*, 30, *Strand*," was the most popular piece of mural literature in primitive times, and it was not until the celebrated recommendation to *Use Turner's Blacking* was boldly put forth, that any thing beyond the first mentioned class of composition was ventured on.

There are many of our readers who have lived long enough to remember the sensation that was created some years ago by a sudden impetus which was given to wall-writing by the emphatic announcement of "*Elegant Coats*," but even this was outdone by a vigorous effort to take advantage, some time afterwards, of the excitement with regard to the Reform Bill. The people were at that time unexpectedly called upon to "*Reform their Tailors' Bills*;" and this advice was chiefly tendered through the medium of the walls, which were chalked with a vigour and universality that had hitherto been wholly without a parallel.

But a better period now began to dawn upon our mural literature, and we see the spirit of improvement and industry,

"HOW DOTH THE LITTLE BUSY BEE,"

upsetting the pail of the wall-chalker, and holding out the paste-pot to posterity, who accepts the cherished gift in the guise of a bill-sticker. The posting-bills have now altogether superseded the crude compositions of the chalkers; and there has been, from time to time, some writing of a very curious class thrown on to the different broadsides that have adorned the walls of the Metropolis. Perhaps the theatrical placards may be ranked among the finest modern specimens of mural literature; and the deep poetical feeling with which "Great Attraction!" is attributed to performances that no one cares to see, may be regarded as indicative of a truly imaginative turn of mind in the authors of the posting-bills.

We shall be happy to see this truly national department of our literature receiving, in future, more attention than hitherto from the critic's hand; and we do not see why writing for the walls should not become a distinct and honourable branch of authorship.

A NEW COINAGE.

The master of the mint has given orders for the issue of a new coin of the value of half a farthing, in order that the fortunate holders of foreign bonds or shares in certain popular and flourishing Railway, Canal or Bridge Companies may, with certainty, look forward to receive a dividend in the course of the next cycle.

A SUMMER BEVERAGE.

Walk to Kensington, and having reached the wall of the Gardens, nearly opposite the Mad House, you may pause and look about you. Take up an iron vessel, resembling in shape a large-sized basting spoon. Raise it, in the first instance, by the chain to which it is attached, and having taken hold of the handle, bring it carefully beneath a figure of a lion's head. Hold it there for a few seconds, and a light clear liquid will flow into it. Wash your spoon well out, but do not attempt to disturb the rich rust which has settled at the bottom. Bring your mouth on a level with the stone coping, and fill your spoon a second time. Now you may drink, and will obtain a delicious draught of a fine summer beverage.

OLD BAILEY HOLIDAYS.

"You will not leave one behind you who will not think a good deed done when your life is put an end to."

Thus spoke Lord Denman from the judgment-seat of the Old Bailey to a convicted murderer; and the mob assembled outside of Newgate sent forth many and joyous hurrahs, as they became assured of another Old Bailey holiday! A man was to be hanged—a good thing was to be done,—and the wise, and humane, and contemplative of this huge metropolis, would be gathered together to bear solemn witness to the merits and the great social utility of the deed. However, before the crowning sacrifice ordained by law to vindicate humanity was performed, it was necessary, most necessary to the ends of justice, that there should be acted a prefatory ceremony: the wretch should be made a *warning show* to the public—or, at least, to that happy and delighted section thereof with Newgate interest, or, better still, with private influence with the wife of London's Mayor. The "condemned sermon," with the real murderer, racked and torn, and convulsed with agony, was a great moral lesson not to be neglected by any who could command the enjoyment of so rare an excitement; and, therefore, many were the applicants, great was the knocking at the doors of Newgate, on the long-expected Sabbath!

However, "*at ten o'clock all were accommodated in the most satisfactory manner in the different parts of the chapel allotted to visitors. At about that hour the Lady Mayoress and some of her ladyship's friends entered the governor's pew!*"

They have all, in a few heartfelt sentences, addressed themselves to God, imploring that what they are about to hear *and see* that day may work to their soul's health. This duty done, the benevolence of the law, that on such occasions shows a murderer

"——— a men show an ape,"

is made manifest, for the real assassin—(and, oh! what a fluttering of hearts among the Mayoress's friends!)—is brought in by real turnkeys, and placed in a chair!

"His appearance indicated extreme mental suffering. He clasped his hands together sometimes, and sometimes he raised them up and pressed them against *his breast in great agony, the tears streaming from his eyes*, whilst he endeavoured to catch a glimpse of some old acquaintance or friend amongst the surrounding multitude. So strong *was the expression of horror* in his face and demeanour, that *a respectable female*, who was prompted by the curiosity which will induce even persons of the weakest nerves to witness the 'condemned sermon' once in their lives, *shrieked and fainted*. The culprit looked with evident anxiety towards the spot from which the alarm proceeded; but, finding that a stranger was the cause of it, he seemed to retire *within the awful circle of his own meditations*, and to struggle with feelings beyond the power of any human being to describe."

Now, was not this a spectacle worthy of the curiosity of refined, gentle, sight-seeking woman! Who would seek the vulgar playhouse, and pay their money to witness only ideal woe, when—with Newgate interest—ladies may be on the free list for all condemned sermons!—when they may witness real agony—may see the scalding tears of hopeless remorse—may behold a real murderer, dyed from crown to sole in human blood, writhing in all the hell of horror and despair! Is not this a sight worthy of meek, soft-hearted woman! Is it not something to stare and gaze upon a wretch, and to strive to pry "within the awful circle of his own meditations," as if the ulcerous heart of human guilt were a puppet-show to sate the "curiosity" of "respectable" females! When Justice dooms the murderer to the gallows, is it not most fit, most decent, that she should make a stare-cap of him, so that "ladies," the "Mayoress's friends" and others, may witness out of "curiosity" the experiment of a sermon played upon the half-dead wretch? If we might suggest an enlargement of Newgate hospitalities, we would propose that all ladies admitted to the condemned sermon should be invited to behold the galvanic battery applied to the corpse of the murderer as early as possible after execution. Certain we are that the exhibition would be equally interesting, equally pleasurable to the nervous system; and more, if ladies are liable to the accidental excitement of "shriekings and faintings," they would not then call the ghastly object played upon "from the awful circle of his own meditations;" for *then* he would be—who among the best, the most spotless of us, shall say—*where?*

We think, however, that the great social good arising from the exhibition made at condemned sermons would certainly be increased by further carrying out the sentiment that induces ladies to attend them. Hence, they certainly should be present at the galvanic experiment; and more, what a wholesome, moral fillip it would give them, if, at midnight, they were to attend the burial of the assassin, and, to show their horror of his deeds, were to cast within his unblest, unsanctified grave, a handful or so of lime, duly provided on these occasions to consume the murderer's bones! We are convinced that those delicate ladies who attend the funeral discourses on yet living men, would feel an additional sentiment—an enlargement of piety—from this last act. They would—bless their delicacy!—scatter their lime, as the *Queen* in *Hamlet* scatters the flowers upon *Ophelia*'s tomb,—with the same tenderness, the same pathos!

But the "condemned sermon" is over; the Lady Mayoress's friends and other visitors having wept and shrieked, and gazed upon the livid, tortured brow of homicide, feel their Christianity and their morals mightily refreshed by the discipline, and not being of those

"Who think they're pious when they're only bilious,"

they retire to their homes, more than ever odorous from the sanctity of the "governor's pew." They have seen a murderer—have stared at him—have seen his whole frame convulsed and tortured—have gazed upon his flesh-quakes as they would have watched an exquisite piece of mechanism,—and the sight has done them all "a world of good!"

The murderer is to die at eight o'clock. Hours before, "groups of persons assembled in the Old Bailey." Besides, so great was the determination of the denizens of the Old Bailey to afford to their fellow-citizens every convenience for the enjoyment of a great moral spectacle, that all the houses opposite the prison had been let to sight-seeking lovers at an enormous price, and, in several instances, the whole of the casements were taken out and raised seats erected for their accommodation. In one case a noble lord was pointed out to the reporter as having been a spectator at the last four or five executions; his price for his seat was said to be 15*l*. Ah, happy noble lord, whose purse can thus readily minister to his moral improvement! However, where Fortune denied her means of a comfortable seat at a window, men were yet so intent upon the instruction to be gathered from the gallows—that tree of public knowledge—that they passed the whole night in front of Newgate, watching the "unfolding star;" discussing on the mystery of life and death, on the temptations of the devil, on the only means of fortifying weak and erring man against the assaults of sin, and resolving in themselves to check and castigate the lusts of the flesh, urged to the discipline by the awful event that drew them there together. Others spoke not, but, rapt in themselves, pondered on the pomps and vanities, the fleeting gilded follies of this world, and the enduring glories of the next; and thus divinely absorbed, saw, with their spiritual eye, "angels ascending and descending" from the spire of St. Sepulchre's church!

The knell of the murderer sounds, and the dying wretch mounts the scaffold. How hushed the mob! Each man may hear his fellow's heart beat in that terrible moment of silence and suspense. The bolt is drawn, and as the culprit falls, thousands gasp as one man, and lock their palsied hands in breathless horror. A few minutes pass, and the enormous multitude, awe-stricken by what they have beheld, and casting terrified looks at the corpse yet turning in the air, silently disperse, and for that day at least are never seen to smile. Their daily labour done, they seek their early homes, and having read their bibles, pray *not* to be led "into temptation."

Moreover, throughout the Old Bailey, no man loses snuffbox, purse, or pocket-handkerchief!

And "this is the moral influence!" and it is with delight we quote these words from *The Times*—"this is the moral influence of capital punishments!"

Q.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

The steam-boat, *Thunder*, entered inwards at the cabin window of the *Tulip*, and run with her bowsprit athwart the mahogany table of the latter, carrying away a ginger beer bottle and a wine glass.

The coal barge, *Perseverance*, came up the river to-day, and touched on her way at the buttresses of all the bridges. She fell in with the steamer, *Atalanta*, and fell out with the captain.

The *Saucy Susan*, laden with straw, was spoken with off Hungerford, and sweared at all the way down to London Bridge by numerous mariners.

The *Bridegroom* having neared the pier at Vauxhall, nearly at the same moment as the *Thunder*, the wooden barge, of course, became an object of contention. The captain of neither would give way, and both running in at once, shivered the timbers of the craft which was the cause of dispute, and thus effectually split the difference.

PUNCH'S PENCILLINGS.—N° XLV.

KING STORK.

The frogs of old asked a king from Jupiter, who threw them a log of wood. Discontented with so tame a monarch, they wished for a change, whereupon Zeus sent them a Stork, who immediately ate them up.

UNCLE JONAS.

(*Continued from page* 230.)

COBB continued to recur to Uncle Jonas, when, as the clock struck eight, a tall, spare man entered the shop. He wore an ill-cut suit of black, whilst the only indication of linen was a small, perking frill, and a white neckcloth, which formed, as it were, a socket for his head. His hair was long, and perfectly white, and his features, which were far from unpleasing, had evidently been exposed to the influence of an eastern climate.

"I wish to speak with Mr. Flint," said the stranger.

"Senior or junior?" inquired Bob.

"Senior," answered the stranger.

"Senior!" echoed Bob; "he's in the parlour, sir, but engaged with a friend."

"My business is of the utmost importance to him. Will you tell him that a gentleman wishes to speak with him," said the stranger, earnestly.

Bobby could only comply with the visitor's request.

"A gentleman—wants me!" exclaimed Flint, as an indistinct vision of a man with a Hebrew countenance, gold ring, and a writ, flitted across his imagination.

Before Flint could determine how to act, the stranger entered the room, and, briefly apologising for his rudeness, seated himself at the table, and, glancing round at the assembled party, inquired—

"May I speak out, sir?"

"Yes, sir, certainly," replied the grocer, with a firmness of tone which rather surprised himself.

The stranger drew forth from his pocket a large black leather case, and having unwound two or three yards of dirty red tape with which it was secured, produced a piece of paper much torn and very greasy.

"Your name is Zachary Flint, sir, I believe," remarked the mysterious visitor.

"It is, sir"— (A pause.)

"Had you a—brother Jonas?"

A petard exploded in the room could not have produced a more startling effect. "Uncle Jonas—brother Jonas—old Jonas," issued simultaneously from the lips of the astonished auditors; whilst the cat uttered a sharp scream, caused doubtlessly by the leaden tobacco-box, which Fanny, in her astonishment, had dropped upon her tail.

"Friends," said the stranger, taking out a very delicate cambric handkerchief, "the amiable Jonas Flint, I regret to say, is no more." Here he burst into tears, and would probably have monopolised the lachrymose luxury, had not Cobb whispered—

"This may be uncle Jonas, after all—snivel!" a recommendation which the junior Flints complied with most vociferously.

After their sorrow had had sufficient vent, the stranger continued:—

"He was a good man"—(old Flint gave a slight cough), "and, as though to soften the grief of his relations, he died worth 20,000*l.*"

HAVING A STAKE IN THE COUNTRY.

"20,000*l.*!" exclaimed the Flints in a breath; and if uncle Jonas had the intention ascribed to him, it would have been highly gratifying to him to have known how wonderfully his wishes had been realised: but Cobb, who acted as a sort of sensitive fugleman, possibly conceived that, should the stranger be uncle Jonas, their present exhibition of delight might not be quite so agreeable as represented.

Accordingly, taking advantage of the attention of the stranger being directed to his papers, Cobb thought it prudent to whisper—"Dang it! don't look so pleased all of a sudden." The effects of this suggestion were quite as instantaneous as those of the former one.

"He was an amiable man!" said Bob.

"And such an uncle!" ejaculated Fanny.

"And as a client, without an equal," remarked the stranger. "But, to business." Every ear—every eye—every mouth was open.

"Though possessed of this vast property, he died without a will."

Had the ghost of uncle Jonas entered the room at that moment, I believe they would have assassinated it.

"For some months," continued the stranger, "I have been seeking his next of kin."

"That's us," shouted the Flints.

"So I have discovered," calmly replied the stranger; "and the whole of this vast wealth is now your own."

Down sank the whole of the family. If the stranger's words had been ingots, they could not have overpowered the Flints more readily. Ten times did the errand-boy shout "Shop!" unheeded; the commercial spirit of the Flints had fled before the genteeler essence of 20,000*l.*

The stranger considerately allowed some few minutes to elapse before he again addressed the little party, and then only apologetically:—"I am afraid I have been too abrupt—"

"Not a bit," said old Flint.

"We like it," said Bob.

"I am glad to have been the bearer of such sadly pleasing tidings. There is an adage"—and here the unknown paused.

"Go on, sir—pray go on," said all the Flints together, fearful that something must happen to convince them that they were all dreaming.

"There is an adage, which says that—whilst the grass grows"—

"The horse goes on short commons," interrupted Cobb, feeling himself called on to say something.

"Exactly," rejoined the stranger; "and if I should not be considered impertinent, allow me to request of you to consider me as your banker for the present."

"Really you are very good, sir," replied Flint; and his thoughts for a moment wandered away to Mr. Snaggle's office, in Clifford's Inn.

"Here, sir, are notes for one hundred pounds," said the stranger, placing on the table a little packet of promises from the Governor and Company of the Bank of England.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Flint, "how shall I ever repay you for all this?"

The unknown gave a slight cough, and begged that remuneration might not be thought of during their present interview; and having requested them to keep their good fortune secret for a few days, he then withdrew, pleading pressing business,

ACTIVE SERVICE.

with almost as little ceremony as he had entered.

That night Pudding-lane was a paradise to the Flints. Their goose feathers were as soft as cygnets' down; their dreams were brilliant visions of their coming greatness.

Old Zachary fancied himself in the Lord Mayor's coach, drawn by four gigantic turtles to the door of the Mansion House. The City Marshal, with a rolling-pin in one hand and a cocked hat in the other, stood ready to receive him. He heard himself styled "My Lord," and the words fell upon his ear rich and sonorous as the tones of a golden ophicleide. He felt himself upon the judgment seat—it could be no other, for it was soft and easy; it made him know the worthlessness of poverty, for that always sat upon hard benches. A culprit was placed before him; his garments looked hungry, for their rents seemed, like so many extended mouths, greedy of the biting wind. Flint drew his scarlet and sable closely around him, and as his body warmed within their folds, his mind grew lucid—he saw the villany of rags, and Brixton had another labourer.

COCK-ROBBIN.

Another took the beggar's place. The flushed cheek—the parched lip, and bloodshot eye bore witness of the past night's riot. Flint saw at once that the delinquent's coat had birth at a west-end tailor's; and the diamond sparkling on the finger told of the idle hand. Who could judge harshly of a gentleman? Not Flint—he mildly asked him for a crown.

Then came the feast! The Egyptian Hall was the dining-room of Zachary Flint—and amid the fumes of wine, and the reeking steams of rich viands, he ended his night of glory.

And Fanny had her greatness. After rolling about as it were in a sea of marabout feathers, glossy silks, and gaudy ribbons, she found herself on the pinnacle of her ambition. She was in a gig!—a yellow gig, with red wheels. At her side was a gentleman—not Cobb—but a gentleman with long hair, turned under at the ends, like a sausage roll. On his upper lip was a row of ambitious hairs, struggling to be thought a moustache—other hirsute blossoms sunned themselves upon his chin—whilst a real

Havanna melted into smoke between his lips. His hands—what hands! no bigger than a Lady Mayoress's—were bound in kid of the most delicate lemon colour. Rich as he was in the glories of the toilet, Fanny knew that she was his equal. She could not see her own splendours, but she felt them to be Protean, as though she were all the ladies in the "Book of Fashions"—

"Ever changing—ever new."

Fanny's joy was not quite perfect, for she thought that all could not see her, but Fancy, obedient to her wishes, endowed the gig with a strange vitality, and the gaudy machine grew upwards with a thousand times the speed of the Nelson monument, until its altitude exceeded that of St. Paul's, and then she grew dizzy. She awoke at last, pleased enough to find herself on her old tent bedstead, though her little silly head was only dressed in a mob-cap of simple jaconet.

Bobby's dream had but little variety. At one time he thought that he was riding six of Meux's dray horses at once; then it was his enviable lot to be the man in armour at the City show; then he fancied that his day-dream had been realized, and he, Robert Flint, sat on a bronze horse at Charing Cross, with his face towards the House of Commons, and his back to the National Gallery. His heart swelled with pride within his bosom, when he thought how many years he should occupy that equestrian eminence—that thousands would daily turn their eyes on him and wonder at his symmetry and grace. Anon his legs grew bronze—the chill of his metal limbs congealed his blood, and in the agony of his fear he awoke with his legs hanging out of that side of the bed on which there was no carpeting.

The morrow came, and with it the welcome stranger. The first thing he did was to give them fresh proofs of their good fortune by a further advance of another hundred pounds. The Flints would not allow him to depart without partaking of dinner with them; and in order to convince him that they were worthy of their wealth, they engaged a char-woman to "come and cook for 'em." Apicius would have declined the task, for there was provender enough to have victualled a garrison.

The dinner-party consisted of the Flints and their new acquaintance as Miss Bromley had kept her room for some days on the plea of indisposition—but scarcely had the cloth been removed, when our old friend Cobb made his appearance.

A slight cloud of displeasure flitted over the faces of the Flints—they knew not why, but all, even Fanny, wished Stephen at the next tavern. Cobb himself evinced a degree of embarrassment which he had never done before, and it was not until the stranger had repeatedly challenged him to take wine, that he appeared perfectly at his ease.

When Fanny had left the table, old Flint again expressed a desire to make the unknown some acknowledgment for his services.

"You really distress me," said the stranger "by a recurrence to this subject; but as you seem anxious to be relieved from the trifling obligation you have incurred, I will not be ungenerous enough to refuse you. I am a lawyer (though Flint suspected as much, the announcement sounded like the click of a pistol) but, strange to say, I care very little for money. (Flint felt relieved.) You can, however, do me a service."

"Indeed?" said Flint; "pray name it."

"I have a nephew," continued the stranger, "who—who—who, I am informed, has long entertained an attachment for a ward of yours, Miss Bromley."

"You don't mean Dick Sims, the cheesemonger?" exclaimed Bob, looking quite aghast.

"No, sir," replied the unknown. "I allude to Mr. Merrington."

"Why, as to that matter Mr. ——, I have selected Miss Bromley for my son's wife."

"Certainly you have, and I can't give up a fortune—I mean a young lady, for any consideration," said Bob.

"Why you wouldn't throw yourself away, with your prospects," whispered Cobb, but loud enough for every one to hear his remark. "With your fortune, you're a match for a—for a master of hounds."

"That never occurred to me," said the elder Flint.

"Nor to me," exclaimed Bob.

"I had been more considerate," remarked the stranger; "had I not been aware of your present advantages, I should not have solicited so small a sacrifice."

The father looked at the son, and the son at the father, as though both were uncertain which was the proper course to pursue. Bob cared nothing for Ellen, and Flint saw a very long bill of costs in case of a refusal. At length the old man broke ground.

"Well, Robert, what do you say?—as our friend wishes to serve his nephew."

"Why, I give her up," said Bob, with the look of a Spartan hero who had thrown his basin of black broth out of the window.

The emotion which the stranger evinced, upon hearing this announcement, was very much to his credit as an uncle, for it was not until he had emptied a tumbler of port, that he could find words to express himself.

"My nephew is at present from town, but I am sure that when he is made acquainted with your kind determination, he will not lose a moment to thank you in person. As I leave England in a few days, I should wish this union to take place next Thursday, if agreeable to Miss Bromley, whom I have every reason think, will not raise an objection."

"That shall be ascertained in a moment," said Flint, who now appeared anxious to get rid of his ward, and the bill of costs, as soon as possible. "Fanny and I will go to her at once;" and, in furtherance of his mission, the grocer left the room.

Ellen was not quite so much surprised as might have been expected; nevertheless, she blushed the usual quantity of blushes,—hesitated, of course, and it was not until Fanny had assured her, "that it was what they must all come to, sooner or later," that she gave a reluctant consent to so speedy an union.

The announcement of Miss Bromley's determination occasioned a general feeling of delight, and bumper after bumper was quaffed to the happiness of the about-to-be happy couple.

The three intervening days soon passed, but it was not until the bridal morning that Mr. Merrington made his appearance, and even Fanny could but admit that Bob had not much the advantage over his former rival.

It had been arranged that the wedding should be as private as possible, and accordingly a hackney-coach and a cab were engaged to convey them to St. James's Church. One circumstance, however, threw a damp over their happiness,—that was, the unavoidable absence of the stranger, who could not accompany them to the altar, owing to a most pressing engagement.

Exactly at eleven o'clock, the bridal party entered St. James's Church, and in less than half an hour afterwards, old Flint had given away Ellen Bromley to be the wedded wife of John Merrington.

On leaving the church they all proceeded to Merrrington's house in Jermyn-street, and partook of an elegant *déjeuné*. Shortly afterwards a carriage and pair drove up to the door, much to the delight of the Flints, who one and all declared it to be "the neatest thing *they* had ever seen," which, of course, implied a degree of excellence rarely to be met with. Their admiration was soon to be more excited, for on the roof of the carriage, arranging an imperial, the Flints recognised our old friend Cobb in full livery!

Fanny uttered a short exclamation—Bob "blowed his wig," whilst old Flint turned round from the window in a state of speechless terror.

A ray of light appeared suddenly to have burst through the mental fog in which he had been so long enveloped. At last he found breath enough to gasp—"I begin—to see—a do!"

"Your penetration, Mr. Flint, does you honour," said Merrington. "You are done!"

Bob seized a silver fork, but there his prudence determined him to halt.

Old Flint felt he had nothing left but to sit down, and Fanny would have gone into hysterics, but she was over anxious to satisfy her curiosity.

"Mr. Flint, your cupidity is justly punished: Miss Bromley's happiness was left dependent on your caprice. For her little wealth you would have united her to one whom she never could have loved, but by the assistance of that honest fellow on the imperial, I have saved her from such misery."

"And my brother's fortune!" cried Flint.

"Ah! Uncle Jonas's 20,000*l*.," exclaimed Bob—

"Was an invention to render this lady of less value. But"—(Fanny certainly would have gone off if the 'but' had not saved her)—continued Merrington, "as the trick I have played you has been rather a cruel one, I will make you a present of the 300*l*. I have already advanced to you, and will present the same amount to your son and daughter whenever they may require it."

Merrington then led his blushing bride to the carriage; Cobb assisted to hand his old master and new mistress to their places in the interior, and having taken his own in the dickey, shouted "all right," without daring to cast a look at the drawing-room windows.

It is almost needless to add that Zachary Flint was never Lord Mayor of London, though Bobby does keep a horse of his own and has learned to laugh at the hoax of "Uncle Jonas." Reader, may you be as indulgent. In passing through the market town of S— last summer, I stopped at a very neat-looking inn, which appeared to have been recently erected. Judge of my surprise when I recognised in the hostess, Fanny Flint, and in the host, my old friend Stephen Cobb. How they made matters up I did not inquire, but there they were—man and wife. Stephen told me that Mr. Merrington had built this inn, and made him a present of it on his marriage with Fanny, and as he did not wish to come in collision with his neighbour who kept the "King's Arms," he had (with his peculiar turn of thought), named his hostel the "King's Legs."

TWO FOR HIS HEELS.

PUBLIC IMPROVEMENTS.

It has at length been determined to pave Oxford-street with wood, and the vestry are now laying their heads together to furnish the material.

The new drain at the corner of Whitcombe-street was opened with great solemnity on Wednesday last. One of the principal inhabitants christened it with a pailfull of clean water, and it was immediately afterwards thrown open to the voluntary contributions of the surrounding neighbourhood.

The plug-hole in the middle of the Westminster-road, which has been so fatal to that fine animal the British ass, is at length to be covered over with an iron plate. This humane measure is one which has our full concurrence, and it is only astonishing that the donkey party, which is peculiarly strong in the neighbourhood alluded to, should not have succeeded earlier in its efforts.

It is at length resolved to add the missing nostril to the nose of the statue in the centre of Golden-square. The subject has been long under discussion, and the anti-nostril party has hitherto been extremely powerful. It was moved, by way of amendment, that the feature should be repaired with a lump of putty alone, but the puttey-ites at length gave way without a division. The new nostril is to be open to competition, and artists are to be allowed to send in a whole nose, or a portion only, according to their own inclination. The name of each competitor is to be stuffed into the nostril, and only the successful nose will be looked into. The remainder will be devoted, just as they are sent in, to macadamising the carriage way.

Sporting Intelligence.

HEAVY STEAKS.

Mr. Giblett, the highly distinguished and aristocratic purveyor of animal nutriment, has favoured us with the following

ENTRIES FOR STEAKS

and other articles for the Plates, which we have faithfully copied from his day-book :

The Rump Steaks of two pounds each—2oz. fat—with a liberal allowance if a quantity be taken.

Doctor Blueple's Tiger, out of Livery, 1¼lb.

Lady Rougemore's Plain Cook, out of Brook-street, 2lbs. cut thick.

Mr. Ben D'Israeli's Maid-of-all-work, "out of a Holiday," ¼lb. on a skewer.

Count Daresay's Valet, out of "Cash," (allowed ½lb).

Mr. Roebuck's Grandfather, out of Elbows—a small "chuck," on a leaf from his own family-tree.

Lord Melbourne's Errand-boy out of Heart—dam'd by the lad in the shop. N.B.—To carry 2oz. home in the tray.

THE PROGRESS OF ART.

The public will have observed with satisfaction a new species of watering cart, which not only serves for the roads, but is also adapted for watering the feet of persons on the pavement. This ingenious process completely frees the boot from dust, and imparts to the leather an appearance of dead jet, which in the present hot weather is preferable to the glare of patent polish or brilliant blacking. The ingenuity with which the cart is constructed to emit water to the distance of a yard or two on each side, and the sudden process by which it may be laid on to the legs of an unsuspecting passenger, may be said to combine the virtues of the shower bath with the most admirable coolness, on the part of the driver, who has only to pull a string, which he generally does with a very nice discretion.

EPIGRAM.

"He (Roebuck) therefore moved, that the duties on timber, stated in the proposed tariff as 30*s.* per load on foreign, and 1*s.* a load colonial, be equalized henceforth.—*Times.*

No wonder that Roebuck so anxious should be
That the duties on wood should not vary;
For, being in search of his *family tree*,
With his *doubts* he is right to be chary.

THE BURST BOILER AND THE BROKEN HEART;
A STEAMICO-NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

By the Author of "The Raddled Ranger," "The Ocean Sorceress," "The Last of the Tomahawkians," &c. &c. &c. &c.

(*Continued from page* 226.)

CHAP. II.—THE BATTLE AND THE BREEZE.

ON WITH YOUR TAIL.

The emotion and graphic force with which Mr. Hobler embellished his narrative, had a considerable effect upon the old pensioner—it sent him to sleep; so that the story-teller found it necessary to substitute a more exciting liquor for dog's-nose. He ordered, in a loud tone, a pint of egg-flip, which awoke Hawshole to a sense of his situation.

"To be in the hands of an enemy," continued the chief mate of the "Phizgig,"—"to suffer the gibes and jeers of exulting adversaries, is galling enough, but to know that one owes one's life to them—oh! the thought is distraction."

"*Better* nor being drowned," interrupted the listener, rubbing his eyes.

"Yes, it was a boat's crew of the 'Runumdown' that dragged me and my Jemima from the damp bed of the Thames. Alas, we were now at the mercy of the deadly foe!"

"It was a lovely and serene morning; everything around was still—for the vessel was aground. We sat before the engine-house fire to dry ourselves, our hands locked in a firm, fast grasp, in mute, unspeakble sorrow. Jemima's eyes overflowed with tears, and she inquired in accents broken by anguish, 'whether a half quartern of brandy would not keep the cold out?' I made no answer, for my heart was too full, and my pockets too empty. She paused for a reply but a second, and then mounted the metal ladder, thus ironing herself before I was even dried.

"I was not long in following her. I swept the horizon with my eye, and saw the last curl of smoke from the funnel of the 'Phizgig' die away in the distance. The 'Runumdown' was crowded with the Honorable Society of the Noble Jacks—their excursion to the Nore and back had ended on a Plaistow mud-bank; and to prevent a mutiny, the Master of the Ceremonies piped all hands to the first set of quadrilles. At this moment I beheld the slender fingers of my adored Jemima gracefully entwined around a portly tumbler—her lovely nose inserted therein—in the act of drinking what appeared to be grog. Having emptied the glass she handed it to an individual whose appearance powerfully awakened my attention.

YARD ARM TO YARD ARM.

Although he has little to do with my narrative, it is necessary that I should describe his costume minutely:—

"No less by his height (considerably above the army standard), the length of moustache and amplitude of whisker, than by the longitude of his spurs and the latitude of his manners, was it to be instantly inferred that the stranger was a son of Mars; whilst the alarming size of his riding-whip showed him to belong to that section of the British Army which, in Military parlance, is denominated Cavalry. The precise regiment it was difficult to ascertain because he was far from being in uniform, inasmuch as, to a nice observer, it was evident that no two articles of his costume were alike, in colour or cut. A pair of those boots to which the great Prussian Commander, Blucher, gives the name, were surmounted by King's pattern (or *cord-au-roi*) trousers, which were again met nearly at the waist by a vest of variegated velvet, but scantily concealed by a bright green coat, tastefully sobered by the sombre shades of a black collar. But it was the buttons that invited alike the lover of heraldry, or the enthusiastic costume-fanciers, to the closest scrutiny. They were brilliantly gilt and highly embossed; the device being a fighting-cock *volant*, perched on a bar-sinister, in a field vert.

"Following the fashion of the time, this martial apparition added considerably to the dignity of his dress by the long hair which greased the collar of his coat, and which was partially hidden by an airy hat to which an invisible insect has supplied the nomenclature. Such was the appearance of one, the whole of whose brandy-and-water Jemima had

imbibed. But conceive my astonishment when I heard that my conjecture was right, and that the wearer of the miscellaneous costume was actually a Cornet in the 'Royal Oxford Mixtures!'

"The ball had hardly commenced when a bullet came whizzing past us, carrying away in its transit the main-to'-ga'n'-sails of a lady's bonnet! All was consternation; for the vessel being as full as a bomb-shell, the Runumdowns could not clear for action, neither could they run away; for though the tide had turned, the vessel could not, and she lay fully exposed to the raking fire of the Royal Artillery ball-practice, which—from the evident rawness of the recruits who were practising—threatened to be severe. The lubberly skipper turned pale with fear, and ordered off a boat to Blackwall for a steam-tug. None would obey him to be exposed to a galling fire, while I, glad to escape from my enemies and the perfidy of Jemima, who was now alternately contemplating, with grateful eyes, the Cornet and his grog, offered my services.

"As I stood upon the larboard ladder, with my foot upon the gang-board of the boat, all eyes were upon me. With the instinct of discipline, I waited, in spite of the danger, for orders to depart.

"'Shall I cut, sir?' was my query.

"'Cut!' replied the captain.

"'Cut!' echoed the engine-middy.

"'Cut!' repeated the first mate.

"I took my clasp-knife from my pocket and severed the painter in two, at one stroke. It was a decisive moment. Should I go to Blackwall?—Never! So I sculled away towards the 'Phizgig,' which I calculated was by this time returning.

"Casting my eyes towards the offing, over the Essex Marshes, I perceived a storm coming up from the Nor'-Nor'-East.

"Shiver my timbers, here was a go! I, Bob Stoker, in an open boat, without chart or compass, and nearing the dangerous waters of Erith Reach, with a gale threatening great guns!

BLOWING GREAT GUNS.

What was to be done? I sunk at the bottom of the boat overcome by terrifying apprehensions!

* * * * *

"When restored to my senses, the first sounds which saluted my ears issued from my commander's lips. In a voice of thunder, he vociferated, 'Brace the main waste-pipe!' 'Braced she is, sir,' replied the funnel-master.

"It did not require this desperate order to inform me that the storm was at its height, and that I had been miraculously picked up during the Phizgig's homeward voyage. No! the fury of the storm and the rolling of the craft were sufficient evidence. The waves lashed us with frightful violence, one raging surge almost reached our gunwale! A sudden gust of wind tore the main sheet of the awning bodily from the buntlines, and caused it to flap about like a pocket-handkerchief upon a clothes-line. In this fearful emergency, the captain was forced to exchange his station from the paddle-box to the con., and, dreading the loss of our funnel, gave—without an instant's hesitation—the order to 'lower' it; which daring feat was handsomely performed by the proper officer, assisted by the stoker—master's mate.

"But the dangers of the storm were in some degree relieved, when we neared the unfortunate 'Runumdown,' her bowsprit fractured, and her figure-head nearly riddled with the Royal Artillery's balls. When first presented to our vision, she was being ingloriously hauled off by

THE TUG BOAT,

which I had not summoned to her assistance. A shout of exultation arose from our hardy tars, and the Captain of the caboose, in his enthusiasm, could not restrain himself from throwing a bason of soup upon the enemy's deck as we ranged up alongside yardarm and yardarm.

"Although the gale was still at its height, our Captain again mounted the paddle-box, and I could see by the expression of his countenance, and the violence with which he puffed his cheroot, that some desperate deed was meditated. The 'Runumdown' had now got off, and was getting her steam up. I trembled from head to foot, when our skipper exclaimed,

"'Keep her in the wind's eye!'

"'Eye! Eye! sir,' was the steersman's reply.

"Bow to bow, paddle to paddle, stern to stern, now lay the rival vessels in their homeward course. In this position a voice near me ejaculated, in tones that manifested the deepest emotion, combined with certain involuntary contortions over the side of the ship—'Jemima!'

"At the mention of that name I darted a fierce glance upon the speaker. 'Who,' I majestically demanded, 'calls on Jemima?'

"'I am very ill,' piteously replied the person addressed—'Jemima.'

"'Is false.—Behold!' With these words I pointed to two figures then visible on the deck of the vessel beside us. They were Jemima and the officer of the Oxford mixtures. She was reclining upon his shoulder, looking as if she could not help it, whilst one of *his* hands encircled *her* waist!

"The sight was too much for both of us. We fell slick into each other's arms. We were brothers in misfortune, and we agreed that a treaty of eternal friendship between us was—

To be concluded in our next.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Mr. Snooks bathed, last evening, in the Serpentine. Brandy-balls were served upon the banks of the river, which presented a very animated appearance.

Policeman K 001. walked for some time yesterday on the Brompton Road. In the evening, he transacted business at the station-house.

A GRAND SPEC.

The proprietors of the *Thunderbolt*, which was knocked to pieces last year off Lambeth, met together to hear the report, when it was resolved that the scattered pieces of the gallant vessel should be got together and counted, when the shareholders should again meet for the purpose of declaring a dividend.

COVENT-GARDEN MARKET.

On Saturday there was a good supply of the fine full-grown basket-women, who went off rapidly at 6*d.* a load. Cabbage-stalks went at a high figure, and caused a great demand for the throwers. Rhubarb was looked upon as a drug, and green gooseberries were eagerly taken off by the importers of Moet's Champagne. Stomach-aches were plentiful about the afternoon.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Dr. Lushington, of the Consistory Court, has furnished us with a suggestion for rendering the expensive and tedious process of obtaining a divorce instantly available to persons of the most limited means. His ingenious expedient is to induce refractory couples to enter a Poor-law Union, where the separation of man and wife is confidently assured.

VENERATION FOR SHAKESPERE.

We understand that the *London and Westminster Steam Boat Company*, have resolved on completely renovating the whole of their admirable fleet of wooden steamers, with the exception of one, for they have at length determined, out of respect to the beautiful advice of Shakespere, to refrain from "painting the Lily."

WORD AND DEED.

Dealer.—He's as good a bit o' oss-flesh as ever peeped thro' a bridle, and if I wa'nt a fool, I shouldn't let ye have have him for 60;—four years off, sound wind and limb, and no more vice nor a babby.

Horse.—Take that!—(kicks him).

Dealer.—There, Genl'men! Ugh, there's a—ugh—pretty—ugh, playful critter!

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.—No. X.

THE WINDSOR EXPEDITION (*continued*).

UNHESITATINGLY we hasten to contradict a palpable blunder in our last chapter, which we can only account for by presuming that Mr. Rapp, from whom we received the report, must have been in a state of extreme ale—for which beverage Windsor is justly famed—and must therefore have *seen double*, which circumstance alone could have brought about the curious jumble made between the Birmingham and Great Western Railroad. If the reader will have the goodness to substitute "the large archway at the side of the Edgware-road," for "the two tall chimneys at the foot of Primrose-hill," this will bring him once more "in the right train" to go on.]

There were several conveyances waiting at the station to transport our friends to Windsor; and they immediately appropriated the greater part of one of the omnibuses to themselves. Manhug and a select few stormed the roof, according to custom; whilst Mr. Rapp persisted in standing on the steps behind, and treating the company generally, and those near the door in particular, with some extempore variations upon a theme of his own composing, on a tin horn which he had brought with him. They crossed the main street of Slough, and then passing through a turnpike and over a bridge, arrived at the commencement of Eton, attracting a little attention from the inhabitants by their antics; whilst the appearance of Mr. Newcome, who still kept his candle-box slung over his shoulders, provoked a few remarks, less courteous than comical, from the Eton boys, who were sitting on the low wall before the college.

After crossing the river, and climbing up the steep hill of Thames Street, the omnibus stopped at the White Hart, and began to discharge its load. Dr. Wurzel immediately called a council as to what should be the order of the day. Some were for seeing the Castle—others voted for collecting plants in the Park—Manhug and Rapp proposed something to eat—and Mr. Newcome, not knowing exactly what to do, acquiesced with everybody in turns, and thought their plan by far the best.

As they were rather hungry a feed was ultimately determined upon, and they proceeded along the street in quest of a suitable establishment, thinking the White Hart a little too aristocratic for medical students.

"Halloo! old fellow! how are you?" cried a well-known voice as they passed the top of Peascod-street.

"Jones, my boy!" exclaimed Mr. Rapp, as he recognised his old fellow-pupil; "why, who would have thought of seeing you here?"

"Oh, I am assistant to one of the doctors, and have been here the last three months," replied Jones.

"The deuce you have: and what sort of a place is this?" inquired Manhug.

"Um—I don't know exactly—rather rummy, and very slow generally, only to-day happens to be market-day. The Queen doesn't visit much amongst the townspeople."

"Is there a theatre?"

"I believe you—under the management of Eton College—and chiefly patronized by the Mayor and the Military. It pays very well—I've known as much as ten shillings taken at the doors."

"Where can my flock get anything to eat, Mr. Jones?" asked Dr. Wurzel, who was a young man, and, apart from the school, very fond of fun.

"I'll show you, Sir," replied Jones: "close by—try our fourpenny meat pies, strongly recommended by the faculty. Jolly shop,—not very ornamental, but uncommonly clean, and commanding a splendid view of the Town-hall."

"Are the things good?" asked Mr. Newcome.

"I believe they are, too," replied Jones. "You should see Prince Albert walk into the buns here now and then."

"Does he come here, then?" inquired Mr. Newcome.

"Oh, frequently. I've gone odd man with him, many a time, for ginger-beer. This is the place."

Acting upon Mr. Jones's advice, they turned into a shop opposite the market-place, with an eagerness that caused much alarm to a young man who was violently making pies at a dresser, as if his life depended upon it, and who, in allusion to his name, Mr. Jones designated as 'The Earl of Lester.' Passing into a back room, they were soon supplied with eatables, and whilst at lunch, determined upon their proceedings, one party going with the Doctor, to botanize in the Park, and the other remaining to see the town and Castle, with a promise to rejoin them near the statue, in the Long Walk.

"We term this shop the Windsor Exchange," said Jones. "Everybody that comes to market drops in here to inquire after everybody else; and nobody with large families thinks of going away without a load of new buns to choke their children with when they get home."

ATTACHED TO LIGHT INFANTRY.

As soon as the meal was finished, the two divisions separated, and Mr. Jones having bolted home to give the apprentice directions about certain draughts to be sent out, marshalled Rapp and Manhug towards the Castle. Mr. Newcome also joined them, upon the self-promise of collecting a double lot of plants when he joined the others in the Park.

"Newcome is a great card to draw out," whispered Rapp to their conductor: "try it on."

"All right," said Mr. Jones, winking. "These are the Poor Knights' houses," he continued, pointing to a row of dwellings on their right, as they entered the gate.

"Why are they called poor knights?" asked Mr. Newcome, who was exceedingly anxious for information upon every point.

"I don't know," replied Jones, "unless it is because, like summer nights, they are rather short."

"Ah!" said Mr. Newcome gravely. "I never thought of that. Where are we going first?"

"To St. George's Chapel: one of the vergers in black breeches will let us in."

"A virgin in black breeches," murmured Mr. Newcome, not exactly hearing the remark; "how very funny!"

Having entered the Chapel, Mr. Jones got the fresh man into a regular line. First he showed them the stalls, "used," he said, "by the knights for their horses in the desecrating times of the Middle Ages;" and then he stated that all the helmets and banners over them had been hired at a great expense, by Mr. Bunn, when he brought out "The Jewess" at Drury-Lane. Then he pointed out the exact spot, marked by an illegible inscription, where Thomas à Becket was killed by Quentin Matsys, the blacksmith of Antwerp, who shot the apple from William Tell's head. And, having explained a few more curiosities, they moved off to the Round Tower, "called," as Mr. Jones observed, "'The Keep,' from being formerly used to lock people up in—a kind of preserve, on a large scale, for human game."

"What a magnificent view!" exclaimed Mr. Newcome, as they reached the top.

"I believe you," said Jones: "there are twelve distinct countries to be seen from here, and more than a thousand invisible."

"Law!" replied Newcome; "and which are the twelve?"

"Let's see. Europe, Asia, Africa, Salt-hill, Virginia Waters, Boulogne, Ditton-marsh, Uxbridge, Jellalabad, Ascot-heath, Tottenham-court-road, and Stoke Pogis," replied his companion, all in a breath.

Mr. Newcome did not exactly know what to make of this rhapsody, but he was not ifiiclined to contradict it; so he kept on admiring the prospect, exclaiming, before long, "There is a review going on in the Park!"

"Yes," said Manhug, taking his turn at the chaff, "they have them every three months; but the Parks are a good deal torn about by them. They are the quarterly reviews which cut up things so, that you have heard of."

"Yes—which is Virginia Water?"

"That's it," said Rapp, pointing to a pond in the Park.

"And where is the fishing temple?"

"Oh, it's behind the trees—you can't see it."

"Wasn't it built by George the Fourth?" asked Newcome.

"Yes," continued Manhug, "and considering he was a king, and not used to that kind of work, he did it very well. Do you see that spire? Well—that's the church of Egg-ham, so called from the supper King John made there the night before his great battle with Sir Magna Carter—you've heard of him, you know."

"Well," remarked Manhug to Jones and Rapp, as they followed Mr. Newcome down stairs, "I have met many pumps, but—now then, Jones, we'll see the State apartments."

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XIV.

TO BE HAD IN SHEETS.

When the nap is fresh upon the coat,
When the hat is in its early prime,
When the linen collar round the throat
Has been worn but a very little time;
When polished boots enclose the feet,
When the pantaloon sets well on the knee—
In fact, when the whole turn-out is neat,
Oh—then my love, you may come to me.

When the lively kid that playfully roves
In the pleasant vale or the silent glade,
Has supplied the leather for the gloves,
And the same are "warranted town-made;"
When a diamond pin of the earliest flood*,
In the folds of your ample stock they see;
In a word, when the *toilet* is fresh and good,
You may come—yes, come—my love, to me.

LONDON INTERIORS.

No. VI.—THE WHAT-DO-YE-CALL-IT COFFEE-HOUSE.

This well known resort of anybody who likes to go there, is approached from the foot-pavement by a gentle ascent of about two inches, which can hardly be called a step, but which is just sufficient to remind any one who enters, of the necessity of looking not only before one leaps, but after one has stumbled. We now come to a door, which often exercises a pleasing delusion, for just as we are about to push it inwards, some one on the other side pushes it outwards, and affords an opportunity of a closer inspection of it than might be perhaps agreeable. On gaining the inside, an extraordinary odour may be frequently observed, combining the mingled scent of tea, coffee, and bacon.

The ground-plan of the What-do-ye-call-it is laid out in mahogany boxes, which run down either side, allowing an ample space in the middle for the purposes of general traffic. At the end of the room are two recesses, in each of which is a female figure selected from the ambulating studio of an Italian image-boy. One of the figures is supposed to represent Plenty, holding out a muffin; while on the other side is a beautifully finished statue, in chalk, of Charity tendering an empty milk-jug, which is considered to be a very happy device for hinting to the frequenters of the house, that Charity has nothing to offer in an establishment of which "cash down" is necessarily the leading principle of

THE 19TH CENT'RY.

On either side of the fire-place, and under the statues already alluded to, is the library, which is formed by two separate cupboards, and is enriched by several odd numbers of Monthly Magazines, together with a few illustrated periodicals, from which the plates have been carefully abstracted by some of the *connoisseurs* and collectors who have been occasionally visitors.

A DRAWING MASTER.

The great attraction of the What-do-ye-call-it consists, however, in its eatables, which are decidedly cheap, and are greatly relished by the majority of those who feed on them. A cup of coffee, with a liberal allowance slopped over into the saucer, may be had for three halfpence, which includes the reading of all the London papers, and house-room for the whole day, if required. Everything else is upon the same moderate scale. A penny will obtain from the lady-waiters a full pennyworth of courtesy, while twopence will procure a large assortment of smiles, with a quick supply of newspapers.

It is a remarkable fact that many of the frequenters of the What-do-ye-call-it are affected with a violent inclination for a very early and particularly hearty tea, and sometimes venture on asking for a plate of meat, a rasher of bacon, or an egg, with the meal above-mentioned; as soon, in some cases, as four o'clock in the afternoon, though by sundry allusions they endeavour to intimate that they have already gone through the ceremony of dining.

A curious observation has been made, from which it is ascertained that the consumption of food at this caravanserai bears a very close relation to the attire of the frequenters; and the waitress can detect, as it were, the seeds of what an order will be, merely by observing the quality of the clothes of her customer. When the seams of a coat are somewhat white, a plate of bread-and-butter, and a pot of tea, may be safely cut and poured out on the speculation of their being wanted; but if the elbow has been pieced, or is positively out, it would be decided overtrading to prepare anything beyond a single slice of thick bread-and-butter, with a solitary cup of coffee.

There is also an aristocratic class of frequenters, who give their orders loudly, and delight in asking for articles which they know they can't get, under names that sound like something very genteel and out of the way, in the hope of its being supposed that they are accustomed to French cookery and other expensive luxuries. They also desire that their coffee may be prepared *oh lay* (*au lait*), and talk loudly of their partiality for French living. It may, however, be observed, that if these people happen to hit upon something expensive that is really within reach, and which the waiter offers to procure, they suddenly determine on trying the ordinary fare of the establishment.

* Poetical license for "first water."

If spectacles were christened, what mythological name should they receive?—Yousee-by-us—Eusebius.

THE VICTORIAN, IN CONTRADISTINCTION TO THE ELIZABETHAN STYLE.

SIGNOR PUNCH,—In the 43d Number of your Miscellany, you have given a very excellent sample of the Elizabethan Style of Dramatic Literature. It seems to me that the modern is equally marked and worthy of imitation; and as a Drama now-a-days appears to consist of an acting version of the play-bill, I beg to submit the following favourable specimen of the pure domestic order:—

——— THEATRE.

MISS ANYBODY,
The Deep Pourtrayer of Domestic Suffering; and
MR. WHOULIKE,
The startling Representative of Nice Young Men,
EVERY EVENING.

CREATING CONSIDERABLE INTEREST.

POLLY PLUM, OR THE VICISSITUDES OF A SERVANT OF ALL-WORK,

Is the acme of Domestic Drama, and is nightly received by astonished thousands with vehement delight, and a kind of Mount Vesuvius greeting, that cannot be expressed in the English language. The deep bosom-felt woes of Polly Plum, would almost draw tears from a hearth-stone, whilst the honest and upright conduct of Peter, the errand-boy, cannot but excite a strong sympathy for the deserving class of juvenile individuals, of which he is at once the ornament and wonder. The scenery is almost too natural. The *beau idéal* of a gooseberry bush in the third Act, has been nightly vociferously applauded. The Manager has no alternative but to announce it for representation every evening, for three years.

On Monday, and during the Week, the performances will commence with POLLY PLUM;

OR, THE VICISSITUDES OF A SERVANT OF ALL-WORK.

(The Drama, written by the Author of "The Trials of an Irish Milkmaid," "The Dustman of Destiny," "The Three Hundred Echoes," &c. &c.)

Stephen Marl, - (a Linen Draper) - Mr. ———.
James Marl, - (his Brother by a former Mother) - Mr. ———.
Thomas Jackson, - (a Windmill Builder) - Mr. ———.
PETER, - (AN ERRAND BOY) - MR. WHOULIKE.
Wakeful Wallett, - (very fond of Eggs boiled hard) - Mr. ———.
Putney, Malvern, Moxley, Robmore, Penny, Cave, - (Seducers) - Mr. ———. Mr. ———. Mr. ———. Mr. ———. Mr. ———. Mr. ———.
POLLY PLUM, - (THE SERVANT OF ALL-WORK) - MISS ANYBODY.

INCIDENTS.—ACT I.

☞ During this Act, the wind is supposed to be blowing from N.N.E.

Scene 1.—OUTSIDE OF MARL'S HOUSE.—Peter, sweeping the door-step—"Ah, Polly! where are you going?"—"To fetch the milk, Peter." "Heavens! you are not well—your eyes burn blue." *Tableau.*—PETER SUPPORTING THE SERVANT OF ALL-WORK.

Scene 2.—KITCHEN IN MARL'S HOUSE.—Polly and the Bath Brick—James Marl's villany—Polly's danger—Sudden entrance of Peter, who, in this Scene, knocks a man down. *Tableau.*—PETER AND POLLY PINCHING JAMES MARL.

ACT II.

☞ Between the first and second Acts, a shower of rain is supposed to have fallen.

Scene 1.—BACK OF THE HOUSE, WITH A PUMP-HANDLE IN THE DISTANCE.—Near escape of Polly from stepping on a piece of Orange-peel—Sudden appearance of the Seducers—The Leap—The Rescue. *Tableau.*—PETER FLOORING THE SIX SEDUCERS.

Scene 2.—THE NEXT STREET, WITH A PERSPECTIVE VIEW OF THE FIRST TURNING ON THE LEFT.—Frightful Indigestion of Wakeful Wallet.

Scene the Last.—THE OLD BAILEY.—Polly charged with purloining a Toasting-fork—Circumstantial Evidence—The Screams of the Accused One—Six Fainting Spectators—"Oh! mercy, mercy!"—The Judge rises from his Seat—Six more Fainting Spectators—The Sentence—"For three Days you must be kept on Bread and ——"—Shouts of the Populace—Peter arrives, dragging in the real Culprit—The Innocent Triumphant—General Dance by the Characters. *Tableau.*—THE JUDGE RESIGNING POLLY'S HAND IN FAVOUR OF PETER.

After which, a Novelty, in which Miss Anybody will sustain
THIRTY CHARACTERS!!!!
The whole to conclude with a Nautical Drama, entitled
THE SPRAT'S HAUNT;
OR, THE CROSS-EYED SMUGGLER OF THE DEEP-BLUE WATERS.

PUNCH'S NOTICES OF MOTION.

MR. SOFTLY to move for the return of One Pound Ten lost at Epsom races, at the game of

THIMBLE-RIG.

M. GREENER to move for the production of the pea under the thimble, where it appeared at the time of a hat being laid upon it.

SENTIMENT IN A PARENTHESIS.

THEY tell me thou hast taken,
(But I'll not believe it true,
For my faith they have not shaken—
And shall not shake—in you).
They tell me—(but I don't believe the fact),
The benefit thou hast taken—of the act.

They hint (but I believe not,
To them I say the same,
Whilst you alone deceive not,
None else my faith shall claim).
They hint—oh, come, the slanderers to confound!
You've paid your debts by—sixpence in the pound.

THE ARISTOCRACY AND THEIR PIPERS.

IT has lately become the fashion among certain members of the aristocracy to keep a piper; which is probably merely an humble imitation of Warren, Rowland, and others, who were accustomed to "keep a poet." We are happy to find that the Duke of Sussex, who declined the Presidency of the Royal Society because he could not afford to give the members a cup of four-and-ninepenny mixed, has so improved in his

MIXTURE AS BEFORE.

circumstances, that he now has a piper attached to his establishment; from which it must be inferred that his Royal Highness is enabled to "pay the piper" without inconvenience.

THE CROPS AND THE WEATHER.

THE patches of verdure on the side of the Knightsbridge road looked extremely promising last week. But they have all been cut and carried off in the dust-cart of Mr. Dark, the driver of which celebrated a sort of harvest-home in a pint of porter at the *Hand-and-Flower*.

The grass coming up between the stones in Panton Square looks extremely healthy, and should the present fine weather continue, we may look for mowing in that secluded neighbourhood.

PARLIAMENTARY COMFORTS—CARD LEGISLATION.

LATE accounts from the Shades announce that King James the First continues, for his sins, to be employed as tobacco-stopper turner to Sir Walter Raleigh and other smokers of the illustrious dead. There is, however, new punishment in store for his Majesty; whose sufferings may, with some difficulty, be imagined when he shall read the following passage in the "minutes of evidence before the select committee of the House of Commons" on the subject of members' accommodation. "The near approach to the library *and a convenient smoking room* are now of more importance than ever. In old times such accommodations were less necessary: members came and sat a few hours in their seats, *heard the debates voted*, and went away in reasonable time; but now a member of Parliament who attends his duty closely spends 12 hours a day in the House, to say nothing of committees. It therefore *becomes important* that he should have the convenience of a library, and what is called *a smoking room*."

We think the committee singularly self-denying in their recommendation. Only a "convenient smoking room!" Why not hot purifying baths? Heaven knows! after the filthy electioneering work which has been proved against so many members, immersion in a sulphur bath of at least 90 degrees is more than ever essential to parliamentary cleanliness. Indeed, after what has been published, we propose that the discipline of many of our county gaols be rigorously imitated in the House of Commons.

Our readers remember the case of Lovett and others, condemned for political offences. They were stripped, their hair closely cropped, made to bathe in a hot bath, and then, if we mistake not, arrayed in the prison dress, immediately on their arrival at the gaol. When we read of the doings at Norwich, Southampton, Northampton, Sudbury, and other places—we ask of the unprejudiced reader whether it is just to the cleanly members of the House of Commons (if there be such), to suffer the representatives of tainted boroughs to mingle with them, until they have undergone a purifying process? We therefore earnestly wish that Mr. Hume will move for a grant to be expended in bath-rooms, soap, sulphur, *strigils* (there are drawings of the last in Sir W. Gell's *Pompeiana*), scissors, bath-men, barbers, with all things and persons necessary to the insurance of as much parliamentary cleanliness as may henceforth be possible. At present we can assure a host of non-senators that they are in a very foul and filthy condition: so much so, that, as the hot weather advances, we strongly advise all our readers, for fear of the worst, never to let the wind come between them and a Member of Parliament.

However, to return to the question of "a smoking room." We think the outlay on this apartment quite unnecessary. Why should not Hon. Members be allowed to enjoy the weed in their places in Parliament? The smoke curling from meerschaum and cigar would, in so many cases, exquisitely illustrate the patriotism, wisdom, and utility of the smokers. We trust that Mr. Hume will get up an amendment to the effect that there be no smoking room, but that a small grant be voted for the supply of six hundred and fifty-eight japanned spittoons. We have had some chat with Mr. Wakley on the subject generally, and are happy to state that the Member for Finsbury offers, in the most patriotic manner, a "mile" or two of his unpublished poetry for pipe lights: moreover, should there be any delay in supplying the spittoons, he has generously offered several of his library "bushels," (generally employed to hold his verse), as substitutes for such utensils, and has no doubt, that after a heavy night's smoking, they will be equally well filled.

We now come to the article of nightcaps, which we think shamefully neglected by the "select committee," seeing that many Members of Parliament suffer much in the House from the custom of sleeping in their hats. Colonel SIBTHORP must certainly move for the night-caps; the subject is peculiarly his own; for he never rises without bringing night-caps home to the feelings and wishes of the whole assembly. Indeed, Sibthorp and Nightcap are now parliamentary synonyms.

In reading over the "minutes of evidence," we are disgusted to find no recommendation of a convenient billiard room. This is a grievous omission; the more so, as the object of many members' seeking the House of Commons is solely to learn how to—*pocket*.

Neither, after a most attentive perusal of the evidence do we find any notice of either cards, dice, or even dominoes. We have such confidence in the justice of Parliament—in that justice which applies to their own comforts—that we are convinced the omission is only to be pointed out to be remedied. Cards, we think, quite indispensable to legislation as Parliament is at present constituted. Will any rational man tell us that the country would not be equally well satisfied, if every vital question were disposed of, not as at present after nights of weary talk, but by an amicable game at *put*, played by Sir ROBERT PEEL and Lord RUSSELL on the cross benches. Again, how many Railway and Company Bills—at present prosily discussed in committee—might be arranged in a comfortable round game of *speculation*? Thirdly, instead of settling every question by the tedious operation of dividing the House, why not *cut* for it? We are convinced of it; we repeat it; the country would be equally well satisfied with this mode of legislation as with the present. Besides, let laws be made by the card, and intelligence as well as property would be represented, and much present discontent allayed. The Wizard of the North, the Thimbleriggers of Epsom and Doncaster, with other magicians who live by successful shuffling, would no longer have cause to complain that they were not represented in the Commons. If they had not a *voice* in Parliament, it would be quite evident they had a *hand* in it; for the spirit of a Lord de Roos would mingle in the debates as then conducted, and bless the *sauter la coupe* of the fine-fingered statesman!

We all remember the tedious debate on the want of confidence. The matter might have been settled in five minutes. All that was wanted was a pack of cards, and a deal out for—the first knave. Allowing that the card had fallen to Sir ROBERT PEEL, would the agriculturists who now roar so at the corn-cutting doctor—would the friends of SIBTHORPE, with all their hopes and all their interests invested in English asses—would they have been one jot more discontented than they are at present? Would the men of acres have more vociferously branded Sir ROBERT as—*The Knave of Spades*?

We confess that card legislation may admit of cheating; we own that if a RAMO SAMEE—who like Mr. Dobree, the pawnbroker, has made a fortune by golden balls—were to be returned to Parliament by the constituency frequenting the Coburg Theatre, and were base enough (which we much doubt) to attempt to force or hide a card for party purposes, he might occasionally succeed; but with the introduction of our system, the eye of the Speaker would be correspondingly educated; and on the least evidence of legerdemain, he would declare that he had "caught the finger" of the very honourable member. See what would come of this!

As the House of Commons is at present constituted, members may subdue perjury—may buy Christian souls, as WAKLEY puts *his* soul into poetry, by the bushel (were he an avaricious man he would sell it by weight)—and yet hold a fair forehead to the world, untouched, unscathed. They have a thousand ways of avoiding the penalty due to their misdoings. Not so, if the SPEAKER caught them in the fact; then they might be punished; and modern science supplies the effective, yet withal the most delicate means. The *United Service Gazette* has published to the rejoicing world the invention of a new engine to brand deserters, who, heedless of the laurels of military life, prefer the bacon and cabbage of a civil station. The instrument is really quite a plaything. By the description of the writer, it is no more than—

"A lover's pinch, that hurts, and yet 's desired."

Hear the gentleman!—"This instrument, *which is of brass*, is shaped at the end into the form of the letter D, from the outline of which is protruded, by means of a spring, a series of needle points, which are regulated by a screw at the end, and by turning which their length may be increased or diminished. By pulling back this nut, after the points are regulated, they recede into the box, when the instrument may be considered charged. A slight pressure on a small brass lever delivers the needle points, inflicting a puncture on the skin the exact shape of the instrument. These punctures, on being rubbed with a marking fluid composed of a quarter of a pound of pulverised indigo, two sticks of Indian ink, and enough water to render it liquid, leave an indelible D upon the *arm or hand* of the deserter. This punishment is only to be administered *on parade in the presence of the men*; in the cavalry by the trumpet-major, and in the infantry by the bugle-major, *who are to be instructed by the medical officer* how to apply the instrument. It is, moreover, only to be inflicted in the presence of the surgeon. If marking deserters is considered indispensable,

No. XLVI.——LAYING DOWN THE LAW.

there is no possible means by which it can be accomplished *with less pain and more certainty.*"

Tickling, even by the lily finger of Venus, would appear painful in comparison with this most dainty, this most delicate operation. Again, consider the solemnity. It is only to be acted "on parade in presence of the men!"

We, however, propose that this instrument be made available, with card legislation, in Parliament. (When the inventor compassed the engine, he evidently thought of "gentlemen.") A member is caught shuffling. Very well. He is called up by the SPEAKER ("who has been instructed by the medical officer how to apply the instrument") and is requested to hold his cheek, "which is of brass," to the engine. "A slight pressure delivers the needle points" on one cheek of the member, who is so delighted with the operation, that with true Christian piety, he "turns the other."

Oh, gentlemen of the House of Commons—oh ye members for——, and ——, and ——, and ——, and (the printer has only one more ——) if such were the punishment, not for deserters only but for oath-brokers—should we not have men clothed like the Brothers of Mercy—all their faces muffled, with only "holes for the eyes?"—Q.

Above Bridge Naval Report.

ADDITIONAL SIGNALS OF THE TWADDLE-CUM-SQUAT YACHT CLUB.

BOARDERS RECEIVED.

Q.—When do you return to port? . . . Flag 7 over 8.
A.—Not until the sherry is finished . . . „ 6 over 7.
Q.—Have you any onions? . . . . . „ 5 at the peak.
A.—No—but we've just sprung a leak (leek) . „ 6 at do.
Q.—Can you lend us a fish-kettle? . . . „ 2 over 3.
A.—No—we're boiling our potatoes one at a time in the shaving-pot . . . . . „ 3 over 2.
Q.—Will you come on board for half an hour? . „ 5 over 4.
A.—No—but we will for some pigeon-pie . . „ 4 over 5.
Q.—Have you tick at the Swan? . . . . „ 9 over 14.
A.—No—We're in debt there . . . . „ head over ears.

GRAND MILLINERY, CARRIAGE, FLY, AND CAB-SHOW, AT CHISWICK.

ON Saturday, June 11, one of the most extensive and varied exhibitions of the above articles that was ever known, took place at the Gardens of the Horticultural Society. About four or five tents were filled with flowers, under pretence of calling the enormous assemblage of new bonnets and old equipages, "A Floricultural Fête;" but the show of muslins, britchkas, cardinals, cabs, lace, and landaus, was considerably more attractive. Nobody looked at the flowers, for all were looking at each other during the fête, and for their reticules after it. Amongst the most full-blown specimens of Millinery, the following deserve to be particularised:—

BONNETS (*Chapeaux grandifolia*).

An elaborate specimen of The pink-satin-and-feather order, worn by a lady of eighty,—reared by Madame Very in her Regent-st. establishment.

Several specimens of Cranbourn-Alley-Cottage, sported by several "young ladies," from behind Messrs. Sewell and Cross's counter.

A pepper-and-salt Dunstable, from Oxford-street.

The show of Shirts and Scarfs was immensely various; but the Shoes and Stockings were considerably the most dusty.

THE VEHICLES (*Curriculi rariorii*).

A splendid red-and-gold Omnibus, sent by Mr. Cloud.

A Pony Chaise, belonging to Baron Nathan.

A Patent Cab, from Mr. Hanson's yard—

And as many more of every description, from an earl's carriage down to Bill Sykes' donkey-cart, as reached from Hammersmith to Brentford.

The Music in the gardens was performed by the Household troops, in red coats; and the ices were one-and-fourpence a-piece when the money-taker had change, and one-and-sixpence when he hadn't.

THE LIGHT SOVEREIGNS.

IT is not true that the very hot weather has led to the Queen's proclamation on the subject of "sweating sovereigns." We understand, however, that Sir Peter Laurie has placed all his ready cash in an ice-house, in order to keep the gold from getting into a violent perspiration from the intense heat that has been lately prevalent.

After the allusion to "sweating sovereigns," we can perfectly understand the meaning of parties betting "a cool thousand," which of course means a thousand pounds that have not been sweated.

GRAND FLOWER SHOW.

MR. TULIP PINKERTON entertained a distinguished party at his Flower Show, at his private residence in Baldwin's Gardens, Gray's Inn Lane, on Monday last.

The flowers were arranged on two stone slabs, each running the whole length of a window, and the pots were preserved from the possibility of accident by a strong piece of twine, which ran from a nail on the right to another nail on the left of each window. In order that there might be no inconvenience, the Flower Show was confined to the exterior of Mr. Pinkerton's residence, no one being admitted to the privilege of the *entrée*; and a *déjeûner à la* dried herring was laid out in the apartment for Mr. Pinkerton himself, while the general company were limited to the promenade in front, embracing an area of several yards, from the entrance to the Gardens through the Gothic archway in Gray's Inn Lane, to the tortuous outlet into Park Street.

Several bands of music were in attendance during the day, and the gardens were visited by the clever manipulator on a sheet of paper, who folds it twenty-six ways, declaring each to represent some familiar object, which, however, no one remembers to have seen anything that it bears any resemblance to. The promenade was kept up with much spirit all day, and Mr. Pinkerton passed down the garden at a quarter before nine in the morning, when he repaired to transact his usual official business. He returned at about eight, and again passed through the gardens; but the flower show might be considered by that time concluded.

We subjoin a list of some of the principal flowers:—

A Davunculus Daisy, reared from a root in the possession of a travelling botanist from the neighbourhood of Clapham.

We also observed a fine specimen of the *Ambitio Londinensis*, vulgarly called the London Pride, which was brought, together with the crimson vase in which it stands, by a relative of Mr. Pinkerton, who gave it to him as a *donatio mortis causâ* on his death (and from his flower) bed.

A good deal of notice was attracted by the stump of a curious plant, the name of which we were unable to obtain. Its colour is a darkish brown, and it has been cut off at the top, in a slanting direction. It was generally understood to be the subject of some grand botanical experiment of Mr. Pinkerton, for he has been observed to water it night and morning, for the last four months, without any change whatever being perceptible.

There is also in the same collection, a very extraordinary specimen of the *Maria Aurum*, or Marigold, which is already in flower, and attracts a good deal of notice in Baldwin's Gardens.

It is a remarkable fact, that the whole of the flowers comprised in Mr. Pinkerton's show, are growing on a soil which has been removed by Mr. Pinkerton himself to the neighbourhood, and which is considered much more favourable to vegetation than the natural ground attached to his residence. Indeed the whole of the surface of the Gardens is encrusted with thick stone, so that vegetation to any extent would be hardly possible, with the exception of

FOREIGN HOPS.

MONEY MARKET.

GOLD was in a feverish state owing to the process of sweating, and parties who expected to find money extremely heavy were surprised at its uncommon lightness, which they only perceived when bringing it into the Market. Sovereigns with the coupons (or little pieces) cut out, were freely offered for twenty shillings and as freely declined, and many persons made fruitless endeavours to turn the scale by filling in the crevices.

WE understand that the Queen Christina of Spain has demanded an explanation of our Government on the subject of the proclamation, which declares that the people shall not be legally bound to accept "light sovereigns." The Duke of Brunswick is also somewhat offended, for he has been already weighed as a sovereign and found wanting.

THE LEGEND OF JAWBRAHIM-HERAUDEE.

HERE once lived a king in Armenia, whose name was Poof-Allee-Shaw; he was called by his people, and the rest of the world who happened to hear of him, Zubberdust, or, the Poet, founding his greatest glory, like Bulwer-Khan, Monckton-Milnes-Sahib, Rogers-Sam-Bahawder, and other lords of the English Court, not so much on his possessions, his ancient race, or his personal beauty (all which, 'tis known, these Frank emirs possess), as upon his talent for poetry, which was in truth amazing.

He was not, like other sovereigns, proud of his prowess in arms, fond of invading hostile countries, or, at any rate, of reviewing his troops when no hostile country was at hand, but loved Letters all his life long. It was said, that, at fourteen, he had copied the Shah-Nameh ninety-nine times, and, at the early age of twelve, could repeat the Koran backwards. Thus he gained the most prodigious power of memory; and it is related of him, that a Frank merchant once coming to his Court, with a poem by Bulwer-Khan called the Siamee-Geminee (or, Twins of Siam), His Majesty, Poof-Allee, without understanding a word of the language in which that incomparable epic was written, nevertheless learned it off, and by the mere force of memory, could repeat every single word of it.

Now, all great men have their weaknesses; and King Poof-Allee, I am sorry to say, had his. He wished to pass for a poet, and not having a spark of originality in his composition, nor able to string two verses together, would, with the utmost gravity, repeat you a sonnet of Hafiz or Saadee, which the simpering courtiers applauded as if it were his own.

The king, as a man of Letters himself, pretended to be a great patron of all persons of that profession, inviting them to his Court, receiving them at first with smiles, and filling their mouths with sugar-candy and so forth. But smiles and sugar-candy do not cost much; and, in return for his compliments, His Majesty made the poets pay him very handsomely; for he sucked their brains, learned their beautiful poems of them, and then showed them the door. In fact, when he had heard their poems once read to him, he could repeat them without missing a word; and then he would pretend to be violently angry with the bards for daring to deceive him. "This an original poem!" he would cry; "Oh, shame-faced rogues! I have heard it this score of years;" and repeating it, would forthwith call for his furoshes to beat the poets' heels into jelly. Thus he learned a great deal of delightful poetry, and at small charges. Now, strange to say, the king had a female slave, the far-famed moon of beauty, surnamed, for the slimness of her shape, Roolee-Poolee, who had almost as wonderful a memory as his himself, and would sit and cap verses with him for weeks together. She knew the works of all sorts of authors, and could repeat you a little lively erotic ditty of Thamaz the Moor, or a passionate tale by Byroon, or a long sanctimonious, philosophic, reflective poem by the famous old Dervish Woordswoorth-el-Muddee (or of the lake), and never miss one single word. To be brief, she was the next person in the kingdom, after the king, for memory; for though she could not, like His Majesty, repeat a poem on hearing it *once*, after hearing it twice she was perfect in it, and would speak it off without missing a word. And as the poet touchingly observes, that "Birds of one and the same feather, will frequently be found in one and the same company;" so likewise the Court of Armenia boasted a kindred spirit to that of Poof-Allee and Roolee-Poolee, in the person of the chief of the eunuchs, Samboo Beg. Samboo had been a Shaitan, or printer's devil in the printing-office of Buntlee's Mugazeen (the fashionable periodical of Constantinople), and thence, after acquiring a love of Letters and a great power of memory, had been transported to the Armenian Court, where he held the important post before-named. After hearing a thing *thrice*, Samboo Beg would repeat it without a fault, as he had been frequently known to do with the leading articles of the Aurora-Po (the fashionable Court newspaper of Armenia), which he would have read to him while he was being shaved in the morning, before he waited upon his Sovereign.

Thus, then, the matter stood in this singular court:—

King Poof-Allee, Princess Roolee-Poolee, Samboo Beg } could repeat a thing after hearing it { once, twice, thrice;

and now you must be informed how they put this strange talent of theirs out to interest.

The king gave out that he believed there were no more original poems left in the world, that he believed men of letters were impostors, but that he would give its weight in gold for any original work which a poet should bring him. Those who failed were to suffer the penalty of the bastinado, and were to pay a fine to the crown.

Now what did he do? When any poet came to recite, Poof-Allee received him with courtesy sitting on his throne, with his eunuch, Samboo Beg, waiting behind him.

As soon as the poet had done his verses, he would assume a terrible air and say "Bankillah, Bismillah, Rotee-Muckun, Hurrumzadeh! (Mahomet is the true prophet, and Mecca the Holy City.) Slave of a poet, thou hast deceived me! this poem, too, is borrowed;" and then he would repeat it himself, and bid Samboo go and fetch Roolee-Poolee (who had been standing all the while behind a curtain and had heard every syllable)—and Roolee-Poolee appearing would also repeat the poem; and as if to put the matter beyond all doubt, Samboo himself would step forward saying, "Nay, I myself have known the verses for years past! and would repeat them;" as well he might, having heard them thrice repeated already, viz., by the inventor, by his Majesty, and by Roolee-Poolee. Then if the poor bard could not pay a handsome fine, he was bastinadoed; in fact, to use the monarch's own vile pun, he was completely *Bamboozled*.

It was a wonder then after some time, when the fate of all poets at King Poof-Allee's court came to be known, that still literary men could be found to spout their verses, and to brave the inevitable bastinado, which was their reward; but such is the infatuation of men of letters in Armenia, Persia, and elsewhere, that they will make poems be they never so much belaboured for them, and there was never a lack of bards to come and sing before the Armenian throne. There was, for instance, the celebrated writer, Mollah Moongoomeree, who recited his poem of Eblis, and was beaten accordingly; there was Ulphabect-Baylee, who sung his little verses to the guitar, and whose heels were scarified for his pains; and a hundred others whose names might be mentioned, but that the heart grows sick at thinking of the fate which attended these geniuses, and at the atrocious manner in which Poof-Allee-Shaw treated them. His conduct you may be sure awakened the deepest indignation in all loyal bosoms, and many a conspiracy was hatched in order to put the monarch to shame.

Now there lived somewhere on the peak of Mount Caucasus, a famous and wise old bard and prophet, who was chief of the Syncreteek sect of philosophers, and much admired by his followers. They were, though not numerous, yet of undaunted courage, and cheerfully went down at the command of their master, the great JAWBRAHIM-HERAWDEE (may his shadow never be less!), to recite these poems before Poof-Allee, and assert their claims to originality. Alas! one by one they came back dreadfully bastinadoed; and the old man, revolving their wrongs in his mind, determined to avenge them. "This king," said he, "who repeats a poem, when one of my faithful children has uttered it—this woman, this rascally black slave who repeats it after the king, what can be their art?—I am sure they must either take it down in short-hand, or that they must employ some other diabolical stratagem"! Accordingly Jawbrahim Herawdee climbed up to the topmost peak of his mountain, and remained there for three weeks in tremendous meditation; he lay on his back there in the snow, not caring for the burning noon sun, nor the icy night-wind, but he fasted, and gave up his soul to the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, and at the end of the three weeks came down to the huts and hermitages where the Syncreteeks inhabited, emaciated certainly, but still, to the astonishment of his disciples, wearing a cheerful aspect.

"My children," said he, "I will go down to Armenia, and confront this wicked king, who has put our brethren to shame." And though the disciples clung about him, he yet resolutely determined to go forth, and girded his loins, and mounted his dromedary, and descended the rugged sides of the mountain.

He took nothing with him but a little bag of rice for himself and his

faithful animal, his nightcap, and his harp, which he slung behind him.

"If I can't puzzle Poof-Allee-Shaw," said the sage, "only Belzeboob himself can hope to overcome him."

In the six-thousandth year of the Hejra, it being the day Nishti, the thirteenth day of the month Ramjam, there was great gloom and despondency in the court of Armenia—as when was there not, when the heart of Armenia's king was sad!

He was ill, and was out of humour—no literary man had appeared before him for many days; his great soul yearned for new poetry, and there was none to be had. He called upon Roolee-Poolee to recite to him in vain: could she compose verses of her own? and did he not know every poem that ever was written? He flung his slippers at Roolee-Poolee's

head, and the faithful girl retired sobbing. Then he called upon Samboo-Beg for a song; but Samboo too failed, and left the royal presence howling, after a vigorous bastinado. Then he told the slaves to bastinado each other all round—which they did; and afterwards dared not come near their august master, who sate in his divan alone. "By the beard of Mahomet's grandmother," said he (and that oath no believer was ever known to break), "if I do not hear a new poem to-day, I will levy an income-tax to-morrow upon all Armenia."

Just as evening fell, the curtain of the sacred apartment was drawn aside, and the head of the chief of the eunuchs appeared between the interstices.

"Grinning hound of a black slave, what wilt thou?" said the king—flinging at the same time one of his top-boots in the direction in which the smiling sycophant appeared.

"Light of the world!" replied the faithful negro, "there 's a poet come! a poet of fame: no other than the great Jawbrahim Heraudee."

"What! the shiekh of the Syncreteeks!" cried the king, delighted; "bring sherbet and pipes—go, slaves, get a collation ready, set the fountains playing, bring flowers, perfumes, and the best of everything." And the delighted monarch himself rushed outside the court of the palace to welcome the illustrious stranger.

There stood indeed the great Jawbrahim; he was not on the back of his dromedary, but led the animal by the bridle: it seemed to bend under the weight of two huge baskets, which hung on either side of his humps.

"Great bard," said the king, bending low before him, "welcome to the court of Armenia; thy fame hath long since travelled hither, and Poof-Allee's heart yearns towards the sage of mount Caucasus."

Jawbrahim-Heraudee, who knew the fallacious nature of his majesty's compliments and welcome, made a stiff salutation in reply to this oratorical flourish, and thus said: "The fame of Poof-Allee has reached to the summit of mount Caucasus; the world cries that he is a lover of poetry, and a generous patron of bards—and is it so, O king?"

Jawbrahim spoke these words in such a queer satiric way, that Poof-Allee did not at first know whether he was complimenting him, or merely laughing at his beard. "Poetry I love," said he; "poets I respect, if I find them original: but, O Caucasian sage! many poets have come before me, who were but magpies with peacocks' plumes; who looked like lions, but lo! when they opened their mouths, brayed like donkeys: these I chastise as they deserve; but the real poet I honour with my soul."

"Am I a real poet, or a false poet?" inquired Jawbrahim.

"That I cannot tell, except from reputation, and can only be sure of when I have heard a specimen of your art. Be it original, I promise you that, though your work be twenty cantos long, I will pay its weight in gold; but be it a copy (as I shall know, for I know by heart every known poem in the world), I shall exercise upon thy heels the wholesome rattan."

"May my heels be beaten into calf's-foot jelly," replied Jawbrahim, "if the poem I shall sing before your Majesty be not entirely unknown to you. Only the moon has heard it as yet, as I lay upon the snowy peak of Caucasus—or, mayhap, an owl has listened to a stanza or two of it, as he flapped by my midnight couch upon his pinions white."

"Will you take a trifle of anything before you begin?" asked the king: but the sage only waved his head in scorn, and, tying up his dromedary to a post in the courtyard, said that he required no refreshment, but would commence his poem at once. Accordingly the monarch and his suite led the way, and seated themselves in the magnificent chamber of the palace which was called the golden nightingale cage, or the hall of song.

"I have, sir, a choice of works which I can recite to you. Will you have a sonata to Swedenborg, an ode to Madame Krudner, or a little didactic, enclytic, æsthetic—in a word, synthetic piece, on the harmony of the sensible and moral worlds and the symbolical schools of religion?"

"The subjects, sir, do honour to your morality," replied the king, "but strike us as rather tedious."

"My ode to my country!—

O for dear Little Britain—for dear Little Britain—my country.
Close to Goswell-street road,—closer to Simmary Axe,—

"Simmary, my lord, is not the real, and, so to say, organic pronunciation of the term—but rather the synthetic and popular one.

O for dear Little Britain, that 's near thy row Paternoster,
Near to the Post-office new, near to the Bull and the Mouth.'
O for Aldersgate pump!"—

"Those jaw-breaking hexameters and pentameters, O sage!" here interposed the monarch, who had already begun to yawn, "were never much to my taste; and if you will please to confine yourself to some metre more consonant to the Armenian language"—(in which dialect, it need scarcely be stated that the poet and the monarch both spoke),—"if you will condescend to try rhyme, or at the worst, blank verse, I shall listen with much greater pleasure."

"Sire, I will enunciate a poem in sixteen cantos, if you please, and written in the Dantesque *terza-rima*." But the unconscionable Sovereign of Armenia, knowing the extreme difficulty of hunting up the rhymes in that most puzzling of metres, begged Jawbrahim rather to confine himself to blank verse: on which the Caucasian sage, taking his harp, sung as follows:—

Eastward of Eden lies the land of Nod;
There grew an old oak in the vale of Ely—
Old as the world, in lasting marble dure.
The threefold serpents animating clasp
The mundane egg, and wondrous trident coil'd,
The cataracts of everlasting heaven,
The fountains of the co-eternal deep,
Defined anon, and growing visible,
Undimm'd shone out clear as the hour of dawn!
Harmonious symmetry, proportion bland!
Visions were thine wherein the sculptile mind
Twin'd with the harmless serpent as in sport,
Till grew his aspect spectral, and his eye
Flitting athwart a place of sepulchres,
Hung o'er his shoulders broad and on his breast.
* * * * * *
Consistency, eternity's sole law,
The indefatigable universe,
Substance with attribute. * * *

Then entering into his theme, the poet after these preparatory considerations gave utterance to his sublime epic, which is far too long to be noted here. He spoke of the vision of Noah, and the Book of Enoch; he spoke of the children of Cain, of Satan, Judael, Azazael; and when he arrived at that splendid part of his work in which he cries—

Oh, Amazarah! most majestical
Of women, wisest and most amorous!

he looked up at the king and paused, expecting no doubt that applause would ensue.

The king bounced up on his seat—the black eunuch suddenly started and opened his great goggling black eyes—the lovely Roolee-Poolee stretched out her fair arms and gave a yawn. The fact is, they had all been asleep for hours.

"Samboo—Roolee-Poolee," cried the Monarch, "I was a little overtaken and did not hear that awful long poem, but you can repeat it, can't ye?" Samboo and the lady could not repeat one word of it. They began to stammer 'the catechisms of everlasting Heaven,'—'the mundane egg in wondrous trident boiled'—'the harmless spectral serpent with his eye flitting athwart a pair of spectacles'—but as for repeating the whole of the lines, that was impossible. The king was obliged fairly to give in, and to confess for the first time in his life that the poem he had heard was original.

"O sage," said he, (in quite a new compliment,) "your poem does equal credit to your head and heart. I cannot reward you as you merit, but that poor guerdon which my straitened circumstances permit me to offer to the original poet is justly thine. Take thy poem to my treasurer, have the book in which it is written weighed against the purest gold, and by the beard of the prophet's relative, the gold shall be thine."

"Will it not please you to hear the rest of the poem, sire?" said the sage, "there are but forty thousand lines more, and having vouchsafed to give me a patient hearing since yesterday,"—

"Since *when*?" exclaimed Poof-Allee.

"Since yesterday at sunset, when I began; and the stars came out, and still my song continued; and the moon rose, and lo! my voice never faltered; and the cock crew, but we were singing before him; and the skies were red, and I, like the rising sun, was unwearied; and the noontide came and Jawbrahim Heraudee still spake of Azazael and Samiasa."

"Mercy upon us, the man has been talking and we have been asleep for four-and-twenty hours," cried lovely little Roolee-Poolee.

"Your Majesty paid me a compliment not to notice how the hours flew," said Jawbrahim, "and I will now proceed, by your leave, with the 44th canto: beginning with an account of the birds"—

Then came the birds that fly, perch, walk, or swim,
On trees the Incessorial station hold,
The Gallinaceous tribes must feed and walk;
The Waders * * * *

"Hold your intolerable tongue, O poet with a burned father!" roared King Poof-Allee in a fury. "I can bear no more of thy cursed prate, and will call my slaves with bamboo canes if thou utterest another word."

"Thou promisedst me gold and not a beating, O king!" cried the sage, scornfully. "Is it thus that the Armenian monarchs keep their word?"

"Take thy gold in the name of the prophet!" replied the king—"go to my treasurer and he shall pay it to thee."

"He will doubtless not pay without a draft from thy royal hand."

"I can't write!" shouted the king; and then recollecting himself, and his reputation as a literary genius, blushed profusely, and said, "that is, I *can* write, but I do not choose to have my signature in the hand of every rogue who may take a fancy to forge it. Here, take my ring, and Samboo go thou with Jawbrahim; see his poem weighed by the treasurer, and its weight in gold counted out to the poet (may dirt be flung on his mother's grave). Go, Samboo, and execute my commission."

"On my eyes be it!" replied the faithful negro; and, with Jawbrahim, whose face wore a look of exulting malignity, quitted the royal presence.

* * * * *

Some two hours afterwards, the hoofs of Jawbrahim's dromedary were heard clattering over the paving stones of the court, and the king going to the window, had the satisfaction of beholding that renowned chief of the Syncreteeks pacing solemnly by the side of the animal which he led by the bridle.

"May I never see his ugly nose again!" cried Poof-Allee; "the rascal's unconscionable poem must have weighed twenty guineas at least."

At this moment, and looking rather frightened, in came Samboo. He made a low salaam to his master and restored to him his private signet.

"How much did the old wretch's poem weigh?" asked Poof-Allee.

"O, him weighed a berry good deal," answered Samboo, still salaaming; "but massa, treasurer had a plenty of money, and him paid him poet, and sent him about him business."

"Did it weigh twenty guineas?"

"O berry much more—him poem in two columns."

"Two columns! two *volumes* you mean, you black antigrammarian."

"Well, two bolumns two columns, two columns two bolumns, him all de same."

"How do you mean, ruffian?" shrieked the monarch, when, with some hesitation the negro handed him a paper, thus written:—

"SIRE,—I acknowledge to have received from your treasurer, Cashee Beg, the sum of two hundred and fifty-five billions four hundred and nineteen thousand nine hundred and six tomauns, two rupees, and sixpence, being the weight of my splendid epic poem, 'The Descent into Jericho,' recited to your Majesty last night.

"And lest, Sire, you should be astonished that such a sum should be paid for a poem (for which, in fact, no money can pay), learn, that I had no paper whatever to write (which would have rendered the bargain a much cheaper one to your Majesty), but that I was compelled, at much pains, to engrave my epic upon two pillars which I found in the ruins of Persepolis, and which now lie in your august treasury.

"I have the honour to be, Sire,
"With the utmost respect,
"Your Majesty's most faithful Servant,
"JAWBRAHIM-HERAWDEE SYNCRETEEK."

Fancy how poor Samboo Beg was bambooed that night! how the treasurer was fustigated, how all the clerks of the treasury were horsed and swished!—

Anything like the rage of Poof-Allee was never known since the days when Achilles Khan grew furious whilst laying siege to the town of Shah Priam. As for Jawbrahim-Herawdee, he returned safely among the Syncreteeks, and spent his money in publishing several immortal works which have rendered his name beloved and celebrated; and never after that did Poof-Allee-Shah pretend to be a man of letters, or try to swindle poor literary gentlemen any more.

This story is taken from the ancient Chronicles, written in the Armenian language, and sung by the shepherds of the Caucasus as they drive down their flocks to water by the Red Sea. Praise be to Mahomet and the twelve Imaums!

HERR DÖBLER AND THE CANDLE-COUNTER.

A LEGEND OF ST. JAMES'S*.

The curtain rises—the stage is dark,—
The folks are silent all—when, hark!
A pistol sounds, and they start with fright,
And the row of candles is all alight.

HERR DÖBLER.

Herr Döbler, I wot—
'Tis strange, is it not?—
Has lit their wicks with a pistol-shot.
Now hands and voices are sounding loud,
And the conjuror bows with aspect proud,
And the ladies admire his placid phiz,
And say, "What a nice-looking man he is!"

But there is one in that multitude
Who does not join in their plaudits rude.
Like iron his face,
Upon it no trace
Of mirth, or wonder, or low grimace.
His glaring eye does he ever fix
On yonder row of candlesticks,—
And Döbler the great may vainly try,
For his birds may fly,
And his cards float by,
But he cannot stir that glassy eye.
Herr Döbler rends a rabbit in half,
And each half is living,
And kicking and thriving,
But yonder grim stranger will not laugh.
Glaring still at the lights is he,
And he lowly murmurs: "One, two, three."

And the people near him begin to shrink:
There is something rather queer, they think;

GENERAL ALARM.

Perhaps it's Herr Döbler's familiar elf,
Perhaps it may be Old Nick himself.
Who is the stranger of mystic mien?—
Harsh sounds the stranger's voice, "Sixteen."
Bottles change,
Kerchiefs range,
Hung with lockets,
Into pockets.
Döbler does such feats of wonder,
Plaudits sound like peals of thunder.

But that grave mysterious *ONE*,
Plaudits,—laughter,—he has none.
What to him are magic tricks?
Low he murmurs: "Thirty-six!"
And some feel a chill,
And grow rather ill:
They cannot bear that look so still.
And little boys shy,
And little girls cry,
For they feel pretty sure that "Bogie" is by.
Who is the stranger that looks so straight?
The stranger murmurs: "Fifty-eight."

But that eye has lost its chilly glare,
And a flash of joy is sparkling there;
And that iron brow is at last unbent,
And over those features plays mild content:
While, list!—through the crowd a whisper ran,
"What joy has befallen the wondrous man?"
Silence at last the stranger breaks,
And thus in accents soft he speaks:—
"Ladies and Gentlemen,—past a doubt—
I've found the august Herr Döbler out.
He tells us the candles he lights are two hundred—
And, Ladies and Gentlemen, greatly you've wondered.
But I stood alone,
I was not to be done:
I counted the candles one by one,
And I swear by all the saints in heaven,
The number of lights are but eighty-seven!"

* The above legend is taken from a notice to correspondents, which appeared in *The Times* of the 8th instant. By that it appears that a correspondent was disappointed at finding Döbler, of St. James's, light only eighty-seven candles with a pistol, when he had proposed to light two hundred.

London: Bradbury & Evans, Printers, Whitefriars.

CURIOSITIES OF MEDICAL EXPERIENCE.—No. XI.

WHICH IS UNEXPECTEDLY CONCLUSIVE.

DEAR READER—To our utter astonishment—for, like a pleasant journey, we have been unconscious of our rapid progress—the Editor has reminded us that the last number of the volume has arrived; an unlooked-for circumstance, — which compels us to finish our subject, like a traveller's dressing-case, "in the smallest possible compass!"

Had we space left, we could have set forth the whole particulars of the Windsor expedition. We could have told how Messrs. Manhug, Rapp, Newcome, and Jones joined their companions at the top of the Long Walk, and how they hired a little boy to carry a good can of ale after them, to promote their festivity. We could have shown how Mr. Rapp scaled the pedestal of the statue, and proceeded to scratch his name on the horse's foot, in which situation he was discovered by a park-keeper; together with the pleasant dialogue that passed between them, including how Mr. Rapp called the park-keeper "an overgrown grasshopper in green plush breeches;" which so incensed him that he would have proceeded to extremities, had not Mr. Manhug drawn off his attention by chevying a large herd of deer all about the pasture, drumming-in his hat with his fist whilst he ran. How, also, to make up for lost time, Mr. Jones assisted Mr. Newcome to collect some rare weeds, until his candle-box was quite full, and wrote most extraordinary names on the slips of paper attached to them; such as "*Megalanthropogenesia Grandifolia*," the "*Batrachomyomachia Longwalkensis*," and the "*Gossamer Broadstreetiana*;" all of which Mr. Newcome treasured up in his mind, and copied out fairly when he got home the next day.

Neither should we have omitted to tell how Dr. Wurzel having to attend an evening meeting at the College of Physicians departed by an early train, leaving his pupils behind him, who kept up the conviviality with such liberality, that they spent nearly all their money, and could not raise sufficient to pay the rail back to London; in consequence of which they walked to Slough, and stowed themselves in a Reading waggon, which deposited them in Friday-street, Cheapside, at an early hour the next morning. These entertaining adventures on the road, and the amusing acquaintance they formed with a man who was travelling to Hampton Court Races with sticks and snuff-boxes, would, we are certain, have caused much diversion. How the man was a disciple of Sir Isaac Newton, and filled his boxes with dirt, that they might fall in the hole by the mere power of gravity; and also how it was a great point to have the throwing-sticks slightly—almost imperceptibly curved—that when flung they deviated from the line intended, and hit the shins of the next snuff-boxman but one, or knocked off an alien Jack-in-the-box or pincushion, on the principle of the Australian crooked lath with the out-of-the-way name, whilom sold at the toy-shops, which had the diverting property when thrown away, of whirling back, and going through a window behind you, or knocking your eyes out.

All this we could have related, and more; but we must now part company. The wish to render each volume, in a manner, complete in itself, is our sole plea for this hasty termination. Our friends, the medical students, with whom we have been acquainted, on and off, for nine or ten months, have assembled to wish the reader good-bye. Mr. Joseph Muff is slightly affected, in spite of a glass of cold brandy-and-water recommended and administered by Jack Randle. He begs to assure the subscribers to "PUNCH" that should their affairs lead them to Clodpole, he shall be only too happy to receive them, when he may tell them, *viva voce*, some more anecdotes of Medical Experience.

The summer session of lectures has nearly concluded; the anatomical theatres are deserted, and the preparations repose in the scientific dust of the museums; whilst the majority of the students are realising the anticipations of rural frolics and country merry-makings, which they formed during the gloom and fog of the winter course: let us wish them every happiness. And, finally, with gratitude for the kind reception already experienced, and humble solicitations for future patronage, the author of these papers respectfully makes his parting bow.

SONGS OF THE SEEDY.—No. XV.

COME forth, come forth, my gallant pair—
My Russia ducks as white s snow—
Ye were not made for winter wear,
But for the summer's heat, I trow!
Come forth, come forth, I know ye well,
bought ye cheap, I've found ye strong,
Your virtues prose would weakly tell,
They claim the tribute of a song!

BRACE OF SHAKES.

My Russia ducks! ye're getting small,
The sweetest things are brief we're taught;
Oh that I had not grown so tall,
Or that ye had not shrunk so short.
Unto affection Time gives strength,
I love ye, spite of all mishaps—
What if you lose a foot in length?
Can I not make it up—with straps.

My ducks, with you I will not part!
In vain for ye the clothesman begs;
I press ye to my eager heart—
Come, to my arms—I mean my legs.
But for awhile, a brief farewell;
I know that old they will allege ye:
No matter—I don't mean to sell;
Success attend ye—while I pledge ye.

A stranger takes ye in his hand;
He holds ye up before the light.
How dare he thus your seams expand,
And draw your fabric fiercely tight?
"How much?"—"Four shillings." Hark, the laugh
That mocks me, with sarcastic grin:
The scoundrel says—"He'll make it half!"
My ducks!—we'll not be taken in.

THE FRUIT MARKET.

CHERRIES are steady, at a halfpenny the stick; but strawberries were very much flattened in the early part of the week, by the rains, and were nominally quoted at sixpence a pottle. Gooseberries were buoyant, at tenpence a gallon; and, from something that a very large holder inadvertently let drop, there was a sudden fall in bigaroons, which drew off the buyers from the regular market, and led to some very unfair transactions. The growers—chiefly boys—were great gainers; though one or two, just at the tail of business, were eventually severe sufferers.

WHITE WAISTCOATS IN PARLIAMENT.

"At about that hour [11 o'clock,] he could see some fifty Members or so, enter at the door and take their seats, wearing their *white cravats* (laughter) and their *white waistcoats* (laughter), and having either come from their dinner-parties, or to go off to their balls."—*Mr. Cobden's Speech on the Tariff.*

"Whenever that Hon. Member cries 'Hear!' methinks I listen to the knell of my country." This was the exclamation of Burke—this the reproof of a certain senator, ever anxious to come to his vote, that he might the sooner go to his dinner.

"Whenever I behold the white cravats and white waistcoats of Hon. Members, methinks I look upon the grave-clothes of the British Constitution!" Such is the feeling of a Cobden as the fifty Members, at eleven o'clock—

"Turn forth their silver linings on the night,"

or, in unpoetic phrase, as they come into the House apparently to make a clean breast of their corruption.

Mr. Cobden's charge ruffled the Parliamentary cravat—touched the senatorial waistcoat. Captain Vivian championed the virgin vestments of the House; and with some emotion declared that the Hon. Member's allusions to "white cravats and waistcoats" was not likely to lead to any national advantage. Mr. Aglionby, with a spirit of chivalry that we feared extinct among us, boldly met the charge. "It is true," said the hon. member, "that I have a *white waistcoat* on, but that fact *does not necessarily* show that I have not attended to the debate. It is not a white waistcoat or a white cravat which makes men disorderly." Here the hon. member's eyes moistened, and he sank upon his seat in great emotion. Would that every Member of Parliament's heart was so near his waistcoat!

But the truth is, white cravats and white waistcoats have wonderfully increased in number since the memorable Roebuck catechism. They have, with touching sentimentality, been donned as the livery of Parliamentary purity. A few of the transcendentally virtuous have ventured supplementary camellias in their button-holes. It is whispered that Sir John Cam Hobhouse—who, it will be remembered, refused to make any verbal response to Mr. Roebuck—will, in a night or so, sport a chaplet of snow-white roses; thus meeting the charge of the Member for Bath with a silent yet significant Flora. In the East, love-letters are composed of flowers: why should not "fierce democracy" be answered by the buds of Covent-Garden?

The white cravat and waistcoat are assumed by certain Hon. Members on the same principle that induces certain afflicted people to carry musk. They would make us forget the hospital in the shop of the perfumer.

"Bene olet, quum non olet,"

says the Latin poet of woman, which the author of "*Satan*" has thus kindly paraphrased for us:—

"Depend on't, my hearties, that all is not right
With Parliament Members whose waistcoats are white."

We fear one evil from a very general adoption of these candid raiments by Members of Parliament—it is very likely to restrict their physical action in debate. Very few will venture to *place their hands* upon their bosoms. Only think of Sudbury or Southampton clapping its dirty palm upon its vest. Immediately the waistcoat is—

"—— as the snow-flake in the river,
A moment white, then lost for ever."

We have no doubt that Mr. Hawes would advocate the adoption of white cravats and waistcoats by the whole House. Nay, we do not think it probable that Sir Robert Peel would oppose such a motion; for, if successful, only imagine, with present Parliamentary fingers, how it would increase the excise on soap!

We certainly, with Mr. Cobden, look upon these clouds of cravats and waistcoats at the present hour as singularly ill-timed. When the nation have had such startling proofs that they have among their representatives senators as black as sweeps, it is a poor, a shallow attempt to get rid of the soot by seeking to hide it in cambric. Public opinion, pointing its finger at the dirty Member, for all his white waistcoat, will exclaim—*Hic niger est!*

We earnestly hope that Mr. Roebuck will, at an early night, move for a return of the names and number of Members who have, within these last six weeks, appeared in the House of Commons in white cravats and white waistcoats. It is due to the country that it should know these men; for their ostentatious spotlessness at such a time, convinces us that their purity begins and ends at their mercers' and their tailors'; and that this last display of theirs is but an elaborate working out of their old policy; namely, a desire to prove to the country at large, that—black is white.

The hour, too, at which this unseemly show is made in the House of Commons is to be considered. The waistcoat is exhibited either fresh from the dinner-table, or just bestows its passing radiance on the House on its way to a ball. It is either warmed with Burgundy, or is beating high with thoughts of the quadrille. In either case, what can the waistcoat heed of the miseries of females and children in coal-mines? What patience has it to listen to the woes of Betty Harris, who says—"I have a belt round my waist, and I go on my hands and feet. The road is very steep. . . . The pit is very wet. . . . I have seen water up to my thighs. . . . I have drawn till I have had the skin off me. . . . The belt and chain is worse when we are in the family way." To tedious narratives like these, the late-coming Waistcoat cries, as with a voice from both pockets—"Divide! divide!" Mr. Wallace, a senator of the fine old Roman temperament—a legislator of everlasting metal, as though wrought by the hammer of Vulcan—has a noble contempt of the White Waistcoats. He says—"He considered that persons ought not to seek to be returned to that House, if they did not possess sufficient firmness of mind, and *such strength of constitution*, as to be able to work from morning till night, and from night till morning." (Loud laughter.)

Gentle reader, can you not hear White-Waistcoat roaring at this?—Can you not see him, with his thumb tucked in his arm-holes, bent back with merriment—can you not hear him crowing like a cock? As for Mr. Wallace, we respect his motives; but Heaven forbid that the House should legislate from morning till night, and from night till morning! It is bad enough as it is. We, however, rather agree with Mr. Wallace as to the point of "strength of constitution," and think that every candidate ought to be examined on the hustings by a medical officer, duly appointed, as to his physical powers of Parliament. His constituents ought to know how much Sibthorpe he could bear, and what quantity of Burdett he could swallow, without prostration. We believe Joseph Miller has embalmed an old advertisement for "a porter of a pious disposition, who could carry three-hundred-weight." In like manner, constituents might invite "a candidate of firmness of mind, who could bear a Ferrand."

To return to the White Waistcoat. We know not how soon we may have a General Election. Peel's schoolboys may some night turn unruly, and have a game at barring-out; there is no trusting them; as is evident from their riotous behaviour whilst their master was amusing himself with a little thimble-rigging at Ascot. Well, as pledges will be more the fashion than ever, we submit to all constituencies the necessity of putting the subjoined questions to all candidates:—

"Did you in the last Parliament wear a White Waistcoat?"

"Did you vote with any man who wore a White Waistcoat?"

"What is your opinion of a White Waistcoat in the abstract?"

"What in the concrete?"

"Have you considered the political influence of White Waistcoats on the social happiness of the people?"

"From what you have seen in Parliament, do you think White Waistcoats are to be bought?"

"Do you think White Waistcoats are to be turned?"

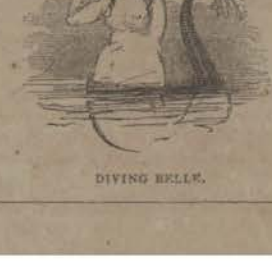
"Will you ever wear a White Waistcoat?"

If the candidate answer all these questions satisfactorily, he will then do just as much—and no more—than many who give pledges to get into Parliament, and *when in*, with a fine generosity that marks the Christian and the true gentleman—forget what they have given. Q.

THE FLOWER GARDEN.

THE floriculturist should now purchase green plants in pots, and place artificial flowers among the leaves, attaching muslin roses to the stems of real laurels. Water mignionette with the tea-pot, and encourage young bean stalks by throwing a lattice-work of twine across the window. In dry dusty situations you may use the bellows to your favourite flowers, which, if they are backward in blowing, will, at all events, be blown by the process alluded to. In back-yards, where lilies are growing, it may be advisable to go over the blossom carefully once a week with a thin coating of white-wash, and a little green paint may be applied, with a good temporary effect, to the leaves of lilacs. Transplant worn-out sprigs from old bonnets to flower-pots, taking care not to place more than one of each kind upon a single stem; but as grafting is now carried to a great extent, this may not after all much signify.

"Come with me down the river," as the diving-bell said to Mr. Deane.



DIVING BELLE.

THE RISING YOUNG MAN.

George Fitz-Byron Moore—The Poet.

GEORGE FITZ-BYRON MOORE is a lineal descendant of the Moores of Moorgate, who came in with the Normans, and walked out with the Benefit of the Act, which was administered to Ephraim Moore in the summer of 1829, with great solemnity before a full Court in Portugal Street.

The subject of our sketch went familiarly by the name of Young Moore among his early playmates, and there was perhaps something almost prophetical in the designation thus given him, for he has since earned by his writings the full right to be considered as "Young Moore," the worthy successor of the author of the Melodies. Young Moore, for such we shall now continue to call him, was distinguished for the accuracy with which he repeated the lovely little metrical romance of—

One—two,
Buckle my shoe.
Three,—four,
Shut the door.

And it may truly be said of him that "he lisped in numbers, for the numbers came."

He was little more than eight years of age, when, sitting at the dinner-table of his father, he observed a leg of pork at one end, and, taking hold of his fork, he ejaculated

"Pork!
"Fork!"

with remarkable emphasis! From this moment his destinies were fixed—the paternal praises nourished the seeds of genius, and our hero, for such we shall henceforth designate "young Moore," became a confirmed poet. The first care of his parents was to have him re-christened by the name of Fitz-Byron, and after this time we hear nothing of him until we find him aspiring to the honour of a niche in the poet's corner of the *Nic Nac*, a small periodical that had been started under the auspices of Brown, Jones, and Robinson. We do not believe that anything from our hero's pen actually appeared in the *Nic Nac*, but the Notices to Correspondents prove that he was by no means an idle contributor. We gradually trace him through several numbers, being occasionally "declined with thanks," and advised to "try again," until the autumn of thirty-one, when we observe that the editor announces "*Fitz-Byron in our next*," as a promised treat, upon which he offered his readers a week's time to deliberate. On looking for the ensuing number, we find that the *Nic Nac* stopped suddenly; and old book-worms tell us that the back numbers were soon resorted to by the buttermen as envelopes.

"Our hero" was, however, wholly undaunted by a disappointment which might have powerfully affected a weaker mind; and we hear of him again in the year 1835, assisting in the editorial department of the *Cab*, in which his father, for the sake of developing the poetical talents of his son, had been induced to take a pecuniary interest. The *Cab* soon came to a [illegible], and our hero continued to fill up his leisure hours in preparing ballads, with a view to nothing in particular, most of which have perished. We have been favoured, however, with the following—

Fragment, written on the Label of an Old Blacking Bottle.

There's not a boot throughout the land,
Like that on which is set
The polish found at Thirty, Strand,
In Warren's matchless jet.
The knights of old their stories told,
In armour's glittering suits,
But list, while I my love-tale sigh
In highly-polish'd boots.
Chorus.—Boots! Boots!
Highly-polished Boots!

Our hero now obtained an introduction to Warren, and was patronised by that great man, who went to great expense in illustrating our author's works, one of which—the beautiful little fable of the Horse-Guard and the Looking Glass—was embellished with a design that would have done credit to Wilkie.

The admission into partnership of Russell and Wright, both of whom are mere men of business, without any appreciation of the beauties of poetry, caused young Moore to be removed from the Temple of the Muses—a place into which Warren had ingeniously converted his wash-house—to the counting-house, where he remained, devoting his fine talents to no other writing but that involved in signing the labels which are used for pointing out the blacking as "genuine."

OBJECTS OF ART IN THE METROPOLIS.

No. 2.—Aldgate Pump.

The plan of this Pump, which is one of the oldest that the metropolis can boast, was suggested by one Smith, who kept a small shop in the city.

As it is usual to treat public buildings as the work of the Sovereign in whose reign their erection took place, we may say of Aldgate Pump, that it was begun by Queen Anne, but it was not until the rise of the Whig party, on the accession of George the First, that we find the Pump possessed of a handle, which has been erroneously supposed to have been made by

WAT TYLER.

The spout, which is of exquisite workmanship, is of comparatively modern date, for it was knocked off by an omnibus during the Reform agitation, in the early part of the reign of the fourth William, who we find, from chronicles of that remote period, was called the Sailor King, and spent the whole of his time—at least so we are bound to suppose—in fighting the naval battles of his country. He is said to have been present at the Nile, and personally to have reefed the stu'nsail of the ship he was on board of at the moment of victory. A spot on the quarter-deck is still pointed out, immediately abaft the binnacle, on the larboard quarter, from which His Majesty, then a midshipman, is supposed to have issued the characteristic command of "Go it, Ned!" to the gallant Codrington, who afterwards built Navarino House, which has since fallen into the hands of an extensive linen-draper.

We have, however, naturally enough lost sight of the Pump in the Sailor King, and must beg leave to heave-to our recollections from the "deep, deep sea" and Aldgate. The Pump is supposed to have originally stood upon one of the embankments thrown up by Cæsar to protect his rear on his celebrated march from Bow to Islington, and it was on his way to the latter place that he fell in with the inauspicious omen of a *Swan with two Necks*, which caused him to give battle to the enemy rather unexpectedly. It is supposed that the bank on which Aldgate Pump is built was the very bank upon which the invading Romans were in the habit of drawing for supplies, and it is believed that they received a check there from the early Saxons, who were eventually put to the sword, or rather the sword was put to them—in the most shocking manner.

The round ball on the top of the Pump is copied, in shape, from a similar object under the archway leading to the Vatican, and the handle is a beautifully wrought specimen of what may be done by the adaptation of art to smith's work in general, and blacksmith's work in particular. The building vests in the Lord Mayor for the time being, who may be said to represent the Pump for all public purposes. The whole of the water is the property of the citizens, and there is a custom which is no where mentioned in Domesday Book—of drinking it.

"The rose shall cease to blow," as the caterpillar said to the rose-bud.
"What's the use of sighing?" as the spavined horse said to the roarer.

THE BURST BOILER AND THE BROKEN HEART;

A STEAMICO-NAUTICAL ROMANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE RADDLED RANGER," "THE OCEAN SORCERESS," "THE LAST OF THE TOMAHAWKIANS," &c. &c. &c. &c.

(*Continued from page* 246.)

CHAP. III.—THE BURST, THE BROKEN HEART, AND THE BOWL OF PUNCH.

"Having recovered sufficiently from the shock my feelings had sustained," continued Mr. Robert Stoker, "and placed my sympathising rival in Jemima's fickle affections under the care of the steward's mate's assistant, I was summoned to duty by the hoarse voice of my commanding officer.

"'Capstan ahoy-a';—Rig the flying jib!'

"It was now 'all hands,' and in less than ten minutes the sail was filled with a force of wind that threatened to split it into ribbons! The alarm now became general; the 'noble grand' of the 'Jolly Cocks,' arrayed in all his orders of office, swore at the Captain, and declared he would not be drowned for nobody. The shrieks of the women were terrifying, but the Captain went aft, in obedience to a stern sense of duty, and threatened to chuck 'em all overboard if they didn't keep quiet,—an unnecessary threat, for the high pressure of steam and full press of canvas under which we were cracking on, caused the 'Phizgig' to careen over her side, like a butter-boat being emptied of its contents.

"Nor were the Noble Jacks in the 'Runemdown,' a whit less uneasy, particularly the Cornet of the 'Oxford Mixtures,' who had abandoned Jemima to her fate. He raved, screeched for mercy, and entreated our Captain not to splash so, for his trousers were quite new.

"The contest now became too terrible to last. The warring winds, the splashing paddles, and whizzing steam, mixed with the welkin of the women, and groaning of the men, combined to form a scene of horror no tongue can describe.

A HEAVY SQUALL.

In the saloon the knives and forks were flying about in all directions, so as to endanger the lives of the passengers: to prevent further mischief, the cold beef was lashed to the leg of the table, whilst the extensive explosion of bottled drink and breakage of glasses, threatened to 'break' the Steward. The Captain of the 'Caboose' lost all control over his stew-pans: the music of the band consisted of a series of shakes, and, to add to the agony of the scene, a report got wind that a part of our machinery had gone overboard, but on inquiry it turned out to be only one of the dancing-master's pumps.

"But where was Jemima? Helpless, insensible. One larboard lurch of the opposition craft, and she—the adored—the endangered—would be overboard on the other side!

"My companion and myself regarded each other with mute horror. It was that look which sealed the treaty of friendship, the preliminaries of which were exchanged in the last chapter. To resolve to rescue Jemima, to solicit the doom of each from her own lips, to agree that the winner should wear her, the loser should break his heart for her, was the work of an instant. Not a moment was to be lost—but—

"'Forward ahoy!—Reeve out the spanker-boom!' roared the skipper. This order was I knew preparatory to cracking on more canvas! Did our Commander really design perdition for the whole of his freight? It must be so, for again he vociferates, 'Put on some more coals.'

"'More coals,' repeats the hatchway-attendant, innocent of the fearful nature of the command.

"The mainsail actually *was* set, and that done my thoughts returned to Jemima. I sought her recumbent form. I found it in its original position upon our antagonist's deck; I grasped a line of spun-yarn that hung loosely from the main-mast, and with a powerful spring boarded the enemy's quarter-deck.

BOARDING PARTY.

Rushing to the gang-way, I seized the form of the insensible Jemima, clambered with her upon the 'Runumdown's' paddle-box, leaped at one bound upon our own, and brought the adored of many lovers safely upon the friendly planks of the 'Phizgig!'

"This daring feat was hailed with the loudest acclamations by both parties, and by this time we had almost come to Bugsby-hole.

"Now came the moment which was to decide the fate of either myself or the man in the brass buttons. In tremulous tones I popped the fatal question.

"It had scarcely escaped me before Jemima placed both her hands upon my shoulders, looked me steadfastly in the face, and inquired, in tones broken and disconnected by a choking throat and a sobbing breast, 'Are you,' she asked, 'Are you ——'

"That query was never finished, for ere the last word could be uttered, I found myself on the top of a luggage train belonging to the Blackwall railway—our boiler had burst!!"

Having kicked over the table to give due effect to his recitation, Mr. Stoker was fortunate enough to awaken his companion just in time for him to come in at the cue "burst"—with—

"Splice my old shoes! Bust, eh! Then I give up the pint and won't argify it. In course, your limbs was broken to smash?"

"No," said the sentimental story-teller, "but my heart was; my rival and Jemima having been thrown together somewhere near Shoreditch Church, were married there the very Sunday after as ever was.

"The Cornet was blown—(I have it from very good information) to the ——

"From that moment I have never held up my head—except to drink. Here, missus, hand up a bowl of punch, and, d'ye hear, send for a wheelbarrow for the Commodore!"

A ROMANTIC INCIDENT.

THE last rays of an autumnal sun were gilding the tops of the spires of the old Abbey of Westminster, when a figure emerged from the dark gothic archway, and darted, with the rapidity of lightning, along the side of the old wall which marks the site where the monastic brethren formerly had their dwelling. The stranger was dressed in a dark tunic falling to his knee, and wore round his neck a profusion of mohair, which fell in ample folds and was fastened inside his vest by some invisible process. His legs were covered with a woollen material, shaped into a garment, in accordance with the age in which he lived; and his feet were encased in leather, cut into the fantastic form characteristic of the period we are writing of. His head, which was moulded much after the models which Phidias, Carew, Praxiteles, Behnes, Canova, Nollekins, or Westmacott, might have produced, was disfigured in some degree by a round black covering which was pulled down almost to the eye-brows, and the finely chiselled chin of the stranger was concealed in a bird's-eye handkerchief. His nose looked as if it was fresh from the studio of the sculptor, so delicately did it appear carved out into *alto relievo* from the countenance, and the stranger's eyes might have been just wet from the easel of Michael Angelo, Buonarotti or Martin Archer Shee, so strikingly did the pupil appear to be thrown in between the lowering lashes.

Scarcely had the stranger gained the eastern angle of the Cloister, into which he was about to dart, when an individual muffled up in a cloak stood before him, and producing two papers, placed one in the hand of the mysterious individual in the tunic, and having merely called his attention to the other, hastily retired. The stranger sunk exhausted upon the stone-bench that runs round the cloister, and the paper fell from his hand. I darted forward—I picked up the writing that had produced such an effect upon the stranger's frame, for he was by this time in strong convulsions. Having restored his animation by the usual means, I proceeded to peruse the paper * * * * It was—*the copy of a writ!!*

THE NEW MISSILE.

"THERE are," remarked the Attorney General, at a late trial for high-treason, "thousands of substances of a destructive nature—such as a child's marble." This fact having awakened the serious attention of the Master-General of Ordnance, he has recently made a tour of inspection to the various metropolitan toy-shops; and Messrs. Catnatch and Pitts, of the "toy and marble warehouses" in Seven Dials, have, we hear, taken large contracts for the supply of the artillery

CATCHING A WHALE.

The consequence is, that the marble market has risen rapidly, and buyers are obliged to pay a heavy premium for "alleys," and to knuckle down handsomely for "taws."

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